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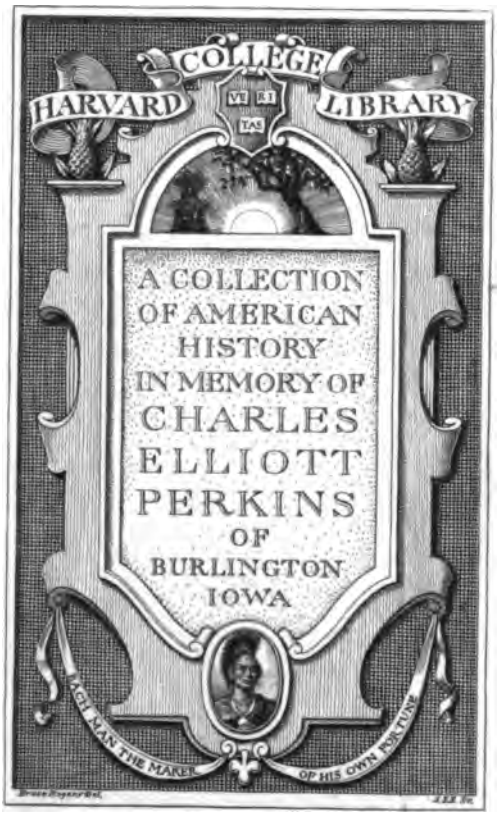
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THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

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LITTLE PRINCESS WISLA.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

CHAPTER I.—THE DAY BEFORE THE LAUNCHING.

There was a long, long board placed across a great pile of lumber, in the ship-yard. That made what the boys and girls who lived in Pollywhoppet called a "teeter."

Under the "teeter" were great piles of soft, sweet-smelling sawdust, so if one came down hard or even slipped off it was no great matter.

On this June morning when the story begins Peggy Piper was on one end of the "teeter" and her most especial friend, Betty Brooks, was on the other end. When Peggy went up, up, up into the clear sunshiny air, so high up that it seemed almost as if she were going to touch the blue sky, she looked down at the great ship upon the "ways," all ready to be launched into the beautiful blue river.

The ship was named for her. "Margaret Piper" was the name in gilt letters upon the bow. Peggy could see them glittering in the sunlight as the great "teeter" tossed her high into the air. Grandpapa had named the ship. Margaret had been Grandmamma's name, as well as hers. And Grandmamma had been called "Peggy" when she was young.

It was delightful for a little girl to have a great ship named for her, but Peggy thought it was better still for the little girl to be named for Grandmamma, whom everyone loved.

When Betty Brooks, in her turn, went up, up, up so high that she could see what a good match the sky was for her blue gingham apron, she looked down at Peggy who was smiling up at her and thought that no little girl ever had such a delightful "best friend" as she had. Peggy had said it would be no fun at all to christen the ship unless Betty could be upon the deck with her. And Betty was to have a blue dress—blue being the color of her eyes—made just like Peggy's pink one. Peggy had dark eyes and black hair and a skin so dark that she looked like a little gypsy in her yellow dress with the white ruffles, as she sat there on the end of the "teeter."

Betty thought all about the delightful time they were to have at the launching and wished tomorrow would hurry. The ship-yard would be crowded with people, then; every boy and girl in Pollywhoppet would be there, to say nothing of the grown people. The band would

play, and the children would sing. They were going to sing a sailor song with a chorus, and "My county, 'tis of thee," and "Praise God from whom all blessing flow." Then there would be such a silence that one could hear a pin drop while Peggy pronounced the name of the ship, and afterwards a great, thrilling, joyful moment when, while the band played, and all the people shouted as with one wild voice, and everyone on board held their breath, the ship would stir, slip, then slide and rush, almost as if she were alive, into the beautiful blue river.

"Shall you be scared?" Betty called to Peggy when she was down in the sawdust heap and Peggy was up in the sky. "I mean when the ship goes down into the water."

"No, I shall be too happy to be scared. Besides I shall know that my father is there and it will be all right," answered Peggy.

"I hope my new shoes won't pinch my toes," said Betty.

"Wear you old ones if they do," said Peggy promptly. "It's a good deal better to have a good time in old shoes than a bad time in new ones."

But Betty's face did not brighten as she again went up, up, up, into the blue sky. Betty was a person who thought a great deal of new shoes. She said that when you were born so you could not help it. Peggy pitied her. She, herself, thougth more of a good time.

"I'll tell you what I will do," she called up from the saw-dust heap to Betty up in the blue sky, "if you have to wear your old shoes I will wear mine!"

And then Betty's face did brighten, although she said she would not let her do it.

Betty thought that it was a great thing to have a true friend. And so indeed it is, although some people are nearer to ninety than to nine before they find it out. And other people, alas! go through the great, beautiful, friendly world without ever finding it out at all. But Betty Brooks, only nine, had begun to think about it, today, and she would never forget. She thought only happily of her old shoes now, and she said to herself that she would find something soon that she could do to make Peggy happy. And she would never, never again have a secret with Maria Green that she could not tell Peggy!

Some one was whistling the sailor song that the children were to sing at the launching tomorrow. It was such a gay, "catchy" tune that you could hardly keep from whistling it if you were a boy.

"Betty, Betty, Miss Nipping wants you to try on your dress!"

It was Betty's brother Sidney who called. Peggy's brother Phi was with him. Phi was named Philander after Grandpapa. Phi was twelve years old, but he had a pretty good opinion of Peggy if she was only ten and a girl. He said Peggy was "square." That seemed to mean, at least in Pollywhoppet, that she was truthful and honest and always "played fair."

Peggy said on her ride that Phi knew how to be a brother. And I am sure that is a great deal to know.

Peggy came down and Betty went up until the board was evenly

PEGGY IN THE BOAT

balanced across the pile of lumber, and then they both hopped off together as you have to do from a "teeter" so that neither shall get a bounce up or a jounce down.

"I am afraid I shan't be able to come back," said Betty sadly. "Miss Nipping tries on so many times."

"Never mind! It will be tomorrow soon," said Peggy, comfortingly as Betty went scuffling off through the sawdust heaps.

Sidney Brooks and Peggy's brother Phi were going to take a final survey of the ship where some workmen were putting on the finishing touches, but Morticer Hill came along and invited them to go trout-fishing with him, over to Dapple Creek, and they changed their minds and went.

Peggy had no playmate, now, in the ship-yard. All the town seemed to be getting ready for tomorrow. One can not "teeter alone, and in fact there is not much fun to be had alone even in a ship-yard. Peggy wandered down to the ship.

She wished that Phi were there to take her out in his small row-boat. It was a new boat, and she was going to make Phi some cushions for it, her own self. She got into the boat and rocked to and fro. The saw-mill whistle blew the noon signal, and in a moment all was quiet on the river; the lumber-men left their rafts and went to the shanties on shore for their dinner. There was a sail-boat fastened to a buoy whose sail was set and flapping wildly in the wind; near the sail-boat, something that looked like a red feather, was floating on the water. The longer Peggy looked at it the more she wished to know what it was.

"I might pull out as far as that by myself," she thought. Polly-whoppet boys and girls were brought up on the river and Peggy had often rowed herself around near the shore. She pulled out from the ship. The boat and the oars were light and that was easy. The bit of red was bobbing up and down upon the waves still, near the sail-boat.

When Peggy had rowed near enough she reached over the side of the boat and tried to draw the red feather in with the oar. Her boat drifted close to the sail-boat. The sail swung smartly around, in a sudden gust, and struck her. She lost her balance and fell overboard, down, down into the great deep river! She had not time even to cry out and no one had seen her, no one knew what had happened.

She felt strangely, that going down, down into the blue water was not unlike going up, up into the blue sky as she had done upon the "teeter." Then came a great fear, a thought of home, queer fancies like a dream; Betty in her new blue dress; Phi trying not to let people see that he was crying; her mother's face, so sweet and dear. Then a voice that seemed to say comfortingly what she had said to Betty, "Father will be there and it will be all right."

After that a sense of suffocation—a rushing noise in her ears—and she knew no more. And there were only some wide ripples in the river where Peggy had gone down.

(To be continued.)

AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

Muriel's room—a pretty room with soft draperies, delicate colors, and all the dainty little toilet appointments in which a girl's heart delights—was brightly lighted that evening, and in the half disorder which betokens hurried preparation. The two girls were flying about, fastening back refractory tresses, tying bows, and selecting laces to a running accompaniment of gay chatter and peals of laughter, while occasionally one or the other would step to the window for a quick glance at the white street below.

"They're not here yet, Edith, but we mustn't keep them waiting a minute when they do come. Everybody promised to be ready early, for we have to ride five miles before we reach the ice, you know," Muriel explained, for the sixth time, as her guest remembered with secret amusement.

Watching the street was not the only interruption. More than once there had been a voice or knock at the door. First it was Aunt Margaret. She only ventured a yard or two into the room, perched on the nearest chair, and viewed the hats and wraps upon the bed with what Edith mentally called her "twilight smile."

"You are going, then, Muriel?"

"Why, yes, auntie. You know we talked it all over at dinner."

"Oh!— I didn't know as you'd really think you'd better." There seemed a faint note of disapproval in the voice, though the words were vague. "It's a sleigh ride to the river, you said, didn't you? and then a skating party?"

"Yes." Muriel tried to keep her impatience out of her tones. Aunt Margaret never appeared quite sure of anything, least of all of her own views. "Miss Mitchell is going with us, auntie."

"Oh!" said Aunt Margaret again, this time with a note of relief. "No doubt she will take good care of you all." She smiled her uncertain smile once more, looked about her in a helpless sort of way, as if she fancied she had a duty to perform but could not find it, and slowly left the room. Ever since she came to the house, two years before, Aunt Margaret had been struggling with that same uncomfortable combination of feelings—an undefined sense of responsibility, uncertainty and helplessness.

Muriel's own opinions were not of the misty order, and her aunt's vague attempts at governing nothing in particular sometimes vexed, but oftener amused, her. Just now the eyes that were reflected in the mirror had a twinkle of fun in them as the door closed. Then she heard her father's step in the hall, and, dropping her gloves, she flew out to intercept him.

"You must bid us good night, father. Edith and I are going sleigh riding, so I'll not be here when you come in."

"Going out somewhere, are you, daughter? I didn't know you had any plans for tonight."

"It's that sleigh ride and skating party. Why, you did know, father-doctor, for I told you myself!" She interrupted her explanation with a playful shake of his arm.

"Perhaps so, my dear. I'm not very good at remembering such things," he admitted, patiently.

Something in his worn face and his grave, kind eyes made her wish that he would say more.

"You do not mind, do you?" she asked.

"No-o, no, I suppose not; only there are Rena and Van. Never mind, dear," he added, hastily, as he saw her face cloud; "Aunt Margaret is in the house with them, of course, even though she does go to her room, and I don't want to shut my little girl away from the pleasures that her young friends have. She must take her outings now and then. I can trust the now and then of it to you, Muriel." He smiled tenderly into her eyes as he kissed her.

Poor, busy doctor, with his many cares and round of patients, his memory was scarcely longer for her outings past than for those in prospect; but Muriel suddenly recalled, with a little twinge of something like guilt, how many they had been of late. "Now and then" would scarcely fit the case.

"Father, Miss Mitchell is going with us tonight," she added, with a quick thought as he turned away.

"That's right, daughter; I'm very glad of it."

His tone of satisfaction and approval banished her momentary disquiet, and she ran lightly back to her room again; but she left her door ajar, and little Van took advantage of it a few minutes later by pushing it open and walking in. Rena followed him, and both children looked with evident disfavor on what the room revealed.

"We thought maybe you'd stay home tonight," said Rena, with unconscious emphasis on the last words. "It's New Year's eve."

But little Van was outspoken.

"I don't want you to go off. What makes you go 'way all the time for, Mur'el? I want you to sing songs and pop corn."

"So I will some other night, baby! we'll have great times. Run away now, both of you, like good children. You are hindering us."

They obeyed slowly and reluctantly, and Van was still protesting as they walked along the hall.

"I don't see what her wants to go 'way all the time for."

"I'm going to do it, too, when I get a little bigger," declared Rena, who was three years the elder. 'I'll go everywhere all the time, to parties and lots of places. Girls that don't have any mothers can do just what they please."

Muriel's cheeks flamed. What an awful way to mention mother! Dear, blessed mother! The girl's throat swelled. Did any one for a moment imagine she could think of that loss as bringing freedom? She glanced at Edith and hoped her friend had not heard Rena's words.

Fortunately, the sound of sleigh bells and gay voices under the windows left no chance for further remark, and the merry party was soon on its way.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the long sleigh with its load of muffled figures sped swiftly along the streets until the glittering stores and twinkling lights were left behind and the snowy country road stretched away like a white ribbon before them.

"Will the New Year come tonight, mother?" laughingly quoted some one. "Charlie, it is to be hoped you know where you are taking us." The latter remark was addressed to the driver.

"Taking you to meet the New Year in case it doesn't arrive on schedule time," was the careless reply. "I'm aiming straight for it."

"We are glad you are aiming that way—straight—it's the way we want to meet it," said Miss Mitchell.

Her low, sweet laugh accompanied the words, and yet they were not light ones, Muriel knew. "But she's never preachy," the girl thought, studying the pure, strong profile in the moonlight, and wondering for a moment what was the charm that made the young people always like to have Miss Mitchell with them, and the older ones so satisfied when she was of a party. She was a busy woman, a successful teacher in the city schools, but she seemed at home anywhere, sure to enjoy herself and to help others to do the same. She was as young at heart as any of them, as ready for game or story, and now, when some one started a song, her voice rose clear with the others.

The crisp, frosty air pinched cheeks into unwonted rosiness and brightened eyes and wits. Even the horses seemed to share the exhilaration and flew over the snowy expanse, requiring to be checked rather than speeded on their course. Presently the level country changed to the low hills that stretched away toward the river, but still the undulating road was good and worn to almost icy smoothness by much travel.

"Two miles more now," said the young driver, gayly. "We'll make it in—"

But the sentence was left unfinished.

The sleigh careened, something snapped, the horses gave a frightened plunge and sprang to one side, and for a minute the whole party poised perilously on the edge of a steep descent that bordered the road. A scream, a muffled exclamation, the quick flash of a whip that turned the horses sharply in the other direction, and the danger was over.

"Oh! I thought we were gone!"

"That was a narrow chance!"

"What's broken?"

They were rapidly disengaging themselves from the cumbering robes and climbing out of the evidently disabled vehicle, amid muffled exclamations, long breaths of relief, and some nervous laughter. The moonlight showed faces that had suddenly paled, and the young men gathered in hurried consultation round the horses. Edith looked down into the ravine they had so narrowly escaped.

"If we had gone over there, it would have been the end of all of us," she said, with a little shiver of horror. "It's taken away all my desire to go any farther."

But there was no question of going farther, for a brief examination of the sleigh showed a broken runner. It must be conveyed to the nearest possible place for repairs, a distance of half a mile or more across the country, and meanwhile where could the ladies find warmth and shelter while they awaited its return. A short distance down the road, a twinkling light appeared, and, as one pointed it out, there came faintly on the frosty air the sound of singing.

"Oh, I know what it is!" exclaimed Charlie. "There's a little church over there round the curve. I've seen it often, and they must be holding a meeting. You might go there, I suppose?"

The last sentence held an interrogation, and the speaker turned to Miss Mitchell.

"Surely; why not?" she answered, promptly. "Come, girls."

It was a plain little country church into which she led her flock, and the unexpected entrance of so many strangers attracted some attention from the small party gathered there. But as the newcomers slipped quietly into a seat, they were presently left unnoticed save by an occasional curious glance from some of the younger eyes. Muriel looked round her with a feeling of one in a dream. The transition from the merry sleigh load bound for an evening's pleasure on the ice to this familiar place of worship was so sharp as to seem unreal.

Then some of the loose ends of her own life began to crowd upon the girl's thought—her father's tired face and the anxious tone in which he spoke of the children; the pleading look in little Van's brown eyes as he wished "sister would stay at home," and, worst of all, Rena's calm appreciation of the liberty to be enjoyed by a motherless girl. Some one must have made such comments that the child had heard. Had anyone thought that she, Muriel, could feel in that way? And yet, down under all the comings and goings and inviting friends, had there not been a little pleasant consciousness of being accountable to no one but the too-indulgent father—who "did not know much about girls," as he had once half-sadly admitted—and Aunt Margaret, whose oversight amounted to nothing?

"Oh, mother, I never meant it so!" whispered the girl.

How much she might have done to make the home more homelike to her father and the children. Almost as if the casualty so narrowly escaped had indeed swept her out of reach of them all forever, there rushed upon her the remembrance of her slighted opportunities, and her heart swelled with a flood of tenderness and regret.

"We will rise and clasp each other's hand while we make our prayer and promise for the new year," said the leader of the meeting.

The movement of those about her recalled Muriel to her surroundings, and she slowly arose. Miss Mitchell's eyes smiled down into the troubled ones, and her hand rested with gentle pressure on

that of the girl. It seemed to Muriel that there was symapthy and courage in the touch.

"So may the path of our lives climb higher,
  Higher year by year;
And the dawn of the perfect day draw nigher,
  Nigher year by year.
Swift be your feet on thine errands speeding,
Tender our hearts to all who are needing,
Closer, dear Lord, may we follow Thy leading,
  Closer year by year,"

rang the words of the parting song. As it died away, there came the sound of sleigh bells outside, and presently the little party found themselves on their homeward way. It had been a very different evening from that which they had planned, and they were somewhat later in returning, so that the three miles were traveled swiftly, and no one seemed in the mood for much talking.

"What a queer time we've had of it!" laughed Edith, when the two girls stood once more in Muriel's room. "And here we are back again, minus our skating, and just as we started."

"Not quite, I hope," Muriel answered, softly, and, though Edith did not know it, there was thanksgiving, petition and resolve in the four words.

MOUSE-COLORED SNOW.

"I'm in love with the snow,—the pure, mouse-colored snow!"
Wrote the mouse. He was one of those white mice, you know.

JOAN'S BURGLAR.

"Grandmother! O grandmother! won't you come up here just as quickly as you can?"

Joan's voice had such a startled tone that Grandmother Allen dropped the evening paper and started upstairs, to find her little granddaughter standing in her nightdress at the head of the stairs, her big blue eyes wide with fright, and her Teddy bear clasped tightly to her heaving breast.

"Dear me, Joan, what is the matter?" asked her grandmother.

"There's some one t—t—trying to get into my room, grandmother," sobbed the little girl.

"Nonsense, child! What a foolish idea to get into your head! Who do you suppose wants to get into your room at this time of the night?" reproved Mrs. Allen.

"I d—d—don't know, grandmother, but there is," insisted Joan. "They keep rattling the door like anything."

"It's the wind," declared her grandmother, proceeding to investigate.

"How can it be the wind, grandmother, when there isn't any? It's as still as anything," persisted Joan, following her grandmother at a safe distance, and hugging Teddy bear a little closer at every step.

"My! Isn't she brave?" Joan whispered to Teddy bear, as her grandmother walked boldly across the room and threw the offending door wide open.

"There! I told you there wasn't anything here, Joan," she said, holding the lamp ahead of her and peering carefully round. "Now get right back into bed and don't let me hear anything more from you. I didn't know you were such a scarecrow." And with these words Grandmother Allen went back to her paper.

Ashamed to have troubled her grandmother so needlessly, Joan dutifully climbed back into the big bed in the spare room, and lovingly assuring Teddy bear that she would sleep on the front side, to protect him, she tried to forget her fears and go to sleep. Just as she had gained a little courage, and was telling Teddy bear that they were very silly to be so frightened at the rattling of a door latch, the rattling began again.

"Oh, dear!" she shivered, drawing the bedclothes up over her head, "there it goes again!" Then she suddenly gained courage. "Grandmother wasn't afraid to go over and open the door; let us go," she said to Teddy bear in a loud and determined tone of voice for timid little Joan. Then across the room pattered a pair of little bare feet,—they didn't make nearly so much noise as Grandmother Allen's had made,—and then a rather trembling hand reached up and cautiously lifted the latch.

Down went Teddy bear upon the floor, and down the stairs ran

Joan, screaming, not with fright. Oh, no! Joan's voice was full of glee.

"It's Sir Hinkum, grandmother! It's Sir Hinkum! He was hanging on the other side of the latch when I opened the door. I saw him drop," Joan's excited voice was telling Grandmother Allen, while the large white cat that hunched lovingly against Joan during the recital seemed to be purring, "What a silly child you were, to be so easily frightened."

When Joan was snugly tucked into the big bed again with Teddy bear beside her, she said to her grandmother, in a sleepy voice, "Sir Hinkum can rattle the door all he chooses to, now. Teddy bear and I are going to sleep."

The next morning as the white cat sat up on the cushion gazing at her, Joan informed him that she was a "silly girl" no longer. "I've found that the only way to be brave is to go right ahead and try to find out what is frightening you," she told him.

"I guess you are right," blinked Sir Hinkum's big yellow eyes."—*Helen M. Richardson.*

THE LITTLE COASTERS.

The policeman gave them a start—
That was good of him, bless his heart!

M. J. H.

A FASHIONABLE CALL.

THE JAPANESE GIRL'S FESTIVAL.

BY EDNA HARKER THOMAS.

Perhaps you would like to hear about our baby's "O Hina Sama" party, and see some of the pictures that were taken. You know "O Hina Sama" are the dolls of the Girl's Festival, which is to the little Japanese girls what Christmas is to our little girls at home. It is the girl's great yearly holiday. On and during a few weeks before the 3rd of March every toy shop in all the large cities is gaily decked with what are called "O Hina Sama" which in truth are more than dolls, being tiny models both of people and of things, in fact the whole Japanese court in miniature. In every home where there are girls, whether young or old, rich or poor, for this holiday a part of the best room in the house is dedicated to a flight of pretty altars or steps for arranging the sets of various dolls with the proper furniture and effects that go with them.

On the uppermost shelf is a pair of "O Dairi Sama," the dolls representing the Emperor and Empress. These are the heirlooms of the family handed down from generation to generation, first bought nobody knows how many years ago and by whom. The six-folded screen behind the "O Dairi Sama" is perhaps another heirloom. On the second row just below come the five court musicians. These perhaps were given to grandmother while she was still a baby. On the third row come the court ladies who bear the drinking cups for their Majesties. Perhaps they were the gifts of an uncle. Then comes the miniature

chest of drawers, which holds the bride-doll's five changes of "kimono" for the wedding ceremony; beside which are placed the two trunks which carry the bride's quilts. Then there are the bride's toilet articles —the wash for blacking the teeth (a custom now not followed), and the red paint for her lips. Nor must we forget the little individual dining stands made of lacquered wood with the little bowls, each of different shapes, to hold the rice, the soup, the cold vegetables, the pickles, etc. And so on. Those are only a few of the necessary essentials. Every year or two a new step is added and more dolls are bought

PUTTING OUT THE "O HINA SAMA."

to fill it, until in time the whole collection of a rich family becomes very extensive and valuable.

The Mama who at other times is very busy may even devote three or four days together in dusting and arranging the dolls. She goes to the store house, brings out all these household treasures, the dolls, the tea things, the screens, and the whatnots, and arranges them neatly for view as in the picture. Mama also prepares special elaborate banquets for the little doll personages—and also for the living personages, too. She tries in every way to make success possible for her little girl's holiday.

The young girls are naturally dazed and as pleased as if they were in fairy land. Just to think of their parents spending so much money and time for their benefit. The little girls are told that the dazzling galaxy of expensive dolls are all their own. It seems almost impossible. And well may the girls be awe stricken. They sit in silent admiration. For the dolls mean more than dolls. They are rather curios and are part of the family heirlooms. The little ones, who at all other times want to investigate and analyze every new toy they behold, seem to have a peculiar reverence for the dolls and toys of March 3rd, which they regard in an entirely different light from the other poor, shabby toys that are not worthy of a place in the show, but which share in all the other young mistress' joys and sorrows.

The children must never touch the "O Hina Sama." Just look at them. They are not to be played with, for if they did, the Empress

NOFU KO SAN, CHIYO KO SAN AND NAI KO SAN SITTING IN FRONT OF CHIYO'S "O HINA SAMA."

would soon lose her crown or the musician would drop the flute from his mouth. The children are struck with a certain sense of awe by the very grandeur of the spectacle. The dolls and toys displayed are so

dramatically classical, and although small, look so dignified and proud. The children are told the history of each article and everyone of them becomes endeared within the little children's hearts.

The girls recognize in this festivity the indisputable evidence of Mama's and Papa's love for them. Almost from the time they were babies the Japanese girls have learned through this festival how the Emperor and Empress should be served, respected, and revered, and this reverence is associated with all that is happy, joyous, and grateful.

CHIYO ALL READY FOR A RAINY-DAY WALK.

The Emperor and Empress call to their minds the pleasantest pictures in their memeroy; loving parents; good smiling friends; plenty of cakes, and sumptuous feasts; lots of toys and lots of fun and many other things, all good, associated with the "Hina Matsuri"—Doll Festival.

When all has been nicely arranged and the banquets prepared for both the dolls and the living folks, then little "O Haru Ko San" invites her little friends to come and see her treasures and then there is a happy children's party.

Inasmuch as our little Chiyo is as near a Japanese girl as any little

American girl can be, we try to follow the Japanese customs as well as we can. So we began her "O Hina Sama" collection last year and added a little more to it this year, but as she hasn't any heirlooms, her beginning is still very small, as you can see by the picture. This year

CHIYO THOMAS WITH HER GUESTS.

we put out all her dolls and her little friends, who had been invited before, came and with her enjoyed the occasion and with her ate the "O Hina Sama Gochiso." They all had a happy time but none of them were any happier than little Chiyo Ko San herself and her beaming little mother.

NEW YEAR'S GREETING.

New Year's greetings, young folks all,
New Year greetings, hear the call!
Call to hope and call to cheer,
Call to all things we hold dear.

Turn the leaf, a new page see,
Something bright for you and me;
Here's a chance to change the old,
Turn the silver into gold,
Turn the failure into hope,
Turn the small to larger scope.

—Selected.

THE BATTLE THAT MADE A MAN OF TRUMP.

Trump Wilson's home was of the real sort. His mother could make anything from a cartridge belt to a cowboy costume, and his father was as superior in his way as his mother was in hers. Trump's father was above criticism; and the children were all right and so was Sister Kate. Trump liked to parade Kate about where the other fellows could see her. Yes, Trump's home certainly was of the real sort, which accounts for the fact that, at heart, Trump himself was of the real sort, too.

Just now he was standing by his window, his hands in his pockets, and an unprepossessing look on his face, staring down with unseeing eyes at a group of boys on the campus below. Three years ago he had entered the Crapps School. The time had passed like an exciting dream; baseball, football and races had been nothing more or less than a succession of splendid victories. Like all healthy-minded boys, he had lived in his school. Now the end had come; no more battles, no more victories, no more "saving the game" followed by deafening cheers. It was all over. He was expelled. Trump turned from the window presently and surveyed his trunk. "What am I going to do with that?" he asked himself. "I can't express it home; the sight of it would be too much for them. Can't take it with me; might land in Africa and a trunk wouldn't be convenient there." Trump now plunged his hand into his inside pocket and produced a five-dollar bill. "Doesn't look much like Africa yet awhile," he exclaimed, holding up the bill. "If I don't get a job before that's gone, I'll be nipped by the elements." Trump now tried to persuade himself that there was going to be some excitement looking for a job. "What's done is done," he told himself. "I'm expelled and good enough for me. Now for the next thing." He surveyed his trunk once more, then turned to the window.

"Halloo there, Fizzie," he shouted, "give me a lift on this trunk." Trump caught the ball that was aimed at him and sent it home with a will. When he brought his head in from the windows he heard a knock at the door. Before he could speak the door opened and his father walked into the room. If the doctor himself had appeared with a pardon in his hand, Trump could not have been more surprised. His father walked across the room and grasped Trump's hand.

"Well, son, you're in trouble." Mr. Wilson spoke in a hearty, care-free voice; you would have thought Trump had done nothing more serious than break one of his legs.

"How did you find out? Where did you come from?" gasped Trump.

"Dr. Noble wrote us two weeks ago. He had not thought of expelling you then." Trump winced at the word, but Mr. Wilson was not weighing words. "The letter was not reassuring. Your mother and I thought best to look into the matter a little, so I came on East. Well,"

Mr. Wilson looked about the room, "you've been pretty comfortable here, son. Sorry to leave the school, eh?"

Trump's throat contracted a trifle.

Mr. Wilson looked out of the window. "Fine collection of buildings. I'd no idea you had such an equipment."

Involuntarily Trump's chest expanded with pride, then, as he realized he was no longer a member of the school, it contracted.

"Dr. Noble has written us several letters of late," remarked Mr. Wilson cheerfully.

"Painted me black, of course," muttered Trump.

"No, he merely stated facts which informed us that you've painted yourself pretty black."

Trump gave his father a quick look. He couldn't understand his attitude. He didn't seem a bit cut up. At least he didn't act so, but his face told a different story; it was terribly haggard and worn Oh, but wasn't his father game though! After all he'd been through, not a mean word. Trump wished the boys could see the kind of father he had.

"I've just come from Dr. Noble's office," said Mr. Wilson.

Trump gasped. "Father, you didn't ask him to— to—"

Mr. Wilson smiled. "You may rest easy on that score, son."

"Doctor needn't think I'm a cur to sneak out of what I've earned."

Mr. Wilson studied Trump a moment. "I suppose it's natural," he said presently, "that your mother and I should think that this black paint you've been smearing yourself with has not struck in very deep. Well, what next, son? Any plans?"

Trump shook his head. "Oh, I'll get a job all right somewhere," he said carelessly.

"If it's a job you want there's one for you in my office."

Trump gazed at his father in astonishment. "Do you think I'd go home with this disgrace on me?" he cried. "Not much."

"No?" Mr. Wilson's voice was prenaturally quiet. "Well, I intend to go with the disgrace on me, and your mother and Sister Kate are not the kind to flinch. They'll face it."

Trump's face was white to the lips. He felt as if his father had struck him. If there was one thing that he had lived up to throughout his course at the Crapps School, it was his utter contempt for a sneak, and now here was the one person in the world whose good opinion he craved, regarding him as such. Trump turned from his father and strode to the window, and there he fought the hardest battle he ever had been called upon to fight. To go home and grind in his father's office with this disgrace upon him looked impossible; to stay East and be a sneak, leaving his family to bear the brunt of his own disgrace also looked impossible, and Trump tried desperately to think of some middle course. Many a time he had declared to the boys at school that he had no use for a fellow who wasn't man enough to stand up and take what was coming to him. His own words challenged him now.

How long Trump stood there with his back to his father, or with

what mingled feelings of pride and pity his father waited his decision he never knew. But at last that fight was over and he faced about. There was no suggestion of a whimper in his voice. The hardest thing that had ever come to him had come now and he wasn't going to practice dodging at the critical moment.

"When do you want to start, father?" he asked.

"Can you get ready for the 8:10 from Boston?"

"Sure."

"Very well, I'll go out and telegraph your mother."

That is all that was said, but it was the beginning of Trump's manhood, and his father knew it.—Selected.

LITTLE LOUIS CATARAT.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

"There's always something cowardly about a little fellow!" sneered Tom Bisbee, the bully of the lumbering gang. "How can he help feeling small, when he is small? Now, if I hadn't anything more to back up my fists with than Little Louis Catarat has, I'd be a coward, I s'pose—couldn't help it. But, bah! what's the use of bothering with a pint pot like Louis, anyway? He's no account. If he were half the man that his father was, he wouldn't stand the way I've treated him. He'd put up some sort of fight."

"Guess he would!" remarked one of the men, in a low tone, to his neighbor. "Big Louis Catarat could have handled Tom Bisbee with one little finger. I reckon he wouldn't strut round the way he does, if Big Louis Catarat was alive!"

Little Louis Catarat, who was so named by the river men to distinguish him from his gigantic father, before the latter was killed by a falling tree, had heard every word that Tom Bisbee had said. Tom had meant that he should, for the big fellow belonged to that mean type of the bully that is not content with physical abuse alone, but must add thereto the maddening taunt as well. He had tried again and again to get Little Louis angry enough to come to blows with him, but the young French-Canadian had always kept his temper down with a splendid self-control, that in itself was a moral victory won at no small cost, though the bully always pronounced it an evidence of cowardice. Little Louis Catarat was not one who believed that bravery consists, wholly or chiefly, in mere physical aggressiveness. He would not have been a ready fighter, even if he had been as much of a giant as his father, who was known among all the river men of Aroostook County as "the big log-driver." Little Louis, in strange physical contrast to his father, was under five feet in height; but that was not why he took no interest in the lumbermen's brawls. Though short in stature, he was strongly built, was quick as a cat in his movements, and had such powers of endurance as seldom are equaled even among the hardy river drivers of

the Maine woods. Young Louis Catarat was not one who could have been easily worsted in a rough and tumble brawl; but, as the boss of the gang said, approvingly, "His heart is not in the fight." He did not care to prove his muscle or his courage in that way. His father before him was never a fighter for mere fight's sake, though he had a wholesome reputation for exacting personal respect, and keeping things straight and decent in the lumber camp, and did not hesitate to use his tremendous strength for such ends, when it was necessary.

Little Louis Catarat was a young fellow who tried to do right, mind his own business, and be at peace with everyone else who did the same. He was well liked by all the men except the bully of the gang; but Tom Bisbee disliked him for the very reason that made him popular with the others—because he respected himself, was no brawler, and attended strictly to his own affairs.

On this last occasion, the bully taunted Little Louis, before his face, and in the hearing of all the men, with being a coward. Tom Bisbee had tripped the young Frenchman, purposely, as the latter was carrying a mug of coffee from the big pot on the stove to his seat at the long table where the men messed, and had caused him to stumble and spill nearly all the coffee over his clothes and boots. Such an insult, offered by one river man to another, would ordinarily have provoked a fight. But Little Louis Catarat had ignored the hateful trick altogether, refilled his mug, and returned to his seat, with no further notice of the insolently staring bully than to keep outside the range of the foot that was outstretched to bar his way again. Most of the men at the table had observed this bit of rude byplay, but, though some grinned at the bully's trick, it was plain to be seen by the look on the faces of the majority that their sympathy lay with the self-controlled young Canadian.

"It will be a bad day for Tom when Little Louis does get mad!" remarked a tall New Yorker to his neighbor at the table. "These silent fellows are terrible when they do let themselves loose."

"That's so," replied the other, guardedly. "I'd lay my wager on Little Louis Catarat! There's something like the old man's look in his eye when he's r'iled. Some day Tom Bisbee'll find he's been stirring up a Tartar!"

But time went on, and still the predictions of the men proved groundless. Little Louis Catarat would not fight the bully who perpetually annoyed him. He held to his course of quiet reserve, in spite of all the taunts and indignities heaped upon him.

One day, a "jam" of the logs, that were being rafted by the men down river, formed in a troublesome gorge, and the boss called for big Tom Bisbee to break it up. Tom was a first-class river driver, in spite of his ugly and bullying disposition, and no man in the crew was so expert in breaking up that bugbear of the lumberman, a jam of loose logs in swift water, when some big stick of timber gets stuck, perhaps in a cleft or on a concealed rock, and interlocks itself with others that follow, piling them up in a tangled and ever-increasing mass, that

threatens to choke the whole rived bed. The only way to break up a jam like this is for some skilled, intrepid river driver to take his life in his hands, run out over the surging, tossing, grinding mass of logs, find the refractory key log, and pry it loose with his pike pole. Then comes the stampeding rush of the released logs, and the most difficult feat of all for the daring lumberman—to get back to shore across the avalanche of rolling, rearing logs, as they tear after one another down the boiling current.

It takes an exceptional man to successfully break up a bad jam, and save his own life, too. Great strength must be united with steady head and nerves, quickness and sureness of foot, and an unerring eye. Tom Bisbee was proud of his skill in this most difficult feat of the river driver. His bravery in it was his one redeeming trait, in the estimation of the other men; for however much he may personally dislike another, the river man has a cordial respect for, and pride in, his associate who can repeatedly break up a log jam, and come out of the ordeal alive.

This jam in the dreaded Swiftwater Gorge was by far the worst of the drive, thus far. Even Tom Bisbee hesitated when he saw the interlaced and heaving network of logs which he was expected to release. "Why, man!" he cried to the boss, as he tightened his belt, "it's like a pile of jackstraws!"

"I know it, Tom," replied the boss, "it's an ugly jam to tackle, and no mistake. But you're the only man in the crew that can straighten it out. If you don't like the job, however—"

"No more of that sort of talk—begging your pardon!" cried Tom. "I never saw the log jam that I was afraid to tackle. Here goes!" And, balancing his long pike pole, he strode across the slippery logs in his hobnailed boots, straight for the heart of the tangle, where the key log was pinned in the straining mass.

Every man on shore held his breath in suspense, as big Tom leaned over the ends of half-a-dozen up-thrusting logs, and thrust his pike pole deep into the heart of the jam. A firm pry—a mighty heave—and down sank the bristling pile of logs, as a house of blocks crumbles before a child's finger. Tom had set free the key log, and the whole mass was going with it. The river driver leaped back, turned, and ran for shore over the rolling, crashing sticks of timber. Now he is away from the center of the huddling mass—but see! he loses his footing on a spinning log, falls lengthwise upon it, rolls off, and disappears under the relentless mass that follows! He is under the raft—the most terrible predicament that can happen to a river driver.

What! Who is that, running for the raft? Little Louis Catarat? "Back, lad! It's no use!" cried the boss. "Unless Tom can swim to the edge of the raft, it's all over with him."

But the logs are surging and rolling away from the shore, in the suction of the current, and Little Louis Catarat is on top of them, treading, like a Japanese juggler on a barrel, to keep his balance. No chance to return now, if he would! The raft is sucked into the mid-stream

current, and the whole grinding mass thunders down into the gorge.

But out from the shoreward edge of the wild huddle suddenly floats a white face, glimmers there in the water for a moment, in full sight of Louis Catrat, and is gone again. No—not gone! for the lithe form of the young Canadian curves forward, dives from the rolling log, disappears for an instant, and then reappears, swimming lustily shoreward, with the blouse of big Tom Bisbee clutched in his teeth.

Tom had come up for the last time, breathless and unconscious, just as the last of the outgoing logs released him from his terrible imprisonment under water. He was as good as drowned—would never have seen the light of day again, had not the young Canadian made the plunge that saved him from going downstream with the logs. It was a question, even now, whether that white face would ever flush with life again.

As soon as Louis reappeared above water with his burden, a dozen men rushed into the stream to help him. Two minutes later, Tom Bisbee was being rolled over a pork barrel, to get the water out of him. Then he was laid on the bank, with a folded coat under his shoulders, and for five minutes his arms were worked up and down in wide circles, like the sweep of an eagle's wings, while his chest was depressed and inflated, bellows fashion, by the skilled hands of the boss.

At last the big fellow began to breathe—gaspingly and tremulously, at first—and then slowly came back to life. The men carried him and laid him in his blankets in the sleeping tent, which had been pitched for the night, and left him to gather himself together, while they went down the gorge to see that all the logs came through.

It was three days before Tom Bisbee was himself again. Then when he came out to mingle with the other men, the first person he sought was Little Louis Catarat.

"Louis," he said, with downcast face, "forgive me!"

"Glad-lee, Tom!" cried the young Canadian, extending a friendly hand. "I forgives and forgets with all my heart!"

"I owe you my life, Louis," continued Tom, grasping the outstretched hand. "Not many men would have done what you did, but if I ever have a chance, I'll do as much for you! Louis, you've showed me that size isn't what makes a man a man, and a hot fist isn't the same as a brave heart. Boys, join me in three cheers for Little Louis Catarat—a true son of Big Louis, and every inch as much a man!"

"It is worth a thousand pounds a year to have the habit of looking on the bright side of things," said a great philosopher.—*The King's Own.*

SEE, MAMA! Baby has my doll! I will let her take it. She will not let it fall, nor try to break it. She may take my book, when I do not need it. See her look and look and try to read it. Baby is such a dear, and so cute her ways. And Christmas and New Year are such good days. I am glad that we can pray to Heavenly Father every day.

—*Lula Greene Richards.*

JOCK'S LI'L' BOY.

"I can't let you off now, Jock," I expostulated, impatiently. "These lines must be run by Saturday, and you are the best chopper I have. Can't you wait till next week?"

Jock looked down at me a little reproachfully, I thought. "I'se bleeged ter go, boss," he said, decisively. "I done tole yo' my li'l' boy's wuss. Marg'et's Tobe jes' fotched me de news. I'd like pow'ful ter help yo' all, but I jes' cayn't, don' yo see?"

"Very well," I answered irritably, as I opened my pocketbook and counted out the money due him. "Only don't come whining around after more work. I can't be forever taking on new hands and teaching them the ropes. I want men to stand by me."

I spoke rather more vehemently than I meant to, but I liked Jock, and was very unwilling to have him go. He had only been with me a few weeks, but was already worth any two men I had. Considerable over six feet in height, and strong and massive in proportion, he was at once fertile in expedients and perfectly obedient to orders. These two unusual attributes were what had recommended him to me in the first place, for my experience with negroes had taught me that they were usually dull and shiftless.

But Jock was different from any man I had ever met, white or black. He was an indefatigable hunter and fisherman, and there was not a bird, or beast, or phase of wood life with which he did not seem familiar. And his familiarity was not that of ignorance. I was often astonished at the stray bits of scientific information which came unconsciously from his lips. He never seemed to get weary, and, out of work hours, was usually off in the woods, or busy about the campfire. Most of our game was caught by him during the night, and, indeed, most of it was prepared by him also, for he seemed to know more about cooking than our camp boy himself. Nearly every day he brought me a delicious stew or roast which he had prepared himself, and always presented it with some such remark as, "De doctor show me 'bout dis. Dis de way de doctor done hit."

I was thinking regretfully of these extra dishes as I turned my instrument around and sighted back over the line.

Everything was all right, and I signalled the rear man to come forward. As I took my field-book to make some notes. I was conscious of a slight touch on my shoulder.

"What, not gone yet?" I asked.

"No, boss; I cayn't go disaway. Ef I ain' come back no mo', I don' wan' yo' t'ink of me as no 'count Nigger. I jes bleeged ter go."

"Oh, that's all right," I answered, a little ashamed of my ill-temper. "You needn't mind what I said about not coming back. I was out of sorts. If I have a place I shall be glad to take you on at any time."

"T'ank yo', boss! T'ank yo', sah! I like yo' alls' wuk. Yo's de bes' boss I's had, 'cep'n' de doctor."

I glanced down the line. The rear man was fully one-fourth of a mile away and walking slowly. It would be ten minutes before he would arrive. I slipped the field-book into my pocket, and sat down upon a stump.

"Who is this doctor you are forever talking about, Jock?" I asked. "I'm getting curious about him."

Jock's face became grave once more.

I fancied I could see tears glistening in his eyes. "He's de bes' man dat eber lib, sah; de bes' man de good Gawd eber made. I been his body serbent for ten year, an' wuk for him, and watch ober him, an' nuss him. I watch him so I almos' know w'at he t'ink about. He didn' had no fo'ks, nowhars; an' he uster to say dat I war his'n's fambly. He tuk me in de woods w'en he hunts bugs an' t'ings, and he tuk me in de city w'en he wuk for de pore fo'ks. He done let me he'p in mos' eberyt'ing he do."

"How came you to leave him?"

"I didn't leabe him, sah; he done lef me. De good Gawd tuk him. W'en de veller fever bruk out he wuk night an' day, lak he allers do. Mos' eberbody get outen de city; but de pore fo'ks hatter stay, an' de doctors an' nusses hatter stay ter look arter 'em. Dr. Hatton stan' hit for seben week, den he tuk de fever an' die."

"Dr. Hatton," I exclaimed. 'That name sounds familiar."

"Co'se hit do, sah. De papers war full ob hit. De doctor war a rich man, an' he don' gib bofe his life an' money to de cause. I reckon de whole worl' done hear 'bout him. He wuk night an' day, all de time, an' nebber t'ought ob res'."

'And you remained with him through it all?" I asked.

"Ob co'se," Jock answered, simply. "De doctor 'lowed I war good he'p. I war big an' strong, an' could wuk roun' an lif' de sick fo'kes."

"And you didn't get the fever?"

"No, sah," showing his teeth a little. "I reckon dis nigger's skin too t'ick for fever to git frou. W'en de doctor die I hab no wuk, so I nuss roun' till de Winter come an' brek de fever. Den I pick up all de doctor's t'ings. Yo' see," his voice growled low and tremulous, "de doctor done tole me sell eberyt'ing he hab lef' an buy me a li'l' home somewhar. I git fo' hundred dollars, an' come disaway, yo' know?"

I nodded. I had often seen and admired Jock's little vine-covered cottage, and wondered at his exquisite taste in shrubs and flowers. On one occasion, I had met him walking back and forth, crooning some strange African melody to a pitiful mite of humanity in his arms. Perhaps this was the "li'l' boy" he was so fond of.

"How old is your little boy?" I asked.

"Dunno, sah. Reckon' he's a heap ol'er o' his size, on 'count o' bein' twisted, an' disj'inted. Yo'see, boss, hit didn't 'pear jes right fer me ter use de doctor's money for myse'f. Seemed lak hit orter go ter de pore fo'ks, lak de res' of his forchune. But dar war de orders. So I buy de house, an' den hunts 'roun, an fin's de skimpines' pickanninny I kin'—one dat ain't de leastes' able ter keer for himse'f—an' sets

out ter raise him. My ol' mammy come live wid me, an' he'p look out for t'ings. Den ebery Summer I goes down to de city an' brings up a whole passel o' chilluns outen de streets, an' gibs 'em a good time. Dar's plenty of melyuns an' sweet 'taters, an gyarden truck roun' my place; an' off'n I takes 'em out huntin' an' fishin'. I 'low dey done enj'y hit from de way dey projec' roun'," and Jock threw back his head and laughed heartily at the recollection of some of their "projecting." Then he suddenly became grave.

"Does yo' know, boss," he continued, solemnly, "hit 'pears mighty strange ter me sometimes, lak as if de Lawd's han' war in hit? Dat pore li'le pickaninny, wa't I 'low ter be de runties' one in de whole world', is tu'ning' out ter be sompin' 'stronery. He can scrape de fiddle lak a born musicianer, an' for de banjo an' flute—hit brings out de tears jes' lis'en. Does yo' know, sah," abruptly, "wa't I's wukin' up hyer for?"

"To earn money, I suppose," I answered.

"Dat's hit perzac'ly, sah. But I ain' need no money for housekeepin'. I raises gyarden truck, an' chicken, an' t'ings; an' I goes fishin' an' huntin'. No, sah! I's gitting money for dat li'l' boy's musicianin'. He's plumb 'stracted 'bout an orgin. I's been totain' him up ter Miss Hun'erford's lately, so 't he mought lis'en ter her playin'. An' fer a fac', sah, dat li'l' boy'd jes' cock his head on one side whilst she played a chune, den he'd clomb up on dat stool an ' play de same chune right smack frou, ebery dot an' skiver prezac'. Miss Hun'erford 'low 't war truly 'stonishin'. Yes, sah, dat boy gwyne hab an orgin, an I's gwyne hab him learn play jes' lak w'ite fo'ks, off'n paper." At this moment the rear man came up and stood waiting for orders. Jock ducked his head and was turning away, when I called him back. Unclasping the chain from my watch, I handed it to him.

"Give it to the little boy," I said, "and tell him it was from one of his daddy's friends."

The next week my chief sent instructions for me to repair to Terrebonne and survey some swamp lands. I had been there before and knew the place well. In the Winter it would not have been so bad, but now! I crushed the brief note impatiently in my hand. But there was no help for it, so we set about breaking camp. The next day we were ready for departure. As we stood on the platform of the little way station, waiting for the train, I saw the big, well-known figure of Jock, hurrying up the track. In a few moments he stood beside me.

"Clar' for hit, boss, I war 'feared I wouldn't cotch up!" he panted. "I's mos' run de bref outen me."

I welcomed him heartily. His broad shoulders and knowledge of woodcraft would be invaluable in that out-of-the-way place. The terms of his service were quickly arranged, and then I asked about the little boy. "I dunno for shore yet, sah," he said, gravely. "Do doctor 'low he war in a bad fix, an' better be sent up norf to a gran' hospital. He 'low do boy cayn't nebber be raised lak he is, but dat maybe de big doctors mout unwin' de twistes, and fix him lak udder boys. Ef dey do

dat," with a rare smile, "I'll shorely t'ank de good Lawd all de res' ob my life."

"It will be very expensive," I ventured.

"Yes, sah; so de doctor tole me. He 'lowed he'd ax Jedge Hun'erford ter he'p some, but I goin' stop dat," throwing his head back, proudly. "I don't ax no he'p long's I kin he'p myself. De li'l' boy's mine, an' I's de one ter take car' ob him." Then, with a slight quaver in his voice, he added, abruptly, "I done sol' de house, an' pigs, an' t'ings."

"Why, that's too bad!" I exclaimed involuntarily. "Wasn't there any other way?"

"No, sah, an' de house an' pigs didn't fotch quite enuf. De li'l' boy'll hatter be thar mos' a year, an' doctors' stuff an' nussin' cos's a heap. I done hire a room for my ole mammy, an' will sen' her sompin' ebery mont'. All de res' mus go ter de doctor, an' he 'lowed he'd fix hit all right."

"So you have already sent the boy?"

"Yes, sah. De doctor done sent a nuss wid him yes'day."

A faint whistle in the distance announced the approaching train. I hastily gathered up my kit and stood waiting. It was night when we reached Thibodeaux. The next day we purchased provisions, and set out for the scene of our labors. Three months later I received instructions to cross over into Texas. It was Spring before we returned to Florida. One day Jock burst into my tent with an open letter in his hand. "He's done cured!" he cried, radiantly. "All de twistes an' disj'ints tuk outen him. He's comin home now, walkin' from de kyars lak udder boys. Glory to de Lam'! But 'scuse me' boss," lowering his voice suddenly. "I's tickled clean frou. I reckon you'll hatter lemme off a few days. I mus' see dat li'l' boy."

"Of course! But will you come back?"

"Suttin'ly, sah! Dar's dat boy's orgin an' dar's dat home. I'm gwyne ter buy back. I mus' wuk right peart now, an' mek heaps o' money. Yes, sah, I'll mos' shorely come back."—Selected.

THE NEW YEAR.

We are standing on the threshold, we are in the open door,
We are treading on a borderland we have never trod before;
Another year is opening, and another year is gone,
We have passed the darkness of the night, we are in the early morn;
We have left the fields behind us o'er which we scattered seed;
We pass into the future which some of us can read.
The corn among the weeds, the stones, the surface mold,
May yield a partial harvest; we hope for sixty fold.
Then hasten to fresh labor, to thresh and reap and sow,
Then bid the New Year welcome, and let the old year go!
Then gather all your vigor, press forward in the fight,
And let this be your motto: "For God and for the Right." —Selected.

WORTHLESS BOBBY.

"Please, Mr. Harro! Oh, please try me a little longer. A week—just one week. Please, Mr. Harro!"

Mr. Harro looked into the pleading little face before him, and once more the kind heart was touched and softened.

"I can't depend upon you, Bobby, that's the trouble; you neglect my work. Understand, I appreciate your love for books. I am glad you love them; but your first duty is to attend to the business that I give you to do, and you don't do it, Bobby; you know you don't."

"Oh, Mr. Harro, I will try to be good. Take my books away from me, and try me just once more."

"I will not take your books from you, that would be no test; but I shall put you on your merit once more, Bobby, and see what you will do; but if there is no improvement, it is your last chance—you will have to go. You understand now, do you?" said Mr. Harro, as he stepped into the carriage.

Bobby turned away to hide the tears, as Marion Harro, a sweet girl of nineteen years, ran merrily down the path and took the seat beside her father.

"Well, Marion, that youngster has gotten the best of me again, and I have taken him another week on probation."

"Dear father, I am so glad"—her face brightening—"I thought you would give him another trial."

"What a tender heart you have, dear; but I love you to be so; the more of your sainted mother I see in your character the more I feel you are developing into the highest type of Christian womanhood. Foster it, my darling; cultivate it; there are always plenty to say the hard, sharp word, and under a cloak of frankness wound even those whom they really love."

They were driving along the beautiful country road to the station, and as they drew up to the platform for Mr. Harro to alight, Marion put her hand tenderly over his and said, "Dear father, I am trying to be like her."

"Surely the mantle of the mother has fallen upon the daughter," replied Mr. Harro, with quivering voice, "and you will never know, my darling, what hope and joy you bring into your father's life."

As Marion drove leisurely home her thoughts turned to Bobby. How could she help him? He was one of seven, his father dead, and his struggling mother trying to keep the family together. They were honest and respectable, but very poor. Bobby was thirteen. John, the eldest, a boy of fifteen, had a position in the village grocery store, which was a great help to his mother. He was an industrious, hard-working boy, but Bobby did not love work, and would shirk everything that he possibly could to pore over his beloved books. History, geology, anatomy, astronomy—anything that fell into his hands—he would read, and think and wonder, though he could not understand. That,

in fact, was the fascination. He wanted to know about things, and he knew there were men in the world who did know, or these books would never have been written. Mr. Harro, knowing how the boy yearned for an education, offered to take him in his home, allowing him the school privileges, and paying him well for doing the chores about the place, thereby laying some money aside for his higher education, for it was very plain that Bobby would never earn a living by the sweat of his brow. "Absolutely worthless!" was the opinion nearly everybody had of poor Bobby, and it was through much apparent tribulation on their part that Mr. Harro and Marion were trying to make something out of the boy. He had been with them six months, and Mr. Harro, thoroughly discouraged, had threatened often to send him back to his mother—only to be won over every time either by the distress of the boy or the coaxing of his idolized daughter.

This was a day early in November, and the light clouds that had hovered around in the morning thickened and gathered, and by noon rain was falling. A great storm was upon them, that hourly increased in its fury. Trembling hands were held on either side of the anxious faces that peered into what was already the darkness of night as faithful John, who acted as coachman and man-of-all-work about the place, drove down the carriage drive and out into the street, on his way to the station to meet his master.

Two hours passed and they had not returned. Marion walked restlessly about the house.

"Where is Bobby, Hannah?" she asked, stopping at the kitchen door, where the odor of the savory dinner would have been most appetizing had it not been for the great anxiety for her father's safety.

" 'Clar to goodness, Miss Marion, I dun know! Seem's if dat boy don't know 'nuff to come in out a' de rain. He took de lantern and went out to de barn, an' I just 'spects he's scared to come back."

In the meantime John had safely reached the station, and after waiting a long time for the belated train, Mr. Harro finally appeared at the carriage door. The usually sluggish little stream that ran between the home and the station was a river. It had risen until even with the bridge, and the opposite end had loosened from its foundation and was ready to break away; but they did not know that, and were about to urge the frightened horse above the bellowing waters when they saw a lantern swung back and forth upon the other side.

"Stop, John," cried Mr. Harro, quickly; 'that's a danger signal."

'I see it, sir," said John, backing the horse and taking to the street; "that means a five-mile drive to the upper bridge."

"Yes, but our lives are spared. Nothing could have saved us if we had gotten into that torrent. I haven't seen such a freshet for many years. Some brave fellow has risked his life for others in this storm tonight."

The upper bridge was found intact, and as they neared home the storm seemed to abate somewhat in its fury. Both looked with eager eyes for the lantern at the lower bridge. Finally they reached the spot.

The light was still there—but the bridge was gone! Mr. Harro leaped from the carriage to thank his benefactor, just as the bearer of the lantern came rushing forward.

"Dear, dear Mr. Harro! Are you safe?"

"Oh, Bobby! Brave little Bobby!" cried Mr. Harro; but Bobby had fainted. Tenderly he was lifted into the carriage, and Mr. Harro supported the dripping, unconscious little form as John drove home as rapidly as possible.

Weeks of fever followed, and with moist eyes, Mr. Harro would bend over the little sufferer as in his delirium he would frantically swing the imaginary lantern or cry out to Mr. Harro not to cross the treacherous bridge.

One day, while convalescing, Bobby put his little, thin hand upon Mr. Harro's and said, "Mr. Harro, I'm afraid to get well, for fear I will not be good, and you will send me away."

"Why, Bobby, you saved my life, and I am not going to let you go away from me again; this is your home now. You shall go through college and choose for your life-work whatever you love best. You have a bright mind, and I am sure I shall not be disappointed in you."

And be it said for Bobby that Mr. Harro was right.—Selected.

THE NEW YEAR

The Year is a general riding by,
  A general stout and tall;
And little it matters how hard we try,
  We cannot keep step at all.
No matter how eager and spry, 'tis clear
We cannot keep the pace with the mighty Year!

But, ah, there's a company called the Days,
  The merry and brave and wise;
They march to the music that Duty plays,
  Whatever the changing skies,
And no one need stumble, and none need fall,
And we may keep step with them, comrades all.

Make ready!—Salute!—as the great New Year
  Rides by to the roll of drums;
And then fall in line with a soldier's cheer
  For each little Day that comes.
The Days are like children that come and go—
  The Year can take care of himself, you know!

Cassino's Little Folks.

ZADA WOULD SOMETIMES FORGET TO SHUT THE GATE.

ZADA AND GOO-GOO.

BY KATE VERDEL.

Goo-Goo was a little pet pig, and his mistress, little Zada Weir, loved and played with him as other children love and play with their dogs and kittens. She had no brothers or sisters and would have been very lonely without Goo-Goo. He was the roundest fattest little pig one ever saw, and very white, so that he didn't look *too* much like a pig and everybody had a smile and a pleasant word for him.

The little pet pig's place was in the orchard, but Zada often took him out for a romp; and being a very forgetful little girl, sometimes when she put him back—also, too, sometimes when she went to feed him —she would forget to shut the gate. But this was just what Master Goo-Goo wanted; he often got lonely, confined in the orchard, while his little mistress was at school, and whenever he found the gate open he would go into the house in search of her, and if she was not there he would amuse himself by tearing up every thing he could get hold of. Of course this was naughty, but being only a little pig he didn't know that it was naughty. *He* simply thought it great fun.

The school which Zada attended decided one spring to have a May-party, and Zada was delighted when her little friends selected her for May Queen.

But if she was to be queen she would have to have a new dress, new ribbons and new slippers; and her mama said she was afraid she could not afford them. Mrs. Weir was a poor widow and it was difficult sometimes for her to make a living for herself and little daughter.

"But we won't decide until tomorrow," she said, finally; "perhaps I can think of some way."

"Well, Zada," she said, next morning, "I can tell you a way by which you can earn the money yourself."

Zada clapped her hands. "Do tell me quick, Mama, so I can begin."

"You will find it hard at first," said Mrs. Weir, "but if you persevere you will be thankful all your life. The May-party is eight weeks off. I have just five dollars, and if you will overcome your habit of forgetfulness I will give you sixty-two and one-half cents of it a week. Every time you forget, you are to pay me back two cents."

Zada said nothing, only smiled, with a bright confident look at her mother.

For awhile the future little May Queen was very careful, and the first week had to pay only twice, but then her old habit returned with great force. She forgot to shut the orchard gate and Master Goo-Goo got in and ruined the violet bed. She forgot her overshoes and Goo-Goo found them on the front doorstep and tore one of them into pieces. She left her books at home and had to return for them and was marked tardy at school.

In fact, she was so careless that her mother was in tears at times, and little Zada herself became so uneasy that she determined to never be off her guard, and sometimes there was a marked improvement for several days at a time.

But one afternoon she went to the cupboard for something to eat, and on going through the room again soon after she found the cupboard door open.

"Oh dear!" she said, "I wonder if I ought to pay for *this*—I found it open *myself* and shut it, and there is no harm done."

But Zada was an honest little girl, so she dropped two cents in her mother's money-box; and then with a light heart ran out to play with Goo-Goo.

But Zada couldn't find Master Goo-Goo.

Soon she heard her mother calling her. Mrs. Weir looked very serious as she led the way to the cupboard. Opening the door she pointed to the little pig within. The next day was Zada's birthday and Mrs. Weir had made a cake and placed it in the cupboard, intending to surprise her little daughter.

The cupboard was simply shelves put across one corner of the room with a door opening to the floor. The little pig, finding the door open, had walked in and had eaten half the cake and was sitting by the plate looking at the other half, as if thinking, "I wish I could eat it all, but I just can't!"

Mrs. Weir was very annoyed this time; she told Zada that she was discouraged about her and that she feared she would have to sell Goo-Goo.

Zada did do better for a while. But when on the last day of April she counted the May-day money she found that after paying for the dress (which Mrs. Weir made herself), and the ribbons, and the times she had "forgotten," she had only five cents left toward buying the slippers. Mrs. Weir had left all the counting of the money to Zada—the little girl had been free to count it as often as she liked.

"I did try, Mama," she said, this time, carrying the solitary nickel in her hand to show her mother.

"I believe you did, dear," said Mrs. Weir; "and as I believe you will continue to try, I am going to credit you for the balance so that you can buy the slippers."

Then she and Zada went out and brought home the slippers, which they had selected a week before; and Zada was so delighted to see all

her costume together that she ran in several times that day to look at them. She was sure no one ever had had such a pretty dress and slippers before.

In the evening Miss Milton, the teacher, and some of the girls came round, and while they were talking of the best way to fasten a crown on, they heard a noise in the next room—bip! bumpity-bump-bip, gooo! goooo! bump-bip!

Zada, followed by all the others, ran to see what it meant. There was a dismayed cry. The fat little pig came running out, followed by Zada with the precious May-party dress in her hands. But oh, oh! what a sight! Master Goo-Goo had torn the dress almost into shreds. The little May Queen dropped it on the floor and hid her tears in her mother's lap.

Mrs. Weir could but cry with her, and the teacher looked heartsick.

"Oh, Máma," Zada sobbed, "I had been to look at my dress and when I heard Miss Milton and the girls come in I laid it across a chair and forgot to shut the door and Goo-Goo—he got in and found it."

Poor Zada! She could not be May Queen and it nearly broke her heart. But her trouble cured her of her unfortunate habit. She is nine years old now, and has become a remarkably careful little girl.

As for Master Goo-Goo, he still lives in the orchard, and doubtless would often get out if he could, but never finds the gate open, and Zada and he have many a long walk and talk under the trees, but he is going away next year I hear.

AT THE OLD RED MILL.

BY CHARLES T. WHITE.

"They're beginning work on the old mill today, I understand," Mr. Tait observed at the breakfast table. "I'm sorry to see it go down. It's stood there ever since I can remember, but we must have improvements, I suppose."

"The Smith brothers are going to put up the new shirt factory on that site, aren't they?" inquired George, the oldest son. "That's what I hear down town."

Mr. Tait nodded. "They have bought the property, and everything that comes into their hands turns into a shirt factory, sooner or later," he said laughing. "I don't think anybody knows much about their plans, in this case, but themselves."

There was some further discussion of the subject before George pushed back his chair, and after a glance at his watch, hurried away to catch his car to the city. Fred, the youngest member of the Tait family, had been an interested listener, though he took no part in the conversation. What healthy boy of fourteen does not lend an attentive ear to the report of something unusual going on in a place so quiet as Brentwood! He mentally resolved to go down to the mill the minute he had swallowed the last of his oatmeal, and see for himself.

"The old red mill" was something of a landmark in Brentwood. Many of the houses in town were built of lumber which had been sawed there, and not a few of the older men in the little village remembered going to "Dunning's" with "grists" for grinding when they were small boys. It had been disused for several years, and nobody, looking at the gray, weather-beaten front, would have imagined that it once had been red. A half-dozen men, or more, were busily at work upon the old building, with saws and axes and pinch bars, when Fred sauntered up a half hour later.

"Where's your ax, young man?" shouted one of the workmen gayly. He paused in his work, grinning at Fred good-naturedly. "Twenty-five dollars fine for all loungers found on these premises."

"I guess I'll be going on, then," Fred replied, carrying out the joke, and making pretense of moving along.

"Better let me put your name on the pay roll," said a well-dressed young fellow, who appeared to be overseeing the job. "We've been looking for a boy just about your size to break up kindlings and fill these barrels. What do you say?"

Fred was not ready at that minute to say anything. He was an ambitious boy, not afraid of work, and he wanted a tent and camp outfit for the next summer's outing in the woods. The school was to be closed for the week following on account of the principal's illness and—

"You may think it over. We'll give you seventy-five cents a day, if you're as good as you look, or, you can fill the barrels by the piece. Be on hand bright and early Monday morning." The young man bustled away to answer a call from one of the workmen.

Fred's parents had no objection to his project, and, as for Fred himself, the more he thought of it, the better he liked it. If there was a full week's work, four dollars and a half would be a very comfortable sum. The November winds were chilly, and an occasional sifting of snow on the old boards might make a fellow's fingers tingle these mornings, but what of that? Fred had a stout heart, and, though his father was fairly well-to-do, and he never had been put to hard work, he had no foolish notions about its being beneath his dignity.

The first day at the mill was a good deal of a success. Much of the lumber in the building was practically worthless. Fred overheard the young man telling a passer-by that it would a little more than pay the cost of working it up into short lengths, and packing into barrels for kindlings, and that the barrels could be sold to parties in the city for thirty cents apiece. During the afternoon, the elder Mr. Smith, a pleasant-faced gentleman, with grayish hair and eyeglasses, overlooked the work for an hour or two, making careful measurements with what looked like an enormously long tapeline wound on a spring reel, and talking to the young man in charge in low, short, snappy sentences.

"You have a fellow on this job, I see, Allison." Fred heard Mr. Smith say, as the two approached the place where he was at work. "That's all right. Yes, certainly. Mrs. Redding's boy was up this morning, inquiring about it. I wasn't just sure—" Fred lost some

words here as the men passed on, but what he heard sounded like this: "Sick all winter * * * sorry we couldn't, but then * * * * pretty hard up."

Fred's first feeling was one of self-importance. There is a certain satisfaction in holding a place in the world's work which somebody else would be glad to get, if he could. Fred squared his rather narrow shoulders, in spite of a back which ached distressingly with the unaccustomed labor. He remembered Tad Redding well enough—all the boys called him Tad—a pasty-faced lad, whose baggy trousers always raised the suspicion that they had been made for some other person. Yes, it must be Tad. No doubt Tad would be glad of this job—or of any other, for that matter—but—well—he was here first. Fred smiled complacently, bringing his ax down hard upon a short block, which one of the men had sawed from the end of a beam.

Fred walked home slowly that afternoon, when the day's work was over. He did not whistle, as a merry-hearted young workman might be expected to do, and his face was more than usually thoughtful. It wasn't his being tired altogether, either, though he was tired out, and no mistake. Somehow, Tad Redding's pale, wistful face had been playing pranks with his fancy for the last hour or two. It must be tough to be poor, and not have clothes and things like other fellows. Maybe it was Tad's mother who had been sick all winter. Having a fellow's mother sick would be worse, by a good deal, than having to wear shabby clothes. Fred felt sure he should be shabby himself, if his mother were sick, even for a week. Wasn't it a little strange that a caller at the Taits that very evening should mention Tad's mother at the time of all others when Fred's thoughts were busy with Tad?

"Mrs. Redding came around last Saturday to get my washing again," the lady was saying, and Fred became suddenly attentive. "You see she was sick so long that I really had to engage some one else, and I didn't feel that I could turn Bridget off without any good reason. Mrs. Redding doesn't look as if she could go about, poor woman! to say nothing of working. But, I suppose, it's a case of must with her. She told me her rent was overdue for three months, and that Mr. Dallas wouldn't wait much longer."

Fred awaited the arrival of the elder Mr. Smith at the mill next morning, a shade of impatience showing on his frank, boyish face. To give up his job the second day would call out a volley of sarcastic jokes from George, but he didn't care—not so very much. He sidled up to the wealthy owner of a dozen shirt shops in as many towns adjoining, a good deal embarrassed, but with his mind fully made up.

"If you don't mind, Mr. Smith, I'd like to—to resign." The gray eyes behind the spectacles twinkled. "I'd like Tad to have it—Tad Redding, I mean. I guess he needs it more. I like the work first-rate, but—"

The gentleman laid a hand kindly on Fred's shoulder. "Yes, yes, I see. Very well. I'll send for Redding at once."

"I'LL GIVE HIM A POKE," SAYS ONE MERRY ELF,
A-SEEKING TO FIND OUT THE SECRET HIMSELF.

THE BABY NEW YEAR.

BY S. B. PEARSE.

Pray what can these queer little goblins and elves
Be prattling and peeping at all by themselves?
Why, something asleep they have suddenly found—
Oh, something so lovely and tiny and round!
He's neither a goblin nor imp, they can see,
Yet what in the world can he possibly be?
They've counted his fingers, they've counted his toes,
They've laughed at his dimples and dear little nose.
"I'll give him a poke," says one merry young elf,
A-seeking to find out the secret himself.
And then, as he opens his pretty blue eyes,
They know he has surely come down from the skies—
They know the dear angels have sent, with their love,
A little New Year, just as pure as a dove!

HOW THE DOLLS HELPED ISABEL.

Monday morning in vacation is horrid. Isabel thought so, as she ruefully eyed the big pile of breakfast dishes. Washday mamma always did the dining-room and kitchen work, while Janet was busy in the laundry, and always in vacation time Isabel had to help. Today mamma had some extra work, and it was Isabel's task to wash and dry the dishes all alone.

"They're just mountains high!" she declared.

They wern't at all, though I must confess that there were a good many of them.

When mamma had called to her the dishes were ready, Isabel was busy playing with her numerous family of dolls. Very reluctantly she laid Gertrude Maud back into her bed, and covered Gladys Emily carefully in the doll-carriage, and started with lagging footsteps toward the kitchen.

She filled the big dish-pan with hot water, and gave the glasses, then the silver, their morning bath. Somehow the large kitchen seemed lonely without either mamma or Janet, in spite of the fact that the sunshine was streaming in brightly through the windows. Then a sudden thought came to her.

"I'll bring the dolls out here and make believe they are helping me," she said to herself.

So Gertrude Maud and Gladys Emily and the smaller dolls, Hetty and Lillian, and black Alice with her apron and turban looking very much fitted for her task, were all seated in a row on the big table, with their backs against the wall and their feet sticking out straight in front of them.

Then Isabel began her game. "The plates you shall wash and wipe," she said, addressing Gertrude Maud, "'cause you're the biggest."

So Isabel carefully washed and wiped the plates, and placed them in front of Gertrude.

"And the cups and saucers belong to you, Gladys. Be sure to do them nicely," she said. Then they were done, and piled on the table by Gladys.

The smaller dolls, Hetty and Lillian, had the little butterplates and oatmeal dishes to do.

It was great fun. Isabel made believe they didn't want to do them at all, and then had to scold them a little and remind them that such tasks had to be done by little girls, and it was well to learn how to do them properly.

Black Alice had the frying-pan and oat-meal-pot to do. But the next time Isabel had the dishes to do alone, and the dollies helped, Gertrude Maud did the pans, "cause it doesn't seem fair, just 'cause she's black for her to do the hard part always."

When mamma came in and saw the row of dollies and the nicely washed dishes, she was much pleased with Isabel's little game of dish-washing and dolls.—Woman's Home Companion.

PRESCENDIA L. KIMBALL.

A WOMAN'S COURAGE.

During the early days of the pioneers in Utah, Heber C. Kimball prophecied of the famine that was to come. All of President Kimball's family, as well as others, believed that this prophecy would be fulfilled, and they stored away grain and flour against the time of need. But, alas, there were many totally unprepared, and when the dreaded time arrived, were compelled to seek the assistance and aid of the wise and prudent.

Sister Presendia Kimball had plenty of flour for herself and family, and they could eat and enjoy bread every day. Each day a large batch of bread was baked and distributed to those in need. But Sister Kimball desired to do more than this; each day a very small portion of the bread was baked and reserved for the family, and Sister Kimball petitioned the Lord to take away from her the desire for bread, that she might be satisfied with other and less desirable food, that she might be able to give her own share away, and all through the days of the famine this noble woman prepared with her own hands batches of good bread and passed it away for others to enjoy.

TEDDY'S ORPHAN 'SYLUM.

Teddy and his mamma did not go away for a nice trip during the Summer, as they nearly always did, and yet Teddy decided it was the very nicest Summer he had ever spent, for each afternoon he and his mamma made delightful little trips, sometimes on the street car, but often taking long walks to the parks and out-of-the-way places where everyone did not go.

But the place that pleased him best was the great orphan asylum, where they spent one afternoon. Mrs. Baylor knew the matron, who took great pleasure in showing them over the house and beautiful grounds and telling them about the many children who had found a home there.

"She's like the old woman who lives in a shoe, isn't she, mamma?" Teddy whispered, as the children flocked about her, asking different things. And long after the visit he would ask questions about the little orphans—what they were doing, what did they eat—until at last his papa said he wished he had an orphan asylum all his own to take care of. And, strange to say, he did the very day his papa said that. And you could never guess what sort of one it was, for, of course, Teddy couldn't be a "matron" to a lot of children, as he was a little boy.

The pride of his heart was a great white "Bunny," so gentle it ate out of his hands. He was wild with delight when he found one day she had ten tiny baby rabbits—black and white, gray and black, and some all white ones. He was so proud of his pets he scarcely wanted to leave them, even to take "trips" with his mamma.

But one morning when he got up, what should meet his eyes but his dear "Mamma Bunny" lying dead just outside his yard. His friend next door came running over to report the accident. A dog belonging to a boy in the next street pounced on the poor rabbit, killing it instantly.

Teddy's first thought was of the poor motherless bunnies out in the shed. With tears streaming down his cheeks he ran to tell mamma and papa of the tragedy.

"It seems you have an orphan 'sylum of your own now, Teddy," papa said.

And through his tears Teddy had to laugh. Sure enough, he had ten little orphans on his hands, and orphans only three weeks old, too! He thought of the matron out at the "Children's Home," and felt much as she felt, he was sure.

From that day he began to care for his little orphans, and it took a great deal of his time. He had grass to pull and lettuce leaves to get from the grocer nearby, and boxes to keep in good order. A frisky little ten they proved, but Teddy was patient, knowing they had no mother.

"I think you'd better put some of your little orphans out in good

homes, Teddy," his papa said one day. "School begins and you can't give all your time to your 'orphan 'sylum.' I know a boy who will buy them all and let you have a pair of old ones who will know how to take care of themselves better. I must say you've been a faithful boy, though."

"That afternoon at the orphan 'sylum showed me many things, papa—how helpless little things are without any mamma. Somebody's got to take care of them. I raised ten," Teddy said, proudly.—Child's Gem.

RESOLVED.

BY AMANDA K. GLEN.

That I think twice before I speak.
Then when I do speak it will be gently.
That my thoughts of others are noble and just.
That I condemn no one.
That I help others to help themselves.
That I give encouragement.
That I speak of health, happiness and success.
That I love all beauty and hate all vileness.
That I respect others as myself.
That I develop strength and patience.
That I love each one—even the creeping things of earth.
That I breathe with deep, healthful thoughts.
That I eat pure food, slowly and reposefully.
That I become filled with knowledge and wisdom from life's lessons.
That I love all my fellowmen and believe in co-operation and brotherhood.

JANUARY.

I'm little January
  Perhaps you do not know
How far I've come to see you
  Across the fields of snow.

I've lots of little sisters,
  A little brother, too,
And every one is coming
  To make a call on you.

But I got ready quickly,
  And came right straight off here,
To be the first to greet you,
  This happy, bright New Year.

—The Youth's Companion.

HOW BOOKS GROW

BY S. H. GREEN.

Tom's uncle Henry had been a colonel in the army, and Tom, who was very fond of his uncle, was proud of this fact. Tom was fond of books, too; and as he sat intently poring over a large volume, one day, Uncle Henry came in.

"Ho—ho!" said the colonel, "what have we here?"

"A book of the Cuban War," answered Tom.

"Did you ever stop to think how books grow?" asked Uncle Henry.

"Grow!" exclaimed Tom. "Books can't grow."

"Why not?"

"Because they are made."

"Made of what?"

"Of paper," said Tom.

"And of what is paper made?"

"Rags."

"And of what, pray, are rags made?"

"Linen and cotton."

"And linen and cotton?"

Tom began to laugh a little.

"They—grow," he said, looking a bit sheepish.

"Oh, they do, do they?" Uncle Henry laughed, too. "Whole webs of linen grow right on the bush?"

"No," said Tom; "I know a little. Linen is made of flax, and flax grows."

Uncle Henry laughed. "And is paper the only material used in book-making?" he asked.

Tom looked at the handsome cover in his hand. "No, the backs are often made of leather, and leather is from the skin of animals."

"Yes," said Uncle Henry, "but there was not in all the world a book in the English language until about four hundred years ago."

"I call that a good while," said Tom.

"But there were poems," said Uncle Henry, "thousands of lines long, before a book ever was printed. There were learned men in ancient times, called bards, who went about singing these poems. They had wonderful memories, because they took pains to cultivate them. They had no books to look at if they forgot—so they had to remember.

"The earliest English poem of which we have knowledge is that of the romantic tale of Beowulf. This poem has six thousand or seven thousand lines. How do you think you would do at reciting a poem of that length, and no prompting?"

"Not very well," said Tom.

"This poem," Uncle Henry continued, "tells how Beowulf, a

nephew of the king of the West Goths, sailed away in a 'foamy-necked ship' over the 'swan path.' He was noble and generous, and performed the most wonderful, brave deeds for his fellow-men.

"These songs were generally of wonderful adventure. On gala days those old Saxon chieftains called a bard, who came bringing a lyre, and chanted those ancient poems, while the assembled guests drank and feasted.

"You see, in those days, the books were only in the heads of the persons who composed them, or who had learned them 'by heart.' But as early as 1200 another step was taken. Monks began to write things, in order to preserve them, devoting their lives to this work. Think of the time and labor! Hour after hour, bending over their rude tables, with pens made of reeds and quills and fine, hair brushes, with which to ornament the letters! This was done in purple and red and other brilliant-hued inks, and gold and silver sizing.

"Those richly ornamented pages were very beautiful. It took days and weeks, and even years, sometimes to finish one. Some of those volumes are now carefully treasured in museums, and could not be bought for their weight in gold. But this was a slow way of book-making, and no common person ever could hope to buy one. So William Caxton, after many efforts, at last succeeded in setting up a printing press in England. This was while Henry the Sixth was king. Do you know how long ago that was?"

"No," said Tom.

"Well, find that out. It'll not do to tell a boy too much. It helps him to remember to find out things for himself.

"By and by, some one thought to make wood cuts, which were printed in books. I do not know, myself, who that was. And so you see," continued Uncle Henry, "thoughts were the seeds which grew and blossomed, and grew and blossomed again, until now we have, for example, this book of yours. Let me see it, please."

Tom handed him the book, and Uncle Henry read the title, "A Story of the Cuban War." Then he turned the leaves. "Very fine!" he said. "These illustrations are beautiful and very true. I have seen many of these places myself.

"Now, let us see how this book has grown. First, there were the Cubans for many years downtrodden and persecuted by Spain. On the Spanish side was the thought of being master. On the side of the Cubans, the thought of liberty. The two thoughts clashed. So the people clashed, and went to war over it, with bitter hate on both sides.

"Then the thought of making Cuba a free and happy land sprang up in American hearts. Uncle Sam sent his brave men down to help the poor, struggling Cubans, and now their beautiful island is free from the Spanish yoke.

"So, you see, the seeds of this book were planted, at least, as long ago as when the Spaniards first took possession of Cuba. They have grown and grown, and now the book has blossomed out.

"If I had time, I could tell you something of the ways by which

the art of picture-making has grown; of the material and instruments used in making them. Besides author and artists, there were the printers and printing press and bookbinders, and people who prepared all the material and instruments for this host of other people to work with, before the books could be bought. So you see, Master Thomas, that a large part of the whole world had been at work getting this book ready for you. Now read it carefully, see what lessons you can draw from it, and remember that a thought once planted is sure to grow. It may not always blossom into a book, but grow and grow it will. There is no end to it. So, my boy, be careful what seed you sow in order that the harvest may be good.

HOW FRED WON A FRIEND.

BY J. L. HERON.

"So Tom broke through the ice," said Mr. Baxter, the teacher of the district school, as he joined Fred Day, a boy twelve years of age, on his way to school one bright, cold morning in January.

"Yes, sir, and it was lucky for him that I happened to be down there," replied the boy.

'Why, what did you do? You are a little boy compared to Tom?"

"Well, sir, I helped him out."

"Tell me how it happened, Fred," and the teacher looked into the bright face of the boy at his side. "You know Tom has been forbidden to go on the ice by both his father and me."

"Yes, sir, I know that, and I warned him not to go, but he only laughed at me, and said, 'Mind you own business, and don't tell everything you know.' I was going over to Mrs. Brown's for my mother, sir, but when I saw that Tom was surely going on the ice, I just waited round the turn of the pond; for some way, sir, I felt sure that Tom would get into trouble and would need someone to help him, and I wanted to be the one to do it."

"Well, you waited; what then?" asked the teacher.

"Tom started round the pond near the edge, where it was safe, and seemed to be having a good time, but pretty soon he went over toward the little bridge. I called to him to stop; that it was thin over there. But he only called back, 'Mind your own business, old man, and don't bother me.' I ran out on the bridge, for I knew he would break through. You see, sir, I had a rope with me that I was going to tie a basket on my sled with for my mother, so I undid it as I ran, and not any too soon, for just then there was a crash and a cry, and Tom was down in the water. I threw the rope over to him and he caught it. I fastened it to the bridge the best I could. Then I got a board that happened to be on the bridge and slid it out on the ice to him, and he managed to pull himself out of the water and get hold of

the board, and then he kind of worked his way on to solid ice. I don't quite know how he did it, sir, but he did; and he says that I saved his life."

"There is no doubt of that, Fred," said the teacher. 'But what I want to know is, why you took so much interest in Tom, when he has always been your enemy. At any rate he has never been kind to you, and I fear has told lies about you more than once, Fred."

"Yes, I know that, sir; but then, you see I wanted to win him. Mother has always told me that an enemy could be won by kindness, and that I must love my enemies, so I just stayed by to help him. Tom says that if it had not been for me he would have drowned, and that he is now my friend for all time. I do not want his help, sir, but I do want his friendship, and I guess I have it now."

"Yes, my little man, you have it without a doubt; and that is the way to win. If more people practiced that way there would be many more good men and boys in this world. You feel very sure that Tom is your friend now; that he will not forget; will not call you names again and try to get you into trouble?"

"Oh, yes, sir. He came over to see mother and me the next day, and he said that he was ashamed of the way he had treated me, and that he could never do enough for me, or thank me enough for saving his life. But mother told him to thank God for saving his life, and that he must try to be more obedient in the future and kind to those around him. Oh, mother talked to him a lot, and he promised to try to do right after this."

"You are a fine boy, Fred, and I am proud to call you my friend, though you are but a little boy. Some day you will be a good, noble man, for you have the mother that will make you one. God bless you, and all such mothers!"

A PAPER OF PINS.

Pins were introduced in the sixteenth century.

Then they were costly and highly prized as gifts.

A paper of pins was more acceptable than a bouquet.

An act was passed in 1543 making it illegal to charge more than eightpence a thousand for metal pins.

Persons of quality often used pins made of boxwood, bone, and silver, while the poor put up with wooden skewers.

In those days husbands were often surprised at the great amount of money that went for pins: hence the term "pin money."

Not so many years ago the frugal American housewife was wont to teach pin economy by teaching her children that canny couplet:

"See a pin and pick it up,
All the day you'll have good luck."

—Selected.

JUST FOR FUN.

HER FINGERS CAME IN TOO LATE.

Oliver Wendell Holmes enjoyed nothing so much as a clever retort, even if it happened to be at his own expense. One day, at an entertainment, he was seated near the refreshment table, and observed a little girl looking with longing eyes at the good things. With his invariable fondness for children, he said, kindly:

"Are you hungry, little girl?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Then why don't you take a sandwich?"

"Because I haven't any fork."

"Fingers were made before forks," said the doctor, smilingly.

The little girl looked up at him and replied, to his delight:

"Not my fingers."

Teacher—And why do you suppose the Indians were so tall and strong?

Johnny (whose thoughts are sometimes in a line with his teacher's and sometimes "outside the four walls")—They ate Quaker Oats!

A young minister, unexpectedly called upon to address a Sunday School, asked, to gain time: "Children, what shall I speak about?" A little girl on the front seat, who had herself committed to memory several declamations, held up her hand, and, in a shrill voice, inquired: "What do you know?"—*Selected.*

"Tomorrow," announced five-year-old Sidney proudly to his teacher, "is my birthday." "Why," returned she, "it is mine, too." The boy's face clouded with perplexity; and after a brief silence he exclaimed, "How did you get so much bigger'n me?"

A little girl mourning for her favorite cat, Bathsheba, asked the poet to commemorate its memory in verse, which he did off-hand in this classical bit:

Bathsheba! to whom none ever said scat—
No worthier cat
Ever sat on a mat,
Or caught a rat.
Requiescat!

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Better to strive and climb,
  And never reach the goal,
Than to drift along with time,
  An aimless, worthless soul.
Aye, better climb and fall,
  Or sow, though the yield be small,
Than to throw away day after day,
  And never strive at all.

—*Margaret Sangster.*

NEW PLAN FOR 1913.

The new plan for the work in the Primary associations is the result of careful consideration on the part of the General Board and comes as an outgrowth of the successful results of the work which was tested during the summer months.

Stake Boards are urged to study the plan and be prepared to help the local workers to put it into immediate action. If the necessary books and materials are not in the possession of the ward associations each Stake Board should adopt some plan to see that they are provided. It will be appreciated if the Stake Boards will observe how these plans work out and let the General Board know the results.

We cannot think of a more important qualification for the New Year than faith—faith in God and in man. This creed is full of faith. He who does not fear the journey is the man to make the journey successfully. He who is sure that a powerful friend is protecting him may go on his way rejoicing. This is what faith does for us. It makes us eager for the onward journey of life and glad in the thought that we shall not travel unprotected. "I believe in God, the living God." This is exhilarating and inspiring. What cannot a man do who believes in the God that made him and is waiting to utilize him in his vast plans? Who is afraid when God stands round about? And the living God is he who is with us now. Judea is a long way off, and the Old Testament worthies lived a long time ago. There has been space for tremendous happenings and disasters since then. But God lives. He is moving on. He leads the march of progress in this enterprising world. He beckons the young, the bright, the brave. He is not lost in the smoke of the past, but shines out of the sunlit present and offers a world of happiness and usefulness.—*Selected.*

FUN IS A NECESSITY.

Most people have the impression that fun and humor are life incidentals, not necessities; that they are luxuries and have no great bearing upon one's career.

Many think fun is frivolous, indicating a lack of serious purpose in life. There are parents who rebuke their children because they want to have fun and go in for a good time. These parents have yet to learn the great part which fun and humor play in the physical economy and their influence on the life.—*Success Magazine.*

He who hath appointed thee thy task, will proportion it to thy strength, and thy strength to the burden which he lays upon thee. He who maketh the seed grow, thou knowest not how, and seest not, will, thou knowest not how, ripen the seed which he hath sown in thy heart, and leaven thee by the secret workings of his good Spirit. Thou mayest not see the change thyself, but he will gradually change thee, make thee another man. Only yield thyself to his molding hand, as clay to the potter, having no wishes of thy own, but seeking in sincerity, however faint, to have his will fulfilled in thee, and he will teach thee what to pray for, and will give thee what he teacheth thee. He will retrace his own image on thee line by line, effacing by his grace and gracious discipline the marks and spots of sin which have defaced it.—*Edward B. Pusey.*

OPPORTUNITY.

Learn to make the most of life,
  Lose no happy day,
Time will never bring thee back
  Chances swept away.
Leave no tender word unsaid,
  Love while love shall last,
The mill will never grind
  With the water that has passed.
—Sarah Doudney.

"TO TOIL, TO SUFFER, TO DIE."

The world has no room for cowards. We must all be ready somehow to toil, to suffer,to die. And yours is not the less noble because no drum beats before you when you go out into your daily battlefields, and no crowds shout about your coming when you return from your daily victory or defeat.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

ONE MORE STEP MAY WIN THE RACE.

As you journey on life's highway,
  Should your heart grow faint within,
Enemies seek to assail you—
  Truth and worth seem crushed by sin—
Draw a breath of resolution,
  With humble prayer increase your pace,
Trust in God, nor ever falter—
  One more step may win the race.

If with loving hand and tender
  You are seeking to instill
In the hearts of little children
  Obedience to our Father's will;
If you feel a bit discouraged,
  Bring a smile to light your face—
Though your efforts seem most fruitless—
  One more step may win the race.

One more step may bring you nearer,
  One more breath may that impart
Which may sink and live forever
  In that tender, childish heart;
Don't give up, but keep on trying,
  Nor to gloomy fears give place;
Think, you surely are advancing,
  And one more step will win the race.

Though you're called upon to suffer,
  Though your heart with grief is rent,
Trust the hand that still is leading;
  Try to see with love 'tis sent.
If we in His steps can follow,
  In every trial His hand can trace,
We can trust Him, still believing
  One more step may win the race.

—Annie Malin.

DON'T SNUB CHILDREN.

Children love to be treated with courtesy and respect. They resent having their opinions and sentiments snubbed, and parents might learn a good deal from them and about them if they would encourage them to talk more freely of all they think and feel. We are hardened by the gathering years, and we have lost our keenest sense of what is the very truest and the very best. The contact of a child's mind with its pure vision is like a message straight from God.—Selected.

GREAT IN SERVICE.

Taken by itself, your life is certainly a very insignificant affair; but placed as you happen to be placed, in the kind of a universe which God has happened to make, your life becomes of infinite importance. For God has chosen to work out his designs, not in spite of you, but through you; and where you fail He halts. Almighty God needs you. You are not your own, either to be insignificant or great, but you are in the service of that which is greater than yourself, and that service touches your life with its own greatness. It is as though you were a lighthouse keeper set to do your duty on your bare rock. Can any life be more unpraised or insignificant? Why sit through the weary nights to keep your flame alive? Why not sleep on, all unobserved, and let your little light go out? Because it is not your light—that is the point. You are not its owner, you are its keeper. That is your name. You are a light-keeper. You are set there with this as your trust. The great design of the Power you serve takes you thus out of your insignificance.—Francis G. Peabody.

THE ART OF KEEPING YOUNG.

This is an age of young people. The great lesson for teachers to learn is the art of keeping young. The ideal life is one full of activity and interest to its very close. The teacher who keeps her health and her enthusiasm year after year is a true artist. To keep young and enthusiastic one must be well. It is said that there are sixteen hundred ways of being sick but only six ways of becoming sick, and all forms of sickness may be traced to one or more of these six causes; viz., wrong thinking, wrong exercise, wrong rest, wrong eating and drinking, wrong cleansing, wrong clothing. May all of Children's Friend readers try this beautiful month of January to avoid violating the first of these six health conditions, and may they all think only cheerful, kindly, harmonious thoughts, shutting out past mistakes, having no fear for the future, but trying to make each minute beautiful, so that the whole day shall be beautiful because it is made up of brave, bright, cheerfully lived minutes.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Subject for the Month: Courage.

LESSON FIVE.

THE LESSON HOUR.

Use suggestions for use of class periods as given in the last issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

The songs, prayers or other material not mentioned for this month's work should be selected and prepared and should emphasize the thought of courage.

FIRST GRADE.

Review. Use memory gem from last month and some of the incidents which show how a loving child may be helpful and kind. The new memory gem relates itself to the old by the feeling of love and indicates more activity on the part of the child.

Materials for the Lesson.

Character by Smiles, chapter 5.

Memory Gem.

"Children, do you love each other?
Are you always kind and true?
Do you always do to others
As you'd have them do to you?"

Story. Queen Esther. The Old Testament. Pictures of Queen Esther.

Teachers' Talk. The teacher should read the chapter on courage by Smiles, and study it with the officers in the preparation meeting, so that she may be full of ideas about courage. In the talk with the children it may not be possible to use any of Smiles' illustrations, but the study of the subject will help to make clear what is meant by courage. Consider the courage necessary to "love your neighbor as yourself," and apply it to the little things children may do. The story of Queen Esther must be made simple and short to suit the age of the children, and the point made clear that she was brave in trying to do for her people what she would have liked done for herself.

Aim.

Courage exercised in helping others brings happiness.

Illustration.

How Fred Helped. THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 5, page 203.

SECOND GRADE.

Review. Use the new memory gem and the thoughts suggested in the poem given for the last lesson and help the children to feel the desire to do little duties around the home. Explain the necessity for courage to do things that are hard and disagreeable.

Materials for the Lesson.

Character, by Smiles, chapter 5.

Memory Gem.

"Work while you work, play while you play;
This is the way to be cheerful and gay.
All that you do, do with your might;
Things done by halves are never done right."

Poem. "There's Nobody Else."

Two little hands, so careful and brisk
  Putting the dishes away,
While mother is resting awhile in her chair,
  For she has been busy all day.
And the dear little fingers are working for love,
  Although they are tender and wee;
"I'll do it so nicely," she says to herself—
  "There's nobody else, you see."

Two little feet just scampered upstairs,
  For father will quickly be here,
And his shoes must be ready and warm by the fire
  That is burning so bright and so clear.
Then she must climb on a chair to keep watch:
  "He cannot get in without me;
When mother is tired I open the door—
  There's nobody else, you see."

—*Mary Hodges.*

Story. Daniel In the Lion's Den. Daniel, chapter 6.

Teachers' Talk. Study carefully the principle of courage and its application to the things which little children are required to do. The poem indicates some of the little tasks of home life. The Bible story

relates the courage to do something which God requires of all His children. Certain conditions make it difficult for children to pray, let the children tell you what they are, emphasize how necessary it is to be brave even if one is cold or sleepy, etc.

Aim.

Courage exercised in doing one's duty brings happiness.

Illustration.

The Little Watchers, THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 9, page 206.

THIRD GRADE.

Review. Last month's lessons are closely related to the work to be given in this lesson, and if carefully reviewed, will make a good foundation for the new truths. Revive the memory gems and have them recited in concert and by class members. Recall incidents that were related.

Impress upon the children again, that in Jesus we have the best example to follow.

Materials for the Lesson.

Character by Smiles, chapter 5.

Memory Gem.

"Yield not to temptation,
For yielding is sin.
Each victory will aid you
Some other to win."

—*Selected.*

Poem. "Our Heroes."

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage
To do what he knows to be right;
When he falls in the way of temptation
He has a hard battle to fight.
Who strives against self and his comrades,
Will find a most powerful foe;
All honor to him if he conquers,
A cheer for the boy who says "No!"

There's many a battle fought daily
The world knows nothing about;
There's many a brave little soldier
Whose strength puts a legion to rout.
And he who fights sin single-handed
Is more of a hero, I say,
Than he who leads soldiers to battle,
And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted,
  To do what you know to be right.
Stand firm by the colors of manhood,
  And you will o'ercome in the fight.
"The Right," be your battle-cry ever
  In waging the warfare of life;
And God, who knows who are the heroes,
  Will give you the strength for the strife.

—*Phoebe Cary.*

Story. Temptation of Jesus. Matthew 4:1-11; Luke 4:1-13.

Teachers' Talk. Study carefully the chapter on courage referred to; it will do much to inspire you in the month's work. Use that part which you can make simple enough for your class. By illustrations help the children to know the difference between physical and moral courage. Let them give illustrations. Help the class to see which we really need most. Have them tell of times when they need courage to do the things before them. Let them tell, too, of times when they should have courage to say "No."

Explain as simply as you can the meaning of the word temptation. Relate some personal experiences when you were tempted to do wrong: let the children tell some of the things that they are tempted to do or not to do. Give the memory gem and help them to understand it.

Tell as impressively as you can the story of the temptation of Jesus.

At the close of the lesson you might ask the children to try during the week to overcome some temptation, and next week report to you.

Aim.

Courage to do right wins the favor of God and man.

Illustration.

"The Spelling Match." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 11, page 400.

FOURTH GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Questions. What did the Savior mean when He said "Come follow Me?"

What were some of the things the Savior did?

What are every day tasks? Let the class mention a number.

Which of them do you like to do?

Which do you find hard and disagreeable?

Teachers' Talk. Explain the difference between physical and moral courage. Character by Smiles, pages 131 and 142.

Memory Gem. "Real courage must be proved by deeds, not words."

To Be Read or Related.

BRAVERY.

There are two kinds of courage, the courage when you are not afraid and the courage when you are afraid. When a boy says, "Oh, I am not afraid!" and does what the others shrink from doing, he is not particularly brave. Real bravery is when you are afraid to do a thing, shrink from doing it, and yet go on because you ought to. That is Christ-like bravery. What happened in the Garden of Gethsemane showed that Christ shrank from the cross, yet he went right on to it. He was brave.

A boy who is so frightened that he trembles, but still puts out his hand and holds it steadily for the surgeon to lance it, is brave. The girl who is so afraid that she is as white as a sheet, but still goes upstairs in the dark on an errand for her mother, is brave. Those of you who are almost sick at the thought of doing something that will cause others to laugh at you, and yet go on with your duty, are brave. No one is really brave unless he is afraid, and refuses to give up to his fear.—*Selected.*

Quotations. Psalms 31:24; Deuteronomy 31:6; I Corinthians 16:13.

Aim.

The overcoming of personal weakness develops personal strength.

Illustration.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

George Washington, when quite young, was about to go to sea as a midshipman; everything was arranged, the vessel lay opposite his father's house, the little boat had come on shore to take him off, and his whole heart was bent on going. After his trunk had been carried down to the boat, he went to bid his mother farewell, and saw the tears bursting from her eyes. However, he said nothing to her, but he saw that she would be distressed if he went, and perhaps never be happy again. He just turned round to the servant, and said, "Go and tell them to fetch my trunk back. I will not go away and break my mother's heart." His mother was struck with the courage he showed in making this decision and said to him, "George, God has promised to bless the children who honor their parents, and I believe He will bless you."

FIFTH GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Questions. How do we know that George Washington possessed courage? Review one or more incidents. Use same question about Abraham Lincoln, the Prophet Joseph Smith, and the Savior, using incidents to illustrate the point in each case.

Teachers' Talk. Discuss the courage displayed by men who have suffered and died for the truth. Chapter on courage. Character by Smiles. Review some of the incidents in Church history which illustrate the courage of some of its members.

Quotations. Isaiah 51:7; Ezekiel 2:6; Matthew 10:28; Luke 12: 4-5; Philippians 1:28-28.

Memory Gem. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

To Be Read or Related.

WHEN TEMPTED TO PLAY THE COWARD.

We all have days of discouragement and moments when we would be glad to run away from our troubles and responsibilities. In these times of depression and discouragement, when we feel that we amount to but little and doubt whether, after all, life is worth while, there is always danger of playing the coward; of doing something that we shall be ashamed of later. It is better never to take an important step or make a radical change when discouraged.

When everything seems dark ahead and you can not see another step, then say to yourself: "I guess it is up to me now to play the part of a man," grit your teeth and push on, knowing that the gloomy condition will pass; that no matter how black or threatening the clouds, there is a sun behind them which will ultimately burst through. You will be surprised to find what power and courage are developed by this holding on as best you can.

After becoming better acquainted with the mighty reserve which is in you, you will learn that you can depend upon it; that it will come to your rescue in your hour of need.

I have known young men to play the coward to such an extent as to cancel engagements to speak on important occasions, just because they were filled with terror at the very thought of appearing before an audience. Their timidity, their fear of not acquitting themselves properly, made such cowards of them that they invented all sorts of excuses for shirking the responsibility.

Many people are frightened out of taking responsibilities which they know perfectly well they would be capable of fulfilling, and which would be of untold benefit to them if carried out. They haven't the courage to measure up to their opportunities.

Now, when tempted to play the coward, get by yourself and give yourself a good talking-to. Think how cowardly it would be to run away from your responsibility or opportunity. Just say to yourself that you are made of better stuff; that you are going to do the thing that you agreed to do, no matter how hard or disagreeable it may be. —*Success.*

To Be Recited. "The Bravest Smile."

It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows by like a song,
But the one worth while is the one who will smile
When everything goes dead wrong.
For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with years,
And the smile that is worth the praise of earth
Is the smile that shines through tears.

—*Selected.*

Aim.

The doing of disagreeable duties brings satisfaction and happiness.

Illustration.

A Boy's Courage. Incident from life of President Joseph F. Smith. THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 5, page 24.

LESSON SIX.

THE BUSY HOUR.

Washing Dishes.
Chopping Kindling.

Common every-day activities have been chosen for this period that the children may be helped to understand their importance, to develop a desire to do things and give an opportunity to put the impulse into action. As the results of this hour should be put to good use, the following is suggested:

That the dish cloths and towels be donated to the Bishopric for the keeping in good, clean condition of any dishes that belong to and are used by the people of the ward.

That the kindling wood be donated to the Bishopric for the stoves or furnaces in the meeting houses. Plans for the gathering of the materials will be left to the direction of the officers.

Usual opening exercises and division into classes. At close of periods each class must be dismissed by benediction.

FIRST AND SECOND GRADES.

Suggestive Talk About Dishwashing. The children may help in this talk if the teacher puts most of it in the form of questions. The smaller children will enjoy dramatizing the different activities in dishwashing.

There are different kinds of dishes and like different kinds of people they must be treated in different ways. Imagine that it is just after dinner: on the dining table and in the kitchen are the dishes, pans, etc., which have been used.

First, we will scrape all the remnants of food from the dishes and empty and rinse glasses and cups. What shall we do with the scraps of food? They must not be wasted. What dishes shall we put in piles? Why should we be careful not to put one glass inside of another? After all the dishes are sorted and stacked, the pans and kettles all put to soak, we are ready for the washing of them.

We need two dishpans, one for washing and one for rinsing, plenty of hot water, soap, dish cloths and plenty of towels. Begin with the glasses and china, using warm water, hot water will crack fine dishes. Put in more hot water for the rest of the dishes; change the water often if you have very many, you cannot get dishes clean with dirty water. Do not put many dishes in the pan at one time. Dry everything thoroughly before putting away. If you have vases or tall pitchers use fine sand or small shot and you can clean them easily. If you have any steel knives or forks, be sure to scour them with some good cleanser. Now the pots and pans. Then we will clean off the tables, sink, and stove, wash out and hang up all dish cloths and towels, sweep up the kitchen, put away the broom, and we are all clean and tidy and ready to say:

If a task is once begun,
Never leave it till it's done;
Be the labor great or small;
Do it well, or not at all.

—*Phoebe Cary.*

Recitation. "Washing the Dishes."

With "teenie weenies" mother starts,
And let's us wipe a spoon;
And then so fast we grow that we
Can wash the dishes soon.
One washes and another dries,
When there are only two,
If three one sets the dishes up,
There's work for each to do.
The glasses and frail chinaware
We wash first, and must not
Touch carelessly, or put them
Into water very hot.
For silver, tin and earthen things,
Hot water we should use;
Rub hard, but handle them with care,
To drop might break or bruise.
The knives and forks and pots and pans
Must all be neatly done.
We've finished. Mother smiles and says
"Now play, and have your fun."

—*L. L. G. R.*

Materials for the Lesson.

Enough cheese cloth or other suitable materials so that each child may make a dish-cloth. The size of the cloth should be twelve inches square, with hems all turned, basted and marked with dots to show where the needle is to go through the cloth, the dots should be about this far apart . . . . Have darning needles all threaded with yarn or colored thread, knotted and through the first stitch ready for the lesson. The needle should be pushed through each dot, (do not try to take stitches), by sewing backwards a straight line can be made on both sides of the hem.

The second grade children may enjoy doing their cloths in a different way and the hem have this result:

. . .

. . .

THIRD GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Suitable cloth for dish towels. Hems all turned and basted, ready for the hemming. Needles ready threaded with white or colored thread. Children to bring their own thimbles. If possible, each towel should be finished during the period.

FOURTH AND FIFTH GRADES.

Materials for the Lesson.

Wood to be chopped. Suitable tools. The wood should be cut an even size and nicely piled in stacks. This will necessitate a division of workers—measurers, sawyers, choppers and stackers. Suitable spaces should be arranged so that order is maintained. Part of the hour is to be used in putting away all disorder created by the class, and where necessary, returning borrowed tools.

LESSON SEVEN.

THE STORY HOUR.

This period is to be devoted to the reading or telling of good stories. The aim being to develop a taste for good literature, and encourage home reading. The stories for this session will be used to develop subjects given in lesson five. Where stories suggested are too long for this lesson the teacher may do one of these things:

Read parts that best fit the occasion and make arrangements for the lending of the book so that the story may be completed at home, or:

Read part and relate part, abbreviating the story so that it may be completed in the time allowed, or:

Read as much of the story as time permits, then make arrangements to meet in some home and finish the story there.

FIRST GRADE.

The songs, games, rest exercises, etc., should be given as usual in this grade as the children are too young to keep still for a whole period.

Stories. Some illustrated story, such as one of the little books in the Primary book lists, or

The Lost Lamb, Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories, page 50, or:

Joan's Burglar, in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

SECOND GRADE.

Time should be taken in this grade for some singing and rest exercises so that the children will not get too tired.

Stories. The Little Hero of Haarlem. How to Tell Stories, page 239, or:

Little George Washington. The Story Hour, page 115, or: At His Post, last December number of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

THIRD GRADE.

Stories. Dora, The Little Girl of the Lighthouse, Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories, page 7, or:

Among the Giants, chapter three, or:

Robinson Crusoe, or:

A Woman's Courage, in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

FOURTH GRADE.

Stories. Little Arthur's Prayer, Tom Brown's School Days, pages 211 to 216; or:

Heidi, or:

Moni the Goat Boy, or:

The Battle That Made a Man of Trump, in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

FIFTH GRADE.

Stories. Polly Oliver's Problem; or:

The Blind Brother; or

Little Louis Catarat, in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

LESSON EIGHT.

THE SOCIAL HOUR.

The value of the social hour in the Primary Association will be the opportunities it offers for a happy hour where order and courtesy are fully observed. The preparation for this session needs to be very careful and thorough, lack of preparation will mean disorder, failure, and disappointment to workers and children. The teachers must know exactly each step in its order, the games must be played by the teachers

in the preparation meeting, and known so well that they will be properly directed and the children helped to follow the rules and play without disorder or unfairness.

It is suggested that in the social each grade be kept with its own teachers, the seating space being divided among the five groups. If one grade be invited to help another, as inviting them to be partners in game or dance, they should be helped to do it politely and gracefully. The room must be prepared for this session so that there is plenty of space for the games. If the weather will permit, some of the games should be played outdoors. As many as possible of the games should be played in groups. Part of the lesson in this social is in having the children feel some of the responsibility in making it a success, in finding out that it is possible to be polite and kind and still have a good time. Before dimissal the house should be put in the best of order. To begin and end this social successfully and satisfactorily means the development of that courage which is the ethical subject of the month's work.

PROGRAM FOR ALL THE GRADES.

Preliminary music.

Prayer.

Singing. Patriotic song, Primary Song Book.

Recitation. "Our Heroes," Lesson Five, Grade Three.

March.

At a signal from piano or organ all should stand, form in line and have a short, brisk march, ending it by all taking hands and forming a circle ready for the first game.

Games. "The King of France." Old and New Singing Games, page 8. Change the words of the first line to "Brave Washington with many, many men."

Recitation of memory gem. First Grade. The next four games are found in "Games for the Playground." If this book is not available others may be selected. Some of the folk-dances may be used.

"Slap Catch," page 178.

Recitation of memory gem. Second Grade. "Catch the Cane," page 62.

Recitation of memory gem. Third Grade. "Fox Trail," page 93.

Recitation of memory gem. Fourth Grade. "Puss in Circle," page 164.

Recitation of memory gem. Fifth Grade.

Putting the house in order. Special care must be taken to give each group a definite task, so that order is maintained.

Singing.

Benediction.

ALL THE WAY UP THE RIVER WINNE-LACKEE HAD PADDLED.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

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LITTLE PRINCESS WISLA.

SOPHIA SWETT.

CHAPTER II.—WHILE THE TOWN ATE ITS MID-DAY MEAL.

Old Winne-Lackee, the Squaw, was paddling up river in her canoe. She had been to pay a visit to the Indian tents at Bar Harbor. Every summer the Indians camped there and sold baskets and bead-work, bows and arrows and fur moccasins and pouches to the summer visitors.

Winne-Lackee never stayed long at the fashionable place. She was rich and went only to see something of the world.

She lived on the Indian island, one of the very queerest places you ever saw. It is in the river, away up above Pekoe and Pollywhoppet. The Pekoe and the Pollywhoppet boys and girls think it is the very best of good times to go on a visit to the Indian village.

Old Winne-Lackee was not born on the Indian island. It was said that she was a California Indian and had once been exhibited in a show, and that old Sockabesin, a chief of the tribe that lived on the island, had made her acquaintance in the show, where he was being exhibited as one of the last of the old-fashioned Penobscot Indians, and had married her.

That does not seem very probable, because Indians seldom marry outside of their own tribe, but it was certainly true that there was a mystery about old Winne-Lackee; and her name—which means "a woman who lives beside a river and is a great talker"—sounds like the language of the California Indians.

It was said that old Winne-Lackee's first husband was a great fur-trader and that was how she came to be so rich. Her house on the Indian island was as handsome as rich white people would have, and inside was plenty of silk and satin and velvet and silver; but there was, besides, a great deal that was very queer and Indian and—oh dear!—not so very clean.

Winne-Lackee had servants at home, two Indian maids and a man, but she always preferred to paddle her own canoe. She had taken it with her on board the steamer, for a part of the way from Bar Harbor; but all the way up the river from its mouth she had paddled.

She was a strong woman; the muscles stood out like whip cords on her lean arms which today she had bared because paddling was warm work on this June forenoon. Her face was brown and withered so that

it made one think of a baked apple, but her black eyes were sharp and bright. They looked pleasant, too. The Bar Harbor children who clung to their nurses at sight of the other squaws in the tents would always go to Winne-Lackee.

The old squaw wore a black dress today, although she liked a bright red or green one much better, and over the black dress she wore a girdle of deer skin cut out in a long fringe at the lower edge and trimmed at the upper edge with sea shells of brilliant colors.

She wore the black dress because Sockabesin's little grand-daughter had just died at Bar Harbor. She liked to dress, in some ways, as the white people did, and she had loved little Swaying Reed, although she did not like her mother, Wintona, and would not allow her to set foot on the island.

Old Winne-Lackee's heart was heavy because little Swaying Reed was dead.

She had paddled almost up to Pollywhoppet now. It was quiet on the river, because the saw-mills had blown the noon-signals, but yet she kept to the farther bank because she did not feel like being stared at. Pollywhoppet people always stared at her, although they had seen her a good many times.

Very close to her canoe came some floating lumber, probably fallen overboard from a lumberman's raft. Winne-Lackee's eyes were old, but they were still sharp, and she thought she saw something upon the lumber that was not wood.

A few quick strokes of her paddle and the squaw was near enough to see a child's arms clinging to the lumber, a small dark head, water-soaked, just above the surface of the river.

Winne-Lackee knew how to manage a canoe, you may be sure. It was like a part of herself, as it is to all Indians. But yet it was not easy for her to lift the child into the light little craft without capsizing it.

She was forced to unlock the tight, almost rigid clasp of the little hands around an oar, an oar that had, somehow, become tightly wedged between two timbers and so held fast.

When Peggy had come to the surface the second time, from the depths of the river, she had clutched the oar that had fallen from her hands when she went down.

She had come up near the floating lumber, and swung around by an eddy in the river, some of it had struck her upon the head, a hard. cruel blow. But a projecting stick had also caught the oar and held it firmly, and although she was almost unconscious, Peggy had still clung to the oar, as drowning people will cling.

Winne-Lackee knew just what to do with half-drowned people. It was not in vain that she had lived on a small island and seen reckless little Indians rescued from drowning, many and many a time.

Now that she had Peggy in her canoe she placed the little form in such a position that the water would escape from the lungs. Yet it needed different treatment from what she could give it in the canoe.

A little Pollywhoppet girl, probably, she thought. She glanced across the river at the village where all was quiet because people were all eating their noon-day meal, and wondered where she had come from.

There was nothing to show; for the little row-boat that had lost its passenger had gone drifting down the river, bound for the open sea and was now quite out of sight from the harbor.

The little girl might have fallen overboard from a vessel, or drifted in on the incoming tide, from a wreck at sea. Perhaps she was not a little Pollywhoppet girl!

Winne-Lackee tenderly lifted the long black braid and smoothed the brow over the closed eyes.

Winne-Lackee dearly loved a little girl and she had never had one of her own.

This one was dark and very sweet; she might almost be a sister to Swaying Reed.

She would have drowned in a few minutes if it had not been for her, thought Winne-Lackee.

When the little girl had become entirely unconscious, as she was now, old Winne-Lackee knew very well that the clinging hands would have lost their grasp.

She belonged to her! There came a fierce throb of Winne-Lackee's old heart at the thought. Perhaps, indeed, her friends might all have gone down in a wreck and no one would ever appear to claim her!

Why had she so firmly thought she was a little Pollywhoppet girl?

These thoughts flashed through Winne-Lackee's mind in a moment.

The next moment she was paddling, paddling, faster than she had ever done before in her life, out of the way of the few vessels and rafts upon the river, past Pollywhoppet and the ship-yard with the beautiful great ship ready for tomorrow's launching, up towards her own safe secluded home on the Indian island.

* * * * * * * * * *

"I wonder where the children are," said Grandpapa Piper when the luncheon bell rang.

"Phi has gone fishing; he came in and got a luncheon to take with him. I think Peggy is in the ship-yard," said Mama Piper easily.

"Delia, ring the luncheon bell at the door," Mama Piper added, turning to the maid.

Only the garden and the orchard were between the Pipers' house and the ship-yard.

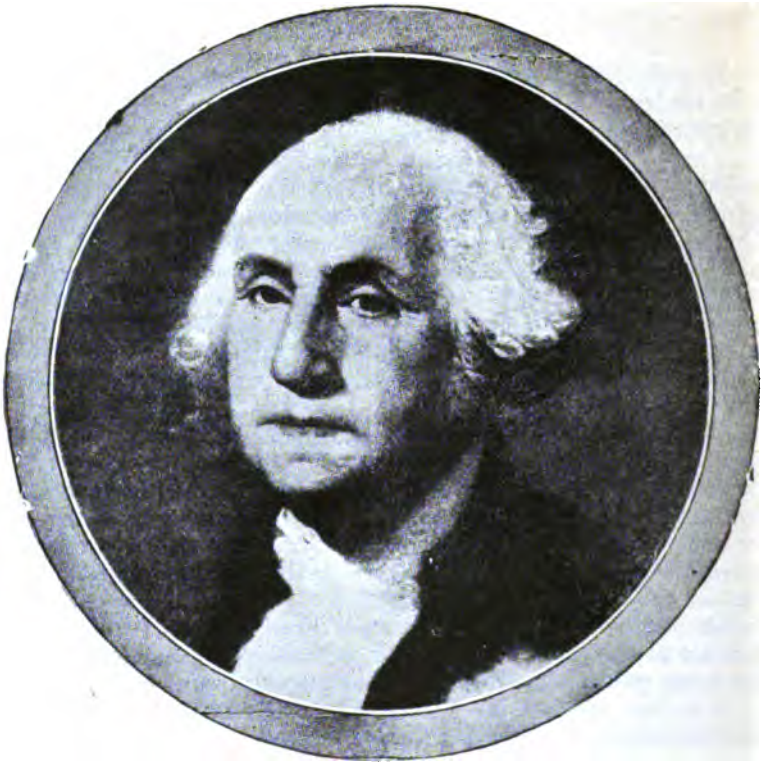
Delia rang loud and long, but the small ears that the sound was meant to reach heard nothing.

Peggy, lying in the botom of the canoe, looked as if she were dead, but Winne-Lackee could feel her faint heart-beat and a flickering pulse at her wrist.

As for Winne-Lackee, of course she heard the bell.

But Winne-Lackee paddled away up the quiet sunny river faster than ever!

(To be Continued.)



WASHINGTON.

BY MARY BAILEY.

He was a grand old general,
  This Washington of ours,
As in the ranks of noble men
  His form among them towers;

He was no coward tho' the foe
  Might lurk in ambush nigh,
There was but one thing that he feared,
  The blackness of a lie.

And tho' so highly favored—
  Few kings more honored were—
He always loved his mother,
  And from boyhood honored her.

First in War—he stands immortal;
  First in Peace—still leading then;
And not least he stands forever,
  First in hearts of countrymen.

GO-CARTS AND SPINNING WHEELS.

One baby is bad enough, but twins—oh, dear! I wish I could roll you into one nice, fat baby—you'd be much easier to look after—but p'raps"—and the jolly little nurse boy changed his mind, when the round, rosy, little twin looked up and gurgled, "p'raps, after all, you're better two, than just one little, plain, thin baby brother, such as Jack Jones has."

The two gocarts were trundled vigorously down the path, and the thin, dark twin and the fair, fat one were soon rolling about on the green, grassy carpet under the apple trees.

Billy sat and watched the two lively, little scramblers, as if they were a very big problem.

"Well, Billy-boy," said a cheery voice, "wishing again?" and grandmother, who was one of Billy's best friends, came and sat down beside him. "If all those wishes would turn into horses, Bob and Betty would go riding round the world, wouldn't they?"

"Nice and easy for me," said Bob, digging the toe of his boot into the ground. "I think that gocarts are the only motor cars they'll have for a while, and I guess they won't travel far unless I wheel them."

Grandmother picked up the little, dark twin, before she spoke, and ran her fingers through his brown curls. "Wheels and little boys make me think of a story mother used to tell when I got tired rocking a little baby brother to sleep."

Billy forgot everything, even the twins, rolling about on the grass when one of grandmother's stories began.

"This wheel didn't belong to a motor car, or a carriage, or even a gocart; it was a spinning wheel, on which all the thread in mother's sheets and tablecloths was spun, from the flax that had grown out in the fields, and then been cleansed and smoothed and bleached, white and soft. These wheels were quite large and heavy, and harder to carry than a gocart is to push or even two gocarts. But my mother never went visiting at any of the neighbors, two or three miles away, that she did not take her spinning wheel along. She could talk and spin, and she had no time to sit idle in those days.

"And the way the wheel went visiting was usually on the shoulder of a little boy, not much bigger than you, Billy. He would, perhaps, walk over the two or three miles in the morning with the spinning wheel thrown over his sturdy shoulder, to be all ready for his mother's busy hand when she arrived after dinner—but there—I must run off and see mother—by-by, twins."

And when, later on, Billy-boy pushed the two gocarts back to the house, he looked lovingly down at the twins. "I guess that other boy must have been made of pretty good stuff," he said to himself, "to have walked all that way with a spinning wheel over his shoulder. And, anyway—there's lots harder things to do than wheel a gocart—even two gocarts," and he gave them each a triumphant push as they reached the front door.

THE DEAREST VALENTINE OF ALL.

BY HARRIET L. COMSTOCK.

Helen sat on the top step of the porch, her little elbows on her knees, her pretty chubby hands supporting her round face, and two big tears running down the rosy cheeks toward the little dimpled chin.

AUNT CHLOE SAT DOWN BY HER SMALL NIECE.

Helen was seven years old, and she had a trouble too heavy to bear.

Just then Aunt Chloe came along humming a merry little song and Helen wondered why big folks were nearly always happy while small folks had *such* sad times!

"Dear me! Auntie Doleful, what is the matter? Pretty Aunt Chloe sat down beside her small niece and looked sympathetic.

"It's Margaret," faltered Helen.

"Margaret! Why, what's the matter with Margaret?"

"She's sprained her ankle, you know," faltered Helen.

Aunt Chloe drew in her lips, half smiling, and dropped the lids over her twinkling eyes. "I'm sorry, of course," she said, "but then, you know you just 'detest her,' so never mind the ankle. She went to a party. Helen, where you were not invited! Think of it! She does not love you any more of course, and you are 'never, never, going to forgive her,' you know.!"

"Oh, stop!" Poor Helen arose tragically and stood before her pretty Aunt. "A sprained ankle makes people seem different. I—I was a great deal meaner than Margaret. I said dreadful things to Margaret next day, and she only walked proudly away—and now—now—she cannot walk at all. And it is Valentine's Day," poor little Helen went on, "and we've always sent each other valentines! Oh, Aunt Chloe! oh! oh!"

Helen's woe was too much for her. She flung herself in Aunt Chloe's lap and cried.

Aunt Chloe smiled above the curly head for a moment, then she said cheerily, "Helen, I see the way out!"

Helen came smiling up through her tears. "Oh, Auntie, do you really? But it's too late to buy a valentine, Auntie," she added. "You didn't think of that, did you, Auntie?"

"Now, see here, Helen," said her aunt, "all you have got to do is to make believe that I am a fairy godmother."

Helen and pretty Aunt Chloe were both all dimples now.

"You see with my magic wand I am going to create a valentine!" said the fairy godmother; "but I am going to do it in secret with a charmed paint-brush. When it is finished you are to carry it to Margaret without speaking a word. If the charm works, all will turn out well, and Margaret will show you the valentine; if not—well! you will at least have done your part."

Little Helen was hopping about in glee, and Aunt Chloe went off to "create" the magic valentine.

Two hours later a trim little figure in bright red, and with an anxious dimpled face, stood at Margaret Hunt's front door, and a very trembling small finger pressed the electric button.

Mrs. Hunt opened the door. She seemed surprised, for it had been a whole week since this little visitor had stood there.

"Helen!" she exclaimed delightedly. "What has brought you here, dear? You are such a stranger!"

"Yes'm;" quivered Helen. "Please, it was Margaret's ankle—no, I mean I am so sorry! No, I don't mean that exactly—I mean we're both going to be happy if—if—it works well!"

"What works well, dear child?"

"A—a—charmed valentine, please," faltered Helen, "and could I go to—to Margaret?"

"Why, surely," said Margaret's mother. "Margaret will be happy to see you, Helen!"

Mrs. Hunt unclosed the door of Margaret's room and let Helen go in alone.

There upon the couch lay sweet little Margaret, her dear ankle cased in plaster, and her face just a wee bit pale.

The sight wrung poor Helen's heart. Very softly she walked up to the couch and handed Margaret a dainty white envelope. A glad look grew and grew on Margaret's face, but she spoke no word, as if under a spell, until she had broken the seal. Then, after a moment, "Oh! oh! oh!" she laughingly cried, and flung her arms so suddenly around Helen that that small playmate toppled over upon the couch and then Margaret was smiling and crying and kissing her, and saying, "I didn't, I couldn't, know it was wrong to go if you didn't go, too."

Then when every cloud had vanished, Margaret reached down her hand from the couch for the magic valentine, where it lay on the rug, and said, as she put it in Helen's hand, "I've had forty today, Helen, forty—but this is the dearest of all!"

And this is what Helen saw. A circle of the cunningest pink cupids carrying a bright golden heart which bore these words, *"Helen's sorry but loving heart,"* and off at one corner was another delightful little pink cupid holding a heart bearing these words, *"Margaret's forgiving loving heart,"* and underneath all was this perfectly *beautiful* verse:

This little valentine with love I bring—
Could anything be fairer?
And if you love me, Margie dear,
Please kiss the bearer!

Of course a charm like that was perfectly sure to work.

It seemed only the next moment when Mrs. Hunt came to the door with *such* a mysterious look in her eyes.

"Dearie me!" she laughed, "the day is certainly enchanted!"

Then she stepped back and in a moment she and Aunt Chloe returned bearing between them the cunningest round table with the loveliest luncheon all spread out upon it. Every favorite dainty seemed to be there, and in the snowy napkins charming valentines nestled, and the chocolate was served in two of the sweetest loving-cups, and *they* were valentines, too, for Helen's name was on hers and Margaret's on hers.

"Oh! oh!" cried both little friends, *"this* is the dearest of all!" And then, for no reason that I can give, they fell to crying and smiling again, the sprained ankle never once thought of.

Over her loving-cup Helen said, "It was the worst week of my life, Margie!"

And Margaret, over *her* loving-cup said, "I guess the only *good* thing about *that* week is that it will make us remember that we won't ever have another like it."

THE STORK'S HUGE NEST.

The following details concerning the structure and contents of a stork's nest investigated on the summit of the cathedral of Kolmar, in Upper Alsace, may be of interest. The city architect has just delivered a public lecture there on "Storks and Their Ways." He describes a stork's nest which was about thirty years old. It measured six feet across, and was five feet in height. It weighed sixteen hundredweight, or more than three quarters of a ton, and it was such a solid mass that it had to be broken up by using a pickax.

The nest was made of twigs of wood and clay, and the materials filled twenty-four sacks. The walls of the nest were found to contain seventeen black stockings, five fur caps, the sleeve of a white silk blouse, three old shoes, a large piece of leather and four buttons that had belonged to a railway porter's uniform.—The Christian Endeavor World.

HOW TO SAVE TIME.

BY MARY A. WOOD.

Where's my cap? Do help me find it!"

"Where did you leave it, Jack?"

"I forget, mother. Somebody must have hidden it, just to bother me!"

"I guess not," said his sister Kate. "I saw it hanging on a chair last night."

"I shall surely be late. He told me to be there at nine o'clock sharp."

"Have you looked in the closet?"

"Yes, it isn't there."

"Could it by any possibility be on the hatrack in the hall?"

Out rushed Jack to look.

"Here it is!" called Kate pulling it from under a sofa pillow on the couch.

"Have you your overshoes?" called his mother.

"Don't want them; the ground is frozen hard."

"But there will be mud at noon."

Back he came. "Somebody has stolen them! I know I left them here last night."

"I've found them!" called Kate.

"I forgot; I came in the back door, didn't I?"

At last he was off. It was Saturday; there was no school, so he could work all day for Mr. Leavett. He had missed the car, and he started off on a brisk trot, wishing he had his gloves, for the air was keen. "I left them with my cap, I think. I must be a pretty careless boy, no mistake. Mother and Kate are always telling me so; but it's hard for a fellow to put his things where they belong. It would surely save time, though I hope Mr. Leavett won't mind very much if I am a little late this morning."

Jack came home at noon. "I'm hungry as a bear!" he said as he sat down to dinner.

"Were you busy all the morning?" asked his mother.

"No, mother, and I suppose it was my own fault. I was so late—I missed the car, you know—that Mr. Leavett thought I was not coming and he gave two errands to Alec Hunter, and I have made only twenty cents.'

"Why were you late?" asked his father.

Jack's face flushed at the question, but he gave a truthful account of the matter, not sparing himself, and concluded by saying: "I wanted my gloves the worst way, but I've no idea where I left them. Have you seen them lying around anywhere, Kate? You always seem to know where everything is."

"I know where your gloves are, and for once you put them in their proper place and forgot to look there."

"Can't you tell a fellow? You don't mean"—For Kate had picked up the coat he threw down on a chair as he came in, and pointed to one of the pockets.

"Well, I am a goose! They were in my pocket all the time! I'm going to turn over a new leaf. You needn't laugh, Miss Kate. I mean it, and the next time I can't find my belongings you may let me hunt till I do find them."

PROCRASTINATING POLLY.

BY DAISY WRIGHT FIELD.

"Procrastinating Polly!" How would you have liked the title? Not very well, I'm afraid, and neither did Polly Fairchild, but even she could not deny that it was quite appropriate. Late for breakfast, late for dinner, late for supper, late for school, late for church, late for everything! And as for her tasks—well, Polly's motto seemed to be a transposed version of the wellmeaning old adage, "Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day!" Her version was, "Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow." Consequently, confusion reigned in her room, her clothes were never mended, her lessons never learned on time.

"If only she could be cured!" sighed her mother.

"She shall be cured," asserted her father.

A new rule was made. Whatever Polly was late for, she was to miss entirely.

The very first morning after the new rule went into effect, she was late for breakfast. As she went to sit down at her place, her father shook his head, kindly but firmly, "Late, no breakfast," said he. Polly's cheeks grew as red as the ribbon on her hair, but she turned away without a word. She was noticeably prompt at dinner, and her father kept her plate filled as often as it was emptied. He hoped the lesson wouldn't need repeating.

The next morning Polly was at the front door struggling with her rubbers as the last bell rang for school. Hastily catching up her books she hurried down the walk to the gate, but was gently held back by her father, who took away her books.

"No school to-day," he said.

"Why, father! Stay away from school, and examination only a few days off?"

"New rule, you know," explained her father. "Rules are intended to be obeyed, even if, at times, it is a little inconvenient."

A very unwilling girl remained at home that day, and made up for it by hard study the rest of the week. But it didn't happen again.

Saturday afternoon her father announced that he was going to take them all for a ride in the country, and told Polly to be ready promptly at three o'clock. On the minute, mother, Nell and little Fred were

helped into the new carriage, behind the shining bays, who were wildly pawing the turf in their anxiety to be off. Ten minutes Mr. Fairchild pulled on the lines to hold them in check, but Polly did not come. Just as they drove through the big gate, a white vision fluttered down the front walk, curls flying, pink ribbons streaming out behind, hat in hand.

"Wait, father, I'm coming!" called Polly's voice.

"Can't do it. New rule! Be ready on time next Saturday."

That was really too much—almost more, Polly thought, than she deserved. She forgot how much trouble and disappointment she had caused others in the past by her fatal habit of delay. She flung herself down on the garden seat, unmindful of the crisp lawn and fresh ribbons, and sobbed dolefully. The remedy was rather severe, but it was effective, and marked the end of her procrastination.

She has a new name now, and she lives up to it nobly. It is, "Prompt Polly!"

A WISE CHOICE.

Classic Greek writers tell us that when Hercules had grown up, he went out into a solitary place to muse over his future course of life. After a while he saw two female figures approaching; the one in white apparel, with a noble aspect, open and innocent; the other painted and bedizened, and looking to see if people looked at her. This last was the first to accost him:

"Oh, Hercules, I see that you are perplexed about your path in life. If you will make a friend of me, I shall conduct you to the smoothest and most charming road. You will not be troubled with business or battles, or tasks of any kind; but your whole study shall be where to find the best wines and the nicest dishes, the newest scents and the most fashionable clothes, the merriest companions and the most exciting amusements."

"And pray, madam," said Hercules, "what may be your name?"

"My name," she replied, "is Pleasure, although my enemies have nicknamed me Vice."

Then said the other, "Hercules, I am sure you are capable of noble deeds; but I must not deceive you with delusive promises. As the Higher Powers have arranged the world, you can hope for nothing good without labor. If you want the gods to be your friends, you must serve them; if you want to be loved, you must make yourself useful; if you want to be honored by Greece, you must do it some great service." Then Hercules rose up to follow Virtue along the rugged path to immortality.

The choice of Hercules is no myth in the case of those who, like Moses, choose rather to suffer the reproach of Christ with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.—Selected

A COMPOSITION ON GEORGE WASHINGTON.

BY BERTHA E. BUSH.

HARD AT WORK.

Hale was an idle little boy, and altogether too mischievous for his own good, yet still one of the most lovable little fellows that ever drew funny pictures on his slate when he ought to have been studying his lessons. He stood looking up at his teacher now with dancing eyes and a cherub curve on his lips, trying very hard to appear sober and "in earnest."

"Please, Miss Gray," he said, "I'll write it to-night, honest, if you'll let me go now. You see Bob said he'd teach me to skate after school. You know I've got some new skates, Miss Gray."

Yes, Miss Grey knew it, for she boarded at Hal's house. She knew, too, how hard it was for that small boy ever to study at home.

"I'm afraid to, Hal," she said. "You might try, but you would surely get to playing with something."

"No, honest, I won't," said the little fellow, so earnestly that Miss Gray couldn't but trust him. "I'll just take a sheet of paper and a pencil, and I'll stay in one chair till I get it done. 'Tisn't a long job to write something about George Washington, Miss Gray."

Miss Gray was soft-hearted, and she let him go. She was glad she did, as she saw him take his paper and pencil after supper and march over to the small home desk, looking as good as a "Little Samuel." She gazed at him affectionately as the stubby pencil began to move laboriously up and down.

"Dear boy," she thought, with a tender glance at the close-cropped little head bent over the paper, upon which was already scrawled, "George Washington was a brave and honest boy. He cut down his papa's tree with his hatchet."

How still the lamp-lit house was with Hal so quiet! It seemed a long while to Miss Gray before the clock struck a small boy's bedtime.

"Poor child! He hasn't had any play this whole evening," thought she with a tugging at her heart, for the absorbed little figure was so very childish.

"Come here, Hal, and let me see what you have written," she called gently.

Out bounded Hal, the very image of glad eagerness, with parted lips and shining eyes. He held up a curious little figure constructed from the paper which still bore the two sentences about George Washington.

"Oh, Hal!" exclaimed Miss Gray, in dismay; but the boy was so happy that she couldn't bear to reprove him, although those first two mutilated lines were all that had been written of the promised composition. The busy fingers had not been using the pencil in writing about George Washington. No, Hal had "had an idea," and with him was to act, in everything except in the line of study.

He had folded his sheet of paper and cut it in halves. On one of the halves he had drawn a comical boy, with big round eyes and a wide grinning mouth. With his jacknife he had cut out the eyes and mouth.

On the other piece of paper, in just the position of the cutout eyes and mouth, he had drawn two eyes, also a projecting tongue which he had cut around, all but the upper part, so that it could be bent forward.

Then he placed the second paper behind the first, and by thrusting the tongue through the hole he had made for the mouth, and moving the back paper a little, up and down, to right and left, he made the eyes roll round and the tongue wiggle so comically that the little paper image was irresistible. He held it up to his teacher, giggling all over with delight, without a thought of the unwritten composition on George Washington.

"Isn't it funny?" said Hal. "Won't he make the boys laugh tomorrow?"

"Very funny!" assented Miss Gray. "Yes, I think the boys will laugh." And she let him go without a word.

But the next night Hal had to stay after school and write his composition on George Washington.

LINCOLN.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

The color of the ground was in him the red Earth,
The tang and odor of the primal things,
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving kindness of the wayside well:
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking weed
As to the great oak flaring to the wind.

HARRY'S TWO LOSSES.

BY SARAH N. M'CREERY.

"One ball, two books, three schoolbooks, a top and a ball of twine," counted Mrs. Hall. "Harry I thought you said if I gave you a room of your own you would keep all your things there. How do these happen to be on my table?"

"I was so sleepy last night," exclaimed Harry. "I'll put them away, now."

"You always have a good excuse," observed his mother. "Really, Harry, I don't know how I am to teach you to be more careful. You put nothing away unless I follow after you."

"Well, what's the use of being so particular? I can always find my things—after I hunt a little while, anyway," he added.

Mrs. Hall smiled. "Often you hunt more than a little while," she said.

Harry made no response. He was writing an essay, and the book from which he was getting some help was due at the library the very next day. The essay had to be finished before the book was returned. At five o'clock he gave a shout that meant he was through; he put away his essay and was off for play.

The next morning Mrs. Hall began housecleaning. "Harry, I found some of your papers in the sideboard drawer, see if you want them. It not, I will put them in the fire," she said.

"They're old arithmetic lessons, burn them up," Harry answered carelessely.

"You would better look to be sure," returned his mother.

Harry turned them over hastily. "They're no good, dump them into the fire," and he was off to school.

One evening later in the week, Harry was searching through everything, and things looked as if a whirlwind had passed over.

"Harry, what in the world are you hunting?" his mother inquired.

"My essay; I can't find it anywhere, and it's due to-morrow. I am sure I put it in my desk."

"Let me help you search your desk; perhaps you overlooked it." Mrs. Hall went through every nook and corner of the desk, but no essay. Finally, she said: "Harry, could it be possible that your essay was in the sideboard drawer? I burned the papers that were there, you know."

Harry gasped and there was a hopeless look on his face. "It was mother, and now it is burned up. What shall I do?" and he began to cry.

"Can't you rewrite it from memory?"

Harry shook his head. "It will take ten from my grade," he sobbed.

"Tell Miss Elliott and she will excuse you this time, perhaps."

"She wouldn't believe it," he said defiantly. "And she'd take ten off my grade anyway. I did want to beat Harold Wilson this month."

"You will have to get the book and rewrite your essay on Saturday; it is the only thing you can do," said Mrs. Hall.

"We were going skating, Saturday," sniffled Harry.

"You will have to take a lower grade or give up the skating party," answered his mother. "Think about it and decide which you would rather do."

On Saturday, with a heavy heart, Harry watched the boys start for the pond. Then he turned to his essay; by three o'clock it was rewritten and copied, and he walked straight upstairs and put it in his desk. When he came down he said to his mother: "I am going to try to put things where they belong after this. I think I have learned a lesson."

"It took two losses before you learned it," his mother said. "A lost essay and a lost day of pleasure."

SECRECY.

BY J. WARREN MERRILL.

I sent Papa a valentine,
  He'll never know 'twas I, I hope.
I bought it all myself, you see,
  And slipped it in the envelope.

And then I laid it on his desk
  And only wrote a single line—
"To dear Papa," was all I said;
  "With love from old St. Valentine."

"MY LIVING I'VE TO MAKE!"

SAYS THE CHICK.

"I've got no time to waste," says this most busy chick;
"I've got my meals to get, and got to get them quick;
I've got no time to stop and chirp and look around;
My living I've to make—I'll make it, too, I'm bound!"

—G. B.

Baby Paul is so tall he can lead the Babies all. See them wave flags so brave, eyes so bright though some look grave. Flags for brave men good and true, Washington and Lincoln too.

Take care babies, march away, need not stop, hard names to say. You can learn and say them all when you grow quite large and tall. February counts two in the year still bright and new.

Father in Heaven, so great and so dear, please bless all the babies through all the year.

—Lula Greene Richards

VISITING THE SICK.

"But, mother, I want it now!" said a fretful little voice in the next room.

"Beth has said that about fifty times," thought Clare, turning a page. "I shall be glad when she gets over the measles."

"I suppose you know, mother," pursued Beth, "Dollykins hasn't had a new dress for a long time, and I want her to have one right away!"

"But you wouldn't want me to stop now to make one, just when I ought to go downstairs and get father's supper!" Mother's voice sounded tired.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Beth, twisting about in the big, easy-chair; for she was being allowed to sit up this afternoon. "I'm so tired of seeing poor Dollykins in the same old clothes!"

"Oh, dear!" echoed Clare to herself, "I can hardly tell what I'm reading!"

"And 'most everything else I want I can't have, because it will hurt my eyes! I'm tired of these old measles!"

Clare peeped over the top of her book into the darkened room. Then she looked back at the story. It was hard to leave it without finding out a little more about the white rabbit she had just come to. But, keeping her place with one finger, she went into the other room and whispered something to her mother. It was easier to shut the book tight and lay it on the table after she had seen the relieved nod and smile which were her answer.

"Look here, Beth Gorham!" she said, unfastening the clasp at the back of her neck. "How would you like to wear my coral beads awhile? Mother's going downstairs to put the vegetables on, and I'm going up attic to find something you'd like to see."

"I'd like to wear them!" cried Beth, putting up both little hands.

Clare took Dollykins in her arms and ran up the garret stairs.

"You sit there, if you please, while I rummage," she said, depositing the rag doll in the foot of the old wooden cradle, which, for a great many years, had rocked every baby in the Gorham family.

Clare opened a trunk and lifted out her grandmother's Paisley shawl. "I'll put this nice red-and-black thing on first, to keep me warm in this chilly room," she said.

Her next move was to open very carefully the large bandbox in which reposed her great-aunt Sophia's rose-trimmed bonnet. Very gently she set this upon her head, and tied the green ribbons under her left ear.

"It's only since I was eight that I've been allowed to touch this lovely bonnet, Dollykins," said Clare with dignity. "And now I must get out the fan, and hunt up some of Aunt Kate's doll clothes for you, my dear."

Dollykins' red-ink mouth smiled cheerfully while Clare tried on a

white lawn dress, a pink calico, and then a red silk, but none of them fitted.

"Aunt Kate made them for some slim, lady doll, I guess," Clare decided. "But perhaps you could wear the red one with a sash."

Beth's voice downstairs reminded her that she must not get too deeply interested in the bandboxes and trunks.

"I'm just finishing dressing my daughter, Beth," she responded, hurriedly adjusting a ribbon round Dollykins' plump body. "Then we're coming to make you a call."

A little later, when Mrs. Gorham came up with the supper tray, she found Beth laughing and talking happily with her guests.

"How do you do, Mrs. Gorham?" said the old-fashioned lady in the qaintly figured shawl, bobbing her big bonnet in a solemn bow. "I'm Mrs. John Alden, and this is my child. We heard your little girl was sick and came to visit her."

"I'm glad to meet you, Mrs. Alden," said Mrs. Gorham, shaking hands. "Did you come over in the 'Mayflower'?"

"Just landed!" laughed Clare. "I was so seasick."

"I'm very thankful your ship came when she did," said Mrs. Gorham smilingly, "or else I might have had a hard time with my little patient here. You have been a real help to me, Mrs. Alden."

And she kissed Clare's forehead under the rosebud face trimming of the big bonnet.—Selected.

Nothing but harmony, honest industry, and frugality are necessary to make us a great nation.—*George Washington.*

SOMETHING BETTER.

BY CLARA J. DENTON.

(For a little girl.)

I cannot be a Washington,
  However hard I try,
But into something I must grow
  As fast the days go by.
The world needs women, good and true,
  I'm glad I can be one,
For that is even better than
  To be a Washington.

THE PARLOR HEN

BY JEANNETTE A. MARKS.

Just because this is a true story you must know that it is ever so much more interesting than some tale that never happened.

Most people at the time we knew her called her the Parlor Hen; her other name was a very curious one—Pertelote, a name the people in Bloomsbury had never heard before. Her father's name was Chauntecleer. In vain Miss Amanda explained that hundreds of years ago a poet had told about a hen and a cock called Pertelote and Chauntecleer. The people in Bloomsbury did not care for what poets had said hundreds of years ago, so this chicken finally went by the name of the Parlor Hen.

The Parlor Hen had early become an orphan; her mother had died while Pertelote was still a downy little chick, all yellow. Chickens are not as fond of their brothers and sisters as children are, so that Pertelote did not have the satisfaction of ever knowing which ones they were.

As little Pertelote had no natural protector, Miss Amanda fed and tended her. She was allowed to come and go, and to do very much as she pleased; and she was such a dainty brown leghorn that she became the pet of Miss Amanda and Miss Amanda's father, the Deacon. She would walk into the kitchen with a "*cl-u-ck, cl-u-ck, cluk, cluk,*" and go up to Miss Amanda, which may have meant nothing at all; but Miss Amanda took it to mean "*cru-m-bs, cru-m-bs,*" so she would always put a few in a pie plate upon the floor. Then Pertelote would walk out upon the back piazza and cock her head to one side and eye the Deacon. Occasionally she would draw up one foot and blink, as if the sight of this reverend man filled her with admiration; and the Deacon frequently would remark that he thought that chicken was uncommonly clever. In fact, Pertelote was so much at home in the house that she would enter and occupy the parlor whenever she chose, and Miss Amanda often found the little hen in there reposing on the pillow on the horse-hair sofa.

But when winter came Pertelote was sent to the hen house to stay with the other chickens. Miss Amanda and the Deacon missed her very much, but to have a chicken in the kitchen in winter-time was out of the question.

But what do you think happened in the spring? When the chickens

were let out again Pertelote came directly back to the house. In May she began to lay eggs. And where do you think Miss Amanda found Pertelote's first egg? On the horse-hair sofa in the parlor! Miss Amanda was horrified—a hen laying eggs on her parlor sofa—the idea!

When the spring planting was over, Miss Amanda went away on a visit for a few days. Her last injunction to her father was, "See that you keep that hen out of the parlor!"

Several times the Deacon eyed Pertelote severely as he came upon her strutting around on the piazzas. And every day he looked carefully into the parlor where all was dusk and quiet. So far as he could see, Pertelote was invariably in the kitchen or on the piazzas.

When Miss Amanda came home her first question was, "Father, has the hen been laying in the parlor any?" "I ain't seen her," replied the Deacon. Miss Amanda felt much relieved as she untied the strings of her bonnet. She bustled over the house putting things into order; she pared some potatoes for supper, put on codfish to boil, mixed up soda biscuit, and then went into the cool dark parlor to rest. She peered around for a second or two and was just about to sit down on the horse-hair sofa when, with a *"Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck!"* and a shrill cackle and a great beating of wings, Pertelote flew up.

"Well!" ejaculated Miss Amanda, "if here aren't six eggs on the sofa pillow! I s'pose Pertelote calculated to set here on the sofa. Father!" she called.

The Deacon was crestfallen when Miss Amanda pointed out to him that for every day of her absence Pertelote had gone into the parlor and laid an egg on the sofa!

The warm eggs were taken promptly out to a shed adjoining the house and there put in a box filled with hay. Then the Deacon carefully placed Pertelote down upon the eggs.

But during supper Pertelote walked into the kitchen. "Cluck, cluck, cluck," she called to Miss Amanda. "You'll get no crumbs—you're going right back on to your nest," said Miss Amanda firmly, picking her up.

All the next day both Miss Amanda and the Deacon labored to keep Pertelote on her nest. She would not stay in the box, but wandered every other half hour into the house.

A little brood of pretty Pertelote's chickens would be valuable. And by evening Miss Amanda had made up her mind to a compromise. Pertelote should not set on the sofa pillow, but the box might be brought into the parlor.

"Caw-w-w, caw-w-w!" sang Pertelote cheerfully as she was carried by the Deacon from the warm shed to the cool dark parlor. Two or three times she flew up on the sofa, standing on that eminence to eye the box on the floor. But at last with apparent content she settled down into the straw.

That evening Miss Amanda said to her father, "I'd hate to have folks know we were hatching chickens in our parlor."

"'Tis a bit out of the ordinary," replied the Deacon, with a twinkle in his eye, "but women and hens always have had their own way."

And there in Miss Amanda's cherished parlor ten little downy chicks were hatched, and ten little downy chicks strutted through the parlor and out upon the piazza and so into the yard after their anxious clucking mama, Madame Pertelote. But they had scarcely time to get the shells off their backs before Miss Amanda closed and locked the parlor door, exclaiming, "It's the *last* time chickens are hatched in *my* parlor! I *trust* no one will ever hear of this!"

But for some reason Pertelote was always afterwards known in Bloomsbury as the Parlor Hen!

BRIGHTON IN SUMMER.

BRIGHTON IN WINTER.

THE MOTTO OF THE BLACK KNIGHT.

BY CLEM V. WAGNER.

As you descend from the Brocken, in the Harz Mountains in Germany, you cannot but be impressed with the pretty, primitive scene just as you cross the brook that goes gurgling from the mountains into the valley. Here, nestling against the sheltering hill-side, stands a homelike little cottage, covered from the foundation to the top of its broad, German chimneys with luxuriant vines, that fashion themselves into natural festoons and wreaths that call words of admiration to your lips as you look upon them. And then, just a few paces down the valley, at the brookside, the eye is delighted with the most venerable, picturesque little water mill imaginable. Its low, tiled roof, seemingly a part of the overhanging mountain, its capacious doors and windows, so characteristic of this part of the fatherland, its unique, slow-turning wheel, all together make one think of a picture of one of the old Flemish masters. And the clear, gurgling waters of the mountain side, dash over the water wheel, and rush exultingly down the valley, make one involuntarily smile in sympathy with the scene. The good German poet must have looked upon just such a mill and just such a brook, when he sang those musical words:

"I heard a brooklet gushing
From its rocky fountain near,
Down in the valley rushing,
So fresh and wondrous clear."

This little mountain cottage was the home of Franz Kerner. One could imagine it as the home of an artist, and, young as he was—for he was only fifteen—Franz had thoughts that bade him go forth into the world with pencil and brush and pallet and carry his message of the beautiful and true. Just how this should come to pass the boy had no idea. He knew only the soul-longing. The little dairy, and the limited patronage of the mill brought his parents but a meager livelihood for themselves and the half-dozen hungry children that so eagerly gathered about the table at mealtime. Franz knew that the best they could do was to help their children through the school in the neighboring village. All beyond was yet a dream.

One afternoon while rummaging, boy-like in an old chest in the attic, Franz came across a strange, rude picture painted upon a narrow wooden panel. As he examined it curiously he wondered that he never had seen it before. Its colors were somewhat faded by time, but its outlines were still quite plain. On a golden background was painted a black knight standing erect in armor, bearing in one hand a red shield, and in the other a silver spear, pointing downward to a brief inscription in Latin.

What did it all mean? Franz was mystified. He had Latin lessons in the village school, and he tried to make out the inscription on the picture, but somehow could find no meaning in it. At length he carried the picture and his questions downstairs to his mother.

"Why, my son where did you find it?" she said, smiling down upon him. "That is the old coat of arms of the Harzbergs, the name by which your father's family used to be known, long, long ago, when knighthood was in the land."

"But what does it say?" asked Franz, pointing to the inscription below the spear.

"That was the motto of the house," answered his mother, "and I suspect that is about the only thing in the coat of arms worth thinking about now. The words mean, 'This thing now.'"

"But that is not much plainer than the Latin," protested the boy.

Then the mother went on to explain that the thought in the mind of the one who had adopted the motto seemed to have been that men do things in life, not by running off to distant scenes and places, but by taking hold at once of the duty and opportunity that lie just before them to-day. "Your uncle Gerhard," she went on, "who became a great merchant at Colonge, as you know, used to think a great deal of this motto. He used to declare that, next to the help of heaven, he owed his own success to this old family maxim."

This conversation gave Franz more serious boyish thoughts. From that moment he cherished the little panel, and hung it by his bedside, where, morning and evening, he could look upon the stanch black knight and the potent inscription.

One bright summer afternoon, not long after the incident just recounted, Franz was reclining under a fir tree by the brookside, when the hoof beats of many horses sounded on the highway, and the next minute a showy cavalcade passed by. At the head of the company rode a stately gentlemen wearing such a gay uniform, and looking round him with such an air of command that Franz involuntarily doffed his cap as the gentleman's eye fell upon him. The riders turned abruptly at the forking of the road, and the boy knew they were going to the stately old castle that overlooked the valley from the neighboring mountain.

Just as the lad was about to return to his daydream under the fir tree, something red and glistening in the highway caught his attention, and the next minute he uttered an exclamation of surprise, as he held in his hand a great leathern pocketbook, closed at either end with glittering silver clasps. The great man must have lost it. What should he do with it? Franz was about to rush into the cottage to consult with his mother as to the best way of returning the pocketbook to its owner, when the thought come to him that possibly the company of riders paused only momentarily at the castle, and then go its way, and he thus miss them. The next minute he had thrust the precious book inside of his jacket and was rushing uphill toward the castle.

The "great man"—he was really the elector, though Franz did not then know it—had just seated himself with his old friend in the castle library, when an orderly saluted him from the doorway.

"Your excellency," he said, "there is a lad at the door who asks to see you. He will not tell what he wants, and says he will stay at the door until you come out, if he cannot see you in any other way."

And so Franz, cap in hand, his face flushed from the haste he had made in climbing the hill road, came into the library, his bare feet sinking deep into the rich rugs, the sensation for the first time causing him to remember that he had on no shoes. This thought, together with the unusual surroundings, and his awe of the soldierly-looking gentlemen before him, for a minute deprived him of speech, and so, without a word he held out the great pocketbook toward its supposed owner.

"My pocketbook!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Why, where did you get it?"

Franz had now somewhat regained his composure and could tell of the finding of the book, and his efforts to overtake the owner.

"And you have not even opened it," said the gentleman, examining the clasps. "I must reward you for your trouble."

"I thank you," said the boy." I want nothing."

"But I must give you something," urged the other.

"I thank you," repeated Franz, "but is not the pocketbook yours."

"It certainly is," said the gentleman, a little puzzled.

"Then why should you pay me for giving you what is yours and not mine?"

The boy's blunt, honest tones showed he was very much in earnest, and the great man and his friend passed significant glances at this aparently new kind of logic.

"You are an honest lad," said the elector, taking Franz's hand respectfully. And then, wondering if the boy had had no inclination to keep the pocketbook, he inquired, "But will you allow me to ask what thought you had when you found the book?"

"'This thing now,'" was the rather puzzling reply.

"I do not understand," said the gentleman.

And then, with his eyes bent upon the floor and twisting his cap nervously, in broken sentences Franz told just enough of the story of the motto for his hearers to guess the rest. "I only thought," he added, "that I must get your pocketbook to you right away."

The great man not only smiled now, but joined his friend in a chorus of hearty laughter. The interview ended by the gentleman's writing Franz's name in the restored pocketbook, thanking him heartily as he shook his hand in parting, and the boy walked down from the castle, proud and happy, and certainly an inch taller than when he went up a half hour before.

When the village school opened in the fall, there came a strange awakening of ambitious longing among the members of the class in drawing. On the first day of the term the instructor of the class an-

nounced that the government had arranged for a competition, open to all pupils of the schools of this grade, in the district, and that a series of prizes would be awarded for the best work in drawing and painting submitted by such pupils during the coming six months. He ended by distributing printed circulars setting forth the conditions of the competition.

After much discussion, six pupils of the school announced their determination to enter the competition. Franz Kerner was one of the six.

The old longing had come to Franz, with a new fervor borne of the determination to meet opportunity, now that it had come. But what should be his subject? Long he lay under the fir trees and pondered over it. Hans Elsser, he knew, was going to paint the "Parthenon." George Gissen's subject was "Hannibal in the Alps." Max Frensen, ambitious, as usual, was working energetically to portray the "Chariot of Neptune." Jorn Schmidt called his effort, "Minerva in Armor." Little Marie Lange, with a burst of patriotic zeal, was painting a fanciful portrait of Hermann, the great German hero. As Franz thought of these classical subjects, selected with the high notions common to boys and girls of that age, he hardly liked them, but he thought, with chargin, that these others had done better than he, for as yet he had not come to any decision. One day as he lay by the brookside, watching the gurgling water and dreaming of the picture that was yet to be, suddenly the old motto of the black knight flashed into his mind!

" 'This thing now;' 'this thing now.' " As he uttered the words the second time, the boy sprang to his feet, and the next moment a passer-by would have been astonished to see him fairly dancing along the side of the rivulet, up the hill to the little bridge, over the stream, then back again, his eyes all the time bent in one direction. Then he rushed to the cottage to pour his new idea into the willing ear of his mother.

Soon it was known that Franz was at work on his picture. But his subject remained a secret. To every question he replied, smilingly, that he had promised himself that no one must know before the competition had ended just what he had attempted. Many, many hours, week in and week out, he labored away by the brookside, and then many, many hours he spent in the little attic room, when the weather had become too cold to remain long out of doors, changing, adding to and perfecting the work commenced under the fir trees. A week before the time limit had expired his picture was sent to the judges.

The eventful day came at last, and Franz, seated with his parents in the vast crowd that filled the hall in Mansfield, where the award was to take place, was a prey to longings and fears, eager hopes and anticipated disappointment. He knew the elector was to distribute the prizes. Judge of his suprise, then, when as that dignitary at length came on the rostrum, he recognized in him the soldier-like owner of the pocketbook. After a somewhat lengthy speech on art, and on the pur-

poses the government had in arranging for this competition, the elector turned to the more interesting part of his duties.

"And now as to the result of the competition," he at length said. "The first prize for paintings in color is awarded to a picture called 'The Water Mill.'" And Franz nearly jumped to his feet and danced for joy as the gentleman held up his own little picture of the dear, old mill, with its brook, and the mountains and the fir trees—the picture over which he had spent so many hours, and into which he had put so much of his heart-longings.

"The committee informs me," went on the elector, "that not only do they commend the workmanship of the young painter of this picture, but they especially wish to praise his judgment in selecting as his subject a real scene—a bit of common, everyday life with which he was familiar. The winner of the prize will please come forward for recognition."

Really, Franz would not have recognized his name, as it was called from the rostrum, but, urged by his eager parents, he made his way down the aisle. As he stood face to face with the elector, a sudden look of recognition came into the latter's eyes. "Why, it is the boy of the motto, again," he exclaimed, smilingly. "I congratulate you. The black knight's motto has certainly won this time."

And you may be sure the joyous lad who went back to the little cottage by the brookside that evening never forgot that scene, or the new and wondrous lesson that had come to him. As he today toils away among the old masters in Rome, where he has been able to go largely through the friendship of the elector, morning and evening he still looks upon the sturdy black knight and the red shield, and holds fast steadfastly to the maxim of the Harzbergs.

A WINTER HOME.

MISS MARTHA'S DISCOVERY.

FAY STUART.

Miss Martha threw some sticks into the wood box, then sighed deeply as she sank into the rocking-chair.

"I declare, Betty," she said to the sleek cat which jumped into her lap, "I guess Neighbor Brown is right; I need a boy round the house to chop wood, empty ashes, and do all the chores. Your mistress is getting too old, Betty, to gather apples, or shovel snowdrifts next winter. Yes, a boy would be real handy, but finding the right one is like hunting for a needle in a hay-stack."

Betty purred loudly, showing her approval as well as a cat could. Miss Martha told her everything, for there was no one else in the lonely house to whom she could talk.

Presently, she arose and went to the orchard to sort the apples that had fallen over night.

"O Betty," she said, as her pet rolled lazily in the grass, "if you only were of some use besides catching mice and grass-hoppers!"

As she rubbed the dew from each rosy-cheeked apple, she was studying the problem of finding a good boy. Finally a bright thought came. She laughed aloud, her eyes twinkling shrewdly.

"I'll do it," she decided, "this very afternoon. If I haven't found a way to tell a good boy from a rascal, my name isn't Martha Perry!"

After dinner, a feeble old woman, dressed in faded gingham, with a torn shawl thrown over her head, and carrying a basket of apples, closed Miss Martha's gate and started for the busy city.

"I reckon my best friends wouldn't know me; hope they won't," thought Miss Martha, pulling the gray shawl closer. She little resembled the erect, handsome woman in black silk who often drove to the city stores.

Upon a side street she saw a crowd of idle boys. In passing, her basket fell to the sidewalk, the red apples rolling about. Instantly, there was a scramble, but the boys and many apples disappeared round the nearest corner.

"So you fell among thieves! That is the worst set of youngsters that I have to deal with," said a good-natured policeman as he restored her basket.

Miss Martha hesitated; then, with her usual determination, started on.

"I've decided to find a boy, and I'll hunt till dark if the apples last," she thought. "I might have known that that ragged, dirty lot didn't contain my boy."

On Center Street stood another group of boys with balls and bats. Again the apples tumbled into the street, as Miss Martha gazed in dismay at the broken handle.

"The old woman is furnishing treat!" cried one, filling his pockets.

"They're fine, too!" added another.

"Look here, boys!" shouted a bright-eyed little fellow, "that's mean. Let's help pick them up."

"Haven't time," answered one. "Come on, boys."

"Oh, come on, Ernest," urged his chum, standing with his hands in his pockets, "we want you to pitch."

"I thank you, my boy," said Miss Martha as Ernest straightened up from his hurried task. "Will you be kind enough to carry this basket home for a tired old woman?"

Ernest's face grew sober. The boys wanted him, and he so enjoyed a ball game! But he soon decided.

"Hurry along, George; I'm going to carry the apples. I'd want some boy to help my mother if she were alive, that's sure!"

He trudged cheerfully along beside Miss Martha, thinking her a very inquisitive old lady, as he answered her questions.

At home once more, Miss Martha hugged Betty. "I've found my boy, pussy cat, and I'm much mistaken if he is not rightly named Ernest. My sunny-faced orphan boy, I know I shall love him!" And she sang a gay little song of relief as she made the tea.

That evening, Ernest met his friends again.

"Yes," he replied, to their teasing queries, "I'm here and I'm in luck! That lady lives on Grove street, as good as the country, with big lawns and orchards, swings, and flower gardens. She's one of the rich ones, I guess. And I'm to live there, do her work and errands and go to school just the same. I felt in the way in Uncle Ed's big family, so this is a splendid chance. She gives big pay, too!"

"Well, that is luck!" cried George; "and all because you picked up a few apples and carried her basket!"

HIS MORNING WALK.

HER FATHER'S HELPER.

BY LELIA MUNSELL.

"All I have to say is, that if it's going to make a girl so stuck up to go away to school that she can't treat her old friends politely, I don't want Lulu to go. Helen Sprague was one of the sweetest, friendliest girls in town till her aunt sent her to the university, but now no one is good enough for her to associate with."

"What makes you think so, mother?" Mr. Roberts' voice was pacific.

"Everything. I ran into the house a little while this afternoon. Helen was sitting on the front porch with a book. She barely spoke to me, and though I stayed an hour she never once came inside. I know Mrs. Sprague felt badly about it. She apologized for her not coming in—said she was working for the Smith scholarship, whatever that is."

"Perhaps she thought you came to visit her mother, and she wouldn't intrude."

"She didn't think anything of the sort. I'm not the only one who calls her stuck up. I've heard ever so many speak about it. She was always ready to do anything that needed to be done, in the church, or the Sunday School, or the town, or anywhere, before she went away, but now she won't take hold of a thing. Goodness knows there's plenty for a daughter to do, especially when she's smart as Helen is, and can do anything she tries to do."

"I don't believe it's because she is stuck up, mother." Mr. Roberts seemed bent on defending Helen. "But you know, and everybody knows, that the girl would never have had a chance if it hadn't been for her Aunt Hattie. She's worked hard and made up some extra work during the summer. Her father told me that the high school course here did not admit her fully. She was conditioned on a number of studies and she's been making these up outside and taking examinations. I understand she's stood at the head of her classes ever since she went there, and I don't blame her for wanting to keep at the head. And she told me herself that she was working for this scholarship because it would give her a year or two of special work, and then she hoped to get a good positon and educate the younger children. It's pretty evident that her father won't have anything left out of what the church pays him to educate anybody with. I don't think Helen is stuck up, but she's trying to make the most of her chance."

"Maybe. But it does seem to me that there ought to be some other way for a girl as smart as Helen than just to study, study, study all the time. Everybody was so anxious to have her come home the first year. They thought she'd be such a help everywhere during the summer. She'd have so many new ways of doing things. But she just shut herself up and wouldn't do a thing—never even had time to visit a little, once in a while, with an old neighbor. It looks to me very

much as though she thought we were all too dull and ignorant for her to waste any time or energy on."

Helen Sprague tiptoed softly off the Roberts 'front porch and went around to the back door. Here she repeated the knock that they had failed to hear before.

"Father brought home some such lovely berries from the country," she said, when Mrs. Roberts came to the door, "and mother wanted you to have a dish of them. No, thank you. I can't come in tonight."

She went slowly home through the warm starlight. So Mrs. Roberts thought she was stuck up, and others did, too. Her cheeks flamed, and hurt and angry tears came to her eyes as she recalled the criticisms she had unwittingly overheard.

"I'm not stuck up," she thought, bitterly. "But I haven't time to talk about preserves and pickles and the latest style in sunbonnets. If it hadn't been for Aunt Hattie, I would never have known anything else perhaps, but I am going to make the most of my chance, and I am going to see that the others have a chance, too. The people here just expect papa and all the rest of the family to give up everything for them, without even a 'Thank you.' "

She found her mother alone on the front porch, in the low rocking chair that she loved to rest in when the day's work was done, and dropping down beside her, she leaned her head against her knee. Her first impulse was to tell her mother all about the conversation she had overheard. Then she reflected that it would only pain her, and she had enough burdens to bear; everybody in the whole village came to her for sympathy and help. Helen dimly wondered if it would be her lot to marry a minister. She hoped not: she hoped not. People expected so much of a minister's family. It was unreasonable.

They sat thus for some minutes. Mrs. Sprague's hand was softly caressing her daughter's hair, and the touch, in some way, seemed to soothe the girl's angry resentment. Might it be possible that there was a justification for Mrs. Roberts' criticism, after all?

At last Mrs. Sprague broke the silence. "I wish you had come in and visited with Mrs. Roberts a little while this afternoon," she said, as though she read Helen's thoughts. "I appreciate the fact that you don't have very much time left for study after the work is done, but I think she was offended."

Helen was glad it was dark, so that her mother could not see the flush that spread slowly over her face. She was glad, too, that she had not told her of what she had overheard.

"I suppose it would have been better," she answered slowly. "But, mamma, if I visited with everybody that comes to see you, I wouldn't get any studying done. If I'm ever going to be a strong, helpful woman, able to do a lot of good in the world, I'll have to develop my own powers first. It just seems so wonderful to me that I've had a chance to attend the university. I can't thank Aunt Hattie enough for it, and I simply must make the most of it. I'm determined to make a

chance for the children, too, and I won't be just a second-class character, without any aim or ambition in life. Life isn't worth living, just to drift along as most of the people do here," she finished, passionately.

"Yes, I know, dear. I'm glad you are ambitious. We are all proud of you. But then we owe something to the people we live among, especially with your father's position. His work is here, and it has pained me a little to see you so wholly indifferent to that fact. His whole heart is in his work and the people have a right to expect you and me to be his helpers and to work with him and them. Books are not the only thing, dear."

There was a little break in her voice, and the next moment Helen's arms were around her neck. "You dear old mamma!" she cried.

They had a long talk. At last Helen said: "I see it all now. And, mother, let's keep this little talk a secret. Don't tell father anything about it. But for the rest of the summer I'm going to be a help instead of a hindrance to him in his work."

"Your muffins are especially light and soft, Helen," said her father, the next morning at breakfast. "I'm glad your university course hasn't spoiled you for a cook."

"I hope it hasn't spoiled me for anything, papa," returned Helen. "It ought to make me better fitted for every kind of work, you know."

"I hope so, daughter. Don't let it give you false notions of life. Don't let it make you dream great dreams while you pass by the daily duties."

Something gripped Helen's heart. How terribly short-sighted and selfish she had been, and how disappointed everybody must be in her! The truth was certainly being brought home to her forcibly.

But she laughed brightly as she passed her father another muffin. "You couldn't help preaching to save your life, could you, papa?" she said. "You have to preach even at the breakfast table."

Her father joined in the laugh at his expense, but his eyes were grave. As he rose from the table he said to his wife: "Do you think you could find time today to run in and visit with old Mrs. Morgan a little while? She sits in that chair all day long, and time is very heavy on her hands."

"Wouldn't I do?" interposed Helen, quickly. "Do you suppose she woud care to have me read to her?"

A glad surprise took the place of the serious look in the minister's eyes. "It would please her immensely," he answered, heartily. "That is, if you can spare the time from your studying," he added, more hesitatingly.

"Oh, the studying can wait. I'll run over an hour this morning, after the work is done."

That evening Helen was helping her father sort clippings in his study when the Sunday School superintendent dropped in.

"I'm worried about that class of young girls," he said. "They have

had no regular teacher for some time, and the class is gradually going to pieces. The girls need help, all of them. If I could only find some teacher I could depend upon."

Mr. Sprague dropped his work and the two men discussed the question, while Helen listened.

"How would I do?" she asked, at last.

"You'd be just the one," cried the superintendent. "I could't make a teacher to order to suit me better. But I didn't suppose it would be any use to ask you."

Helen winced. So Mr. Mackay had the same opinion of her that everybody else seemed to have. But she said, quickly: "I'll be glad to take the class if you think I'll do."

When their caller had gone her father drew her to him as she passed his chair. "I am so glad you offered to take the class," he said. "I was hoping you would, but you have so much extra studying to do that I don't feel like asking you to. I appreciate it very much, daughter, more than I can tell you. But are you sure that you can spare the time?"

Helen slipped around behind his chair and clapped a hand over each eye. It was one of her childhood tricks, but she had a definite purpose in it this time: she did not want him to see the tears that had sprung involuntarily to her eyes.

"Now, daddy, you just listen," she cried, in a pretty, imperious way that had always been hers, "I don't want you to say 'study' to me again this summer. I'm not going to dig all summer long. Ten months of hard studying in a year is enough for anyone. But I'm too much like my reverend father to be content to idle away a whole vacation, so I'm going to help you. And you'd better begin to rake your brains for something for me to do, for the Sunday School class is only a beginning."

Her father took the hands from his eyes and drew her around facing him again. She did not resist, for the tears had been laughed away by this time.

"There will be no trouble about finding plenty for you to do, if you only have the time to do it. I have missed my helper in the last three years. But are you sure that you don't need to study this summer? How about the Smith scholarship you have been working for all these years? You've made such a fine record so far that I'd hate to have you spoil it now."

"You needn't worry about that, daddy. I've fully made up my mind that I need a vacation. I've kept up a steady grind for the last three years, and I believe I'll do better work next year if I take a little rest. Don't you, now, honestly?"

"That wasn't telling a story, was it?" she asked her mother, later. "I really do think I need a change. I'm going to pack my books away in the bottom of my trunk, where I won't see them again this summer," and she gathered up an armful and carried them to her room.

"I know I've been foolish," she whispered as she put them away,

"but they don't know—nobody knows—how badly I want that scholarship."

The summer passed away so quickly, so very quickly. Helen could scarcely realize that she had only one more night at home. She was to start back to school the next afternoon, and had gone up to her room to finish packing. She had been too busy all day to get at it before.

She sighed a little as she took out her beloved books. They had not been touched since she had put them in the bottom of her trunk last June.

"I wonder if it has been worth while," she said to herself, as she folded the fresh clothes that she had ironed that morning, between the interruptions of callers.

The question stuck in her mind, and she tried to work out the answer, but she could not reduce the matter to anything like mathematical definiteness, and fell asleep with it still unanswered.

It was well her trunk had been packed at night, for she could never have done it the next morning. There were too many interruptions.

Lulu Roberts ran in several times to ask about this and that. Lulu was almost beside herself with delight, for she was going with Helen that afternoon to enter her freshman year at the university. With Helen's help she expected to be able to make up the studies she would be conditioned on, although her father had promised her an extra year to do it in if she needed it.

Mrs. Roberts had come in to ask a simple question and had stopped to talk for over half an hour about Lulu and her plans for her.

"I never would have let Lulu go if it hadn't been for you," she said, as she went away. "But I knew you'd look after her. I hope she'll do as well as you have. I guess I used to have a wrong idea of what college did for girls."

During the forenoon most of the girls in her Sunday School class dropped in, with either a word of appreciation or a little remembrance, which they wanted her to take with her, and Mr. Mackey himself stopped on his way home at noon. "I wanted to tell you good-by," he said. "I don't know how I am going to get along without you."

Old Mrs. Morgan had sent word that she would like to see her before she left, and Helen ran over, the first spare minute she could find. "I wanted to thank you for the brightness you have put in my life this summer," said the old lady. "It's dreary sitting in this chair all day long."

It seemed to Helen that there was some extra demand on her time all morning, but at last she had gone upstairs to make herself ready for the train. Tom followed her up.

"I wish you wasn't going," he said. Us boys will miss you."

"And who are 'us boys?'" asked Helen, not thinking it worth while to correct his grammar. "You seem to be about the only boy in the Sprague family."

"Oh, all us fellows," answered Tom, "Dick, and Joe, and Frank, and Harry. They think you're about the jolliest girl that ever was."

When she went down all dressed for her journey, her mother was waiting to bid her good-by. "I won't go to the train," she said. "I'm too tired. But it seems to me I have never enjoyed having you with me as I have this summer."

Friendly farewells were waved to her from doorways, as she and father took their way to the depot, or a cheery wish called after her as they met some friends on the street. At the station there was just time to get her ticket and board the train. Her father carried in her grip, and bade her a hurried good-by.

"You've been a veritable blessing this summer, daughter," he said.

Helen waved to him from the car window as the train pulled out. Then she turned to smile brightly to Lulu, whose eyes were just a little misty at this first parting with home folks.

"It has been worth while," she thought to herself, as she settled down in the cushions. "And," she shut her lips in a way she had, "I'll win the Smith scholarship yet."

PULLING HIS NOSE.

A DUSTY SURPRISE.

"There!" exclaimed mother. "I forgot to take up those furnace ashes. Well, I shall have to wait now until I get my baking done."

"I thought father took up the ashes," said Evelyn.

"Not since his cough has been so bad. The dust irritates his throat, and I haven't allowed him to do it. I wish you'd run down, Evelyn, and see if the ashes come up against the grate. If they do, you can take the long poker and push them away on each side."

Away trotted the little seven-year-old down the cellar stairs. She tugged at the lower door of the furnace, and finally succeeded in getting it open. Oh, what a pile of ashes! She tried to do as mother said, but there were so many ashes that they fell out of the door and puffed up into her face.

"I should think they would make poor father cough," she said to herself.

She took the little short-handled shovel that was in an empty hod, and scraped up the ashes that she had scattered. She was about to put them back into the furnace, when she stopped. "I can; I can!" she said softly. Then she put the empty hod close beside the door, and took up a shovelful of ashes. "Why, it's just as easy!" she whispered. "Course I can do it! Won't mother be surprised!"

Soon she saw a piece of black, shining coal. "Father saves such," she muttered. "I've seen him take them out." So she carefully picked out all the bits of coal that her bright eyes could spy, and put them in a little heap by themselves.

Soon the hod was full. How should she empty it? She couldn't lift it to the top of the big ash can, so she shoveled it out of the hod and into the can. What a smudge it made! "My!" she said, and coughed a little herself.

Hod after hod she filled and emptied. It was slow work. It was dirty work. Evelyn did not like dirt; but her heart was full of glee in thinking how pleased mother would be.

After a long time, before the task was completed, mother came down the cellar stairs. She walked slowly, as if she was tired. She had been ill, and was still weak.

"Why, Evelyn Starr! What are you doing?" she exclaimed. "If you haven't taken up all the ashes! I'd forgotten where you were. What made you do it, chicken?"

"To help you," Evelyn laughed. "Aren't you glad, mother?"

"Glad! I am so glad I want to cry! It seemed as if I couldn't do this, on top of the other work; but I knew I must not leave it for father, the ashes choke him so badly. Dear me, seeing it all done actually makes me feel rested! You are covered with dust, but never mind," and mother kissed her, ashes and all.—Selected.

ROBERT'S GLAD DAY.

BY CARLA LANGDON.

"Come, Robert! It is time for us to go to the station to meet company," mother called to the small boy down at the foot of the snowy garden.

Robert looked up the garden path that led straight to the door where mother stood like a pretty picture in a frame. Then he looked down at a half-finished snow man, and there was not a sign of a smile on his usually bright, sunny face.

Generally he liked to go out with his mother. She had a lovely way of making a merry trip out of the most ordinary walk. Robert did not think of that just now. He wanted to stay there with the snow man.

"Come," laughed mother, "we must hurry, or the train will be in before we get there!"

Something ugly and selfish in Robert's heart said:

"Don't go! Stand still and look cross, and maybe she will let you stay here."

Before Robert could decide to do that, something else spoke up sharply and quickly: "Shame on you, not to please mother by running at once to do as she wishes! She does many good things and hard things for you, and never stops to think that she would rather do something else to please herself. Run quickly, now, and smile back at her. The snow man can wait, but mother cannot."

That settled it. Robert ran to his mother as fast as he could go, smiling all the way.

"Who is coming, mother?" he asked.

"Some one mother loves dearly. You must be very nice indeed to her," was the answer, with a merry laugh.

It did not sound very jolly. It was most likely some strange lady who would talk to mother all day, so that she could not help with the snow man, as he wanted her to do. It was going to be a bother; but the something that had spoken quickly and sharply insisted that he smile back again, and make up his mind to be as nice to the visitor as mother could wish.

Almost before he knew it they were at the station, and the train came. The people were getting off. Some one came down the platform toward mother and Robert, and—

"Why it's grandmother!" cried he joyfully. "You never told me, mother!" This was worth a dozen snow men, for grandmother was the dearest visitor they ever had.

"Now, aren't you glad you were nice about it, instead of cross and ugly?" said the little voice. Robert, holding fast to grandmother's hand on one side and mother's on the other, answered, "Yes, indeed," as he began his happy, glad day.

JUST FOR FUN.

WHY DID THEY TIE HIM?

Mrs. Worth came over from Brooklyn with her precocious nine-year-old son Tommy, and walked with him across the City Hall Park. Tommy manifested a lively interest in the Nathan Hale statue. He wanted a good, long look at it, and his mother humored him.

"Mamma, what's he tied for?" was Tommy's first question after his searching examination.

"So he can't get away," the proud mother replied.

"Is he alive?" was the next question.

"No, Tommy, he's made of bronze, and there's no life in that."

"Then he couldn't get away, could he, mamma?"

"No, dearest."

"Then what is he tied for?"

"You see, dear, the soldiers caught him and bound him that way, and then they hanged him."

"Did they kill him, mamma?"

"Yes, darling."

"Then he is dead, isn't he?"

"Yes, love."

"Very dead?"

"Yes, pet."

"Then how could he get away?"

"Um—er—why, Tommy—"

"Then why did they tie him, mamma?"

"Only the roar of Broadway could be heard above the intensity of her silence, and as she led the little fellow along he echoed over and over, "What did they tie him for, mamma?"—Selected.

A teacher was reading to the class about George Washington. In the story it said that he had a friend who was a man of letters. Then she asked if anyone knew what "a man of letters" meant. No one knew. After a pause of about a minute, John's hand went up, and with a broad smile, he said "It meant he was a mail carrier."

Mother—Mercy child, how do you get your hands so dirty? You never see mine as dirty as that!

Child—No; but I guess grandma did!

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

POEM FOR FEBRUARY.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

One stitch dropped, as the weaver drove
His nimble shuttle to and fro,
In and out, beneath, above,
Till the pattern seemed to bud and grow
As if the fairies had helping been;
One small stitch which could scarce be seen.
But the one stitch dropped pulled the next stitch out,
And a weak place grew in the fabric stout;
And the perfect pattern was marred for aye
By the one small stitch that was dropped that day.

One small life in God's great plan,
How futile it seems as the ages roll,
Do what it may, or strive how it can,
To alter the sweep of the infinite webb!
A drop in an ocean's flow and ebb!
But the pattern is rent where the stitch is lost,
Or marred where the tangled threads have crossed,
And each life that fails of its true intent
Mars the perfect plan that the Master meant.

SIX WEEKS' INSTRUCTION FOR PRIMARY WORKERS.

Arrangements have been made to begin the class for Primary workers Monday, April 7th, 1913.

The course includes instruction and practical demonstrations in Lesson Development, Stories and Story-telling, Physical Training, Music, Hand-work, and Domestic Science. While this class has been instituted for the benefit of Stake Primary workers, it will be open for any of the Local Officers who would wish to take the work. Circulars are being sent to all the Stake Boards, if Local Workers desire to attend the course they should notify their Stake Board, who will help with information or give other assistance and advice.

Further particulars will be printed next month.

"Each day is a crisis in life. Those who recognize this, and do their utmost even in a small duty or a familiar task, are living vigorously and truly—living in reality and not in a dream. To-day

decides to-morrow, and next year, in many an unconscious way. Now is a word of power, especially in spiritual things."

No method is valuable in teaching unless you are in close touch with the child.—*Andrew D. West.*

A story told at the right time is a mirror to the mind.—*Froebel.*

It is quite easy to perform our duties when they are pleasant and imply no self-sacrifice; the test of principles is to perform them with equal readiness when they are onerous and disagreeable.

THE PLACE AND POWER OF MEMORIZED SCRIPTURE.

I have in mind today an old man something over seventy years of age who has grown partially blind. He is one of those rare, sweet souls whom to meet is always to receive a benediction. One never leaves him without new inspiration to do better and to be better. Now and then I meet him on the street in the great city where I live, and he takes hold of my arm as we walk together, he chatting gaily of things that make for the best life. He is always quoting the Scriptures. He does it so naturally, so sweetly, that one is led to feel that he lives by the things he has hidden in his heart. On one occasion I said to him: "I am amazed at your memory, and the things you have stored away in your heart. How did you come to do it?" His reply was simple, quiet, yet charged with a certain intensity of feeling, for any reference to his approaching blindness is a delicate matter: "When I was quite a young man I carefully thought over the days that were passing, and I reasoned that the time might come when my eyesight would not be as strong as it was then. So I began to memorize things; charged my mind with the best selections from books, withal taking care to learn a great deal of Scripture. My fund grew very large. The days and years passed, and I am an old man now; my eyesight is failing"—he said it softly—"and you cannot realize what comfort it is to me to recall the precious things that lie in my heart; I repeat them over and over again, and life is made new and fresh by reason of them." The place of the memorized Scripture was in the days of his young manhood; the *power* of it was evident in the years of his later manhood, even down to old age.

ANOTHER OLD MAN.

I have in mind another old man, who lived far back in the years, several thousands ago, and more. He was about to leave his people. His parting message is one of the choice things in literature. As he

came to consider the law of God (and there wasn't so very much of it written then) he urged its study upon the people, especially cautioning them to diligently teach it unto their children. He said: "And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart: and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes. And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates" (Deut. 6:6-9). So spake Moses, the man of God, to the people of the long ago. The place of the memorized Scripture was in the childhood of the nation, and the power of it was to issue in a people thoroughly grounded in the oracles of God, made strong and virile and peculiar, because the Word of God was hidden in their hearts.

A little while after, when giving his parting message to his successor, he again urged the worth of constant attention upon the book of the law. The people should teach it unto their children; they should write it upon the door-posts of their houses; they should bind it as frontlets to their eyes. Joshua, the leader into the new land, was himself to be a constant student of the self-same law. This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success" (Josh. 1. 8). The place of the memorized Scripture was to be in his quiet moments by day and night; and the power of it was to be manifested in the way he passed over—a prosperous way, one bright with the promise of good successs.

A THIRD OLD MAN.

I have in mind, also, another man; he must have been old when he summed up that which I am about to repeat to you. He had lived into the years of calm contemplation, of wide experience. He was describing the steadfast man—the fruitful man; in a negative and a positive way he drew his outline. And this was the way he did it: "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful. But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper" (Psa. 1. 1-3). The place of the Scripture was in the man's heart, inwrought by daily and nightly meditation; the power of it was in evil withstood, a fruitful life, a fadeless tree, a prosperous way.

JESUS.

Long, long afterward, a Young Man found himself driven resistlessly into a strange, wild, weird wilderness. There was a terrific battle to be fought. He was to lock in with the forces of evil, and he was to overcome! It is significant to note the weapon of his warfare. His was not a conflict with flesh and blood; there were principalities and powers against him; the prince of the power of darkness closed in with him in mighty conflict. Again and again did he reply to his enemy and his weapon was the Word of God, which he had been taught in common with all Hebrew children at his mother's knee. And Satan was vanquished. Just a few years after that he was at the end of his short, but O, such a stormy life. Lifted on a painful cross, his whole being quivering with pain, the things that rose to his lips were quotations from the Old Book; the last cry was the heart-leap of an old pslamist, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit." So Jesus of Nazareth, Son of man and Son of God, God the Father unveiled, was himself the greatest example of the place and power of memorized Scripture.

PAUL.

Looking back over a life full of what the world now calls the strenuous, a great soul was commending his friends to the best things as he went from them, never to look into their faces again. And his commendation was this: "And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to *the word of his grace,* which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified" (Acts 20. 32). The place and power of the inwrought Scripture was the consuming thought of Paul's farewell message to his Ephesian friends.

PETER.

Peter, in his last word, rises to a great thought when he reminds his friends that God has given "exceeding great and precious promises: that by *these* ye might be partakers of the divine nature." So the place and power of the memorized Scripture was the inner life transformed into the divine life!

THE USE OF MEMORIZED SCRIPTURE.

Here is the plea for memorizing Scripture in order to the development of life itself. A Southern woman was telling me of her experience with children. She said she thought it strange that so little attention was given to the Proverbs in the teaching of children; so she began to give them a verse a week. They were to memorize it, and give their experiences at the end of the week. One lad, of an unusually quick temper, who had an unfortunate habit of screaming when things did not go to suit him, had quite a time with one of the verses. It was ont

only memorized, but carefully explained to him. When he made his report, he said: "We were having quite a time at our house; some things I didn't like; I got so mad I wanted to scream and kick. But I ran into the hallway to get away for a moment, for I remembered the verse of the week, and I said, 'He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city,' and I got quiet, and went back to play again." Here also is the plea for memorized Scripture in order to do effective service in the kingdom. It goes without saying that ignorance of the Scripture is an indication of the lack of a full-rounded training in the intellectual life. A year or two before his death Charles A. Dana, of the New York Sun, delivered an address to the newspaper men of Chicago. Among the many things he said was a beautiful reference to the Bible. He intimated that a journalist's education was not complete unless he was thoroughly familiar with the Scriptures. From the standpoint of simple journalistic equipment he urged the place and power of the Scriptures in the life of a man who served his fellow-men through the daily newspaper. If this be so, and it is, we should not need much argument to show the power of the book in the development of life itself into the best things, like unto the glorious life of Him who is Lord of us all. It is ignorance of the Scriptures that makes a weak spiritual life! it is ignorance of the scriptures that leads one into doubt and despair, and sometimes into sin.

I have every respect for the worker who carries his Bible with him; he ought to have it with him. But there are many times when the red letter testament is not the beautifully printed book in red and black print on a white page, but the red letter Testament of the heart, and the words fall from the lips of the worker or the teacher without regard to the book itself, the disciple being the printed page, printed with the blood-red ink of personal knowledge and ripe experience.

We should give directions to this matter of memorizing Scripture, so that it shall minister to the highest possible character. The memorized Scripture should be mainly for the feeding of the spiritual life, for direction in daily living, for use in contact with the world about us. It goes without saying that we should always be able to give to every man a reason for the hope that is in us, and that reason ought to be a scriptural reason.

Then, let us go on to perfection. Day after day, week in and out, let there be diligent attention to this matter of memorizing the Word of God. Out from the book let us gather the great and precious truths, slowly working them into the warp and woof of life. Take a verse a day, if we can stand it. At least, let there be a verse a week, memorized, talked about, prayed over, inwrought, until it becomes part of ourselves. Let us seek to restore that beautiful old-time memorial of the day when the father was high priest in his own household; when he gathered the family together and read a few words, sang a hymn, and offered prayer. Let them go over their verses together as they sit at the table. From the least to the greatest, let each have his Scripture.

It should come to pass that at no distant day we shall have new homes, new schools, a new society. We should be like unto the Puritans of whom Macaulay wrote, when he said they were migthily read in the oracles of God. And we should join in the glad cry of him who sang: "O how love I thy law! it is my meditation all the day." "Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee."—*W. H. Geistweit.*

TALKING DOES NOT HELP TROUBLE.

"Two small boys were going home together with purchases from a grocery. The elder was evidently a sufferer from some accident that had rendered his right arm useless, for it was carefully bandaged and supported in a sling, but his left hand was sturdily carrying a basket well filled with packages. Beside him trudged his brother carrying a sack apparently filled with apples or potatoes, which he occasionally shifted from hand to hand and concerning which he fretted and complained incessantly.

" 'I wish this old load was home; it hurts my hand to grip the bag so tight. My, but these things are heavy! It's no fun carrying them so far. Wait a minute; I can't go so fast when I have all these things to carry,' ran the complaining voice.

" 'Well, I'd take some of them if I could, but I can't,' said the elder, roused to reply at last.

" 'Nobody said you could,' fretted the small boy again. 'Course I've got to carry them myself, but I'm just saying they're awful heavy.'

" 'Well, what's the use of talking about it all the time, then?' demanded the other impatiently. 'If you've got to carry them yourself why don't you do it the best way you can, and stop fussing about it?'

"The tone was not particularly sympathetic, but the question was a very sensible one. There are many people with loads to carry—loads that no one can help them carry—who fall into the useless and wearying habit of continually talking of their worries and burdens. They run here and there with the tale of their troubles; insist on sharing the knowledge of them with all their friends and acquaintances, who can neither change nor help the existing conditions, and consume their own time and that of others in their useless recitals. A sorrow or difficulty confided to some trusted friend whose strength and experience may be helpful, or advice sincerely asked of those whom we feel to be wiser than ourselves, is something quite apart from this habit of which we are speaking—the habit of talking over, and forcing upon others all the hardships and petty difficulties we encounter."

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Subject for the Month: Home Power.

LESSON NINE.

THE LESSON HOUR.

SUGGESTIONS FOR ALL THE TEACHERS.

The memory work given is very important and should be used at each session of the Primary. Gems, poems and stories should be recited by the children during the Busy Hour, the Story Hour and the Social Hour. If the memory work has the thought desired it will leave its own impression on the mind. The Lesson Hour is the opportunity for explanation and should be used to emphasize the truth intended to be taught and to arouse impulses toward better living and doing. Be careful not to preach.

Good examples, pictures, songs, stories, etc., are the most interesting and will produce the best results.

Once more, thorough preparation is urged. Be ready. Have your program so well in mind that you are free from the nervousness and dread which always accompany the one that is unprepared. If you know your lesson you have yourself under control and will be ready to control your class. The preparation meeting with the home preparation will bring results that will more than repay for the labor done. This preparation is equally important for all four meetings.

Read the suggestions given for each grade, the broader the point of view the more we see and understand.

If the lessons are long enough without the stories suggested for illustration they may be used for the Story Hour.

FIRST GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text. Character by Smiles, chapter 2. Bible: Weeds Life of Christ, chapter 7.

Other Materials.

Memory Gem.
Games.
Songs.
Pictures.
Rest Exercises.

Aim.

In helping others we help ourselves.

Illustration.

Helping His Mother.

Suggestions for the Teacher. Use memory gem from last month and let the children relate it to the stories which were used, the busy work of dishwashing and the kindness and politeness shown in the social. The teacher will have had opportunity to observe if any of the lessons taught are bearing fruit in the actions of the children.

Make a list of the every day tasks in a home and let the children tell how they are done and who does them. Help them to understand how uncomfortable things would be if these tasks were left undone. Let the children tell which of the tasks they are big enough to do. Find out if they do any of them and encourage them to feel as well as know the memory gem, which should be repeated as many times as possible during the development of the lesson.

Tell what you can of the early home of Jesus. Remember that there is very little known about the childhood of the Savior and what Weed says is what might be said of any child of the same time. But we know He had a good mother and that He must have been a good son. Emphasize these points and how kind mother and kind son could have said to each other. (Use Gem.) Be sure to use songs, rest exercises and games as suggested in last year's outlines, being sure to preserve the general thought of the lesson.

Memory Gem.

I'll help you and you help me,
And then what a happy home there'll be.

—Adapted.

Illustration.

HELPING HIS MOTHER.

"I don't like to bring in chips all the time," grumbled little John to himself.

"All right, John," said his mother, who had overheard him; "you needn't bring in any more chips until you are willing to."

"Really, mamma?" cried little John.

"Yes," answered his mother; "for I don't like to have boys about that grumble and hate to work."

The barn was finished long before supper-time, for no one bothered little John that day. His mother picked up the chips herself, and did not even call him to run on errands.

But when the barn was finished, little John was tired of it, and ran into the house, and asked his mother to tell him a story.

"I can't tell you a story," answered his mother; "for I am busy. Run away now, and play."

But John was tired of playing, so he wandered out into the kitchen, and there he smelled the Saturday's baking.

He ran and looked on a low shelf in the pantry where his mother always put a little pie for him, but the shelf was bare.

"Mamma," cried John, bursting into the sitting-room, where his mother sat sewing, "where's my little pie?"

"What pie?" questioned his mother, who seemed surprised.

"Why you always bake me a little pie or turnover when you bake; that's the one I mean."

"I used to," said his mother; "but I was too busy this morning to bother with little pies."

John went soberly outdoors, and sat down in the shade of his new barn to think; if he had helped his mother, wouldn't she have had time to tell the story, and if he had brought in the chips when she was baking wouldn't she have found time to bake him a little pie?

"I ought to help my mother whether she bakes me pies or not," said little John solemnly to himself. "It doesn't take but a minute or two to pick up a pan of chips; and it's fun to run on errands."

"Mamma," he said, half an hour later, "I've brought in a boxful of wood and two pans of chips. I like to bring in chips 'cause it helps you. And I like to run on errands. I'm willing to help after this whether you bake little pies for me, or not."

"All right," laughed his mother, who saw that John had learned his lesson; "the next time I bake maybe there'll be a little pie for you." —Selected.

POPULAR TOM.

I read of a little boy—Tom—who would give his last marble; run on errands all day and never grumble; give the best place to somebody else, no matter who, and feel so glad in seeing other folks have a good time that he forgot himself. Everybody liked Tom. Grandmother smiled all over when she saw him coming. Aunt Laura, who was a busy woman, smiled at him, and said, "Just in time, Tom; run and—" When Tom went to spend the day with his grandmother or Aunt Laura, the folks at home would miss him. One would say: "Where is Tom? I wish he were at home." And another, "If Tom were only here!" Tom was one of the unselfish helpers. Are there any Toms living at your house? Would you be missed when away from home, as Tom was?—Olive Plants.

HOW MANY THINGS?

"Seems to me I'm always doing things for mother," grumbled Jack, when she asked him to water the plants. "Lots of things this morning."

"How many things?" asked Aunt Amy.

"Oh, I went on an errand and I fed the chickens—always so much to do on Saturday. And now those plants."

"How many things has mother done for you today? Suppose you make the list."

"I will," said Jack. He brought it later, saying:

"I really didn't think it would count up so, Aunt Amy." It read:

"Found my collar. Sewed on a button. Got me a shoestring. Wrote a note to ask if Tom could come over. Got a sliver out of my finger. Got a knot out of my kite string. Found my fishing tackle. Made me some glue. Showed me about an example. Fixed my hat band. Found some nails for my shelf and helped fix it—"

"I lost count there," said Jack.—Our Little Ones.

SECOND GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text. Character by Smiles, chapter 2. Bible: Exodus 2:1-10.

Other Materials.

Memory Gem.
Poem.
Games.
Songs.
Pictures.

Aim.

Willingness to be helpful and kind in the home brings joy to everyone.

Illustration.

"'A Lend-a-Hand' Girl." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 9, page 360; or, Miss Martha's Discovery, in this issue.

Suggestions for the Teacher. Briefly review the main points covered in last month's work. Have the memory gem recited by members of the class and in concert. Let the review lead up to the development of the new lesson. Read carefully and thoughtfully chapter two on Home Power. Take up that phase which deals with the child's share in making the home orderly and happy, and at the same time is the means of developing him or her into a good home-maker for the future.

Pictures might be helpful in the introduction of this lesson. Cut from magazines or other books pictures which show children helping in the home. Mount them on colored cardboards and they will be more attractive. Children's story books may be used. Show the pictures and lead the children to tell the stories the pictures tell. In this way lead them to suggest what they can do to help in the home. How do you feel after helping father, mother, sister or brother? How do those you

have helped feel? What kind of a home do we help to make when we are helpful and cheerful? Use the memory gem, poem, songs and rest exercises where they best fit in in the development of the lesson.

Prepare the Bible story as suggested in last year's convention work. Keep the suggested aim in mind and show how Miriam helped her mother and saved her brother. If the story suggested cannot be had another may be supplied.

For a rest exercise the children could go through the home activities to the tune of "Did You Ever See a Lassie," or "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush," the latter to be found in Old and New Singing Games.

Memory Gem.

Do something for each other,
Though small the help may be;
There's comfort in these little things,
Far more than others see.

Poem.

IF! IF!

If every boy and every girl,
Arising with the sun,
Should plan this day to do alone
The good deeds to be done;

Should scatter smiles and kindly words,
Strong, helpful hands should lend;
And to each other's wants and cries
Attentive ears should bend;

How many homes would sunny be
Which now are filled with care!
And joyous, smiling faces, too,
Would greet us everywhere.

—Golden Days.

THIRD GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text. Character, by Smiles, chapter 2.
Bible: I Samuel 16:1-12.

Other Materials.
Memory Gem.
Poem.
Songs.
Pictures.

Aim.

Willing helpfulness in the home brings peace and joy to everyone.

Illustration.

"Dorothy's Welcome Home." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 9, page 37.

Suggestions for the Teacher. Let the review be brief, covering the points you emphasized in last month's work.

A review should always revive in the child's mind the lesson taught, thereby impressing the truths and should also prepare the mind for the new lesson.

After a careful study of chapter two in Character by Smiles you will be inspired to develop a splendid lesson with the children. While the chapter deals more extensively with the influence the mother has in the home, still we know that every member of the family has a share in the making of a happy well ordered home. This phase can be taken up with profit. Help the children to feel that they have a part to do and that they should appreciate what home and parents do for them. The new lesson may be introduced either by pictures or by questions which direct the minds of the children to the home. Have a heart to heart talk with them about their share in the home-making and help them to feel the joy they give and get, too, in doing their duty.

The memory gem and poem should be given where they best fit in the lesson.

Plan the story of David as suggested in last year's work. Keep the suggested aim in mind and have the children see that children of the Bible were helpful to their parents.

Memory Gem.

When the beautiful stars peep out one by one,
And I look far up and away,
How sweet to be able to whisper to God
"I have made someone happy today."

Poem. "A Home Picture."

Oh, the happy little home when the twilight fell.
And busy little mother got her children about;
And Johnny fetched the water, and Tommy brought the wood,
And Billy-boy tied both his shoes, as every laddie should,
And Dannie rocked the cradle with a clatter and a song,
To make the little sister grow so pretty and so strong.

Oh, the happy little home when the twilight fell.
And all along the meadow rang the old cow-bell.
With a tinkle that is music through the rushing of the years,
And I see the little mother in the tremble of the tears,
And I hear her happy laughter as she cries, "The boys have come,"
And we know she's getting supper in the happy little home.

Oh, the sweet peas and the morning-glories climbing round the door,
And the tender vine of shadow with its length across the floor,
Oh, the "pinies" and the roses, and the quiver of the grass
And the cheery call of friendship from the neighbors as they pass,
Oh, the scuffle and the shouting, and the little mother's laugh
As a rabbit starts up somewhere, and her "great helps" scamper off.
—Selected.

FOURTH GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text. Character, by Smiles, chapter 2.
The Bible: Proverbs, chapter 31.

Other Materials.
Questions.
Memory Gem.
Poem.
Quotations.
Pictures.
Incident from life of President Joseph F. Smith. THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 2, page 453.

Aim.

Helping to make a happy home adds to the pleasures of home.

Illustration.

Tommy's Share. THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 5, page 442.

Suggestions for the Teacher. Review the work done in Primary during the month preceding. Use the memory gems, poems, etc., and let the children tell if they have thought about them, when, and how. If you notice in the actions of the children any efforts to improve be sure to notice and give praise where it is deserved.

Appoint some of the class to read what Solomon says about a virtuous woman, so that the reading may be well done. After the reading, go over carefully each one of the good woman's activities and help the class to understand their meaning and apply them to the things which women need to do in our day. Also under same conditions use incident from life of President Joseph F. Smith.

After a careful reading of Smiles' chapter on Home Power you will have a number of good suggestions to give that should help the children to know that a successful home is one where every member does willingly and cheerfully some part of its work. Begin the lesson with the questions which should review previous work and prepare the mind for the new lesson. In between questions the teacher may find her best opportunity to give the good thoughts for the lesson and not have any definite talk, just helping along a general discussion of the subject, which is perhaps the most effective and enjoyable way to discover new truths or become better acquainted with old ones.

Questions. What was the story about George Washington when he was ready to leave his home and mother?

What was the memory gem about courage and deeds?

What do we know about George Washington's mother? (If possible use pictures.)

What kind of a home would a woman like Mrs. Washington make?

Who is the President of the Church?

What do we know about his mother? (Use incident suggested.)

King Solomon has the name of being the wisest of men. What does he say about a good woman? Proverbs 31.

Memory Gem.

Whatever you are, be noble;
  Whatever you do, do well;
Whenever you speak, speak kindly;
  Give joy wherever you dwell.

—Selected.

Poem. "Children That Are Wanted."

Children that are wanted for the home,—
  Children for mother's right hand,
That fathers and brothers can trust in,
  And the little ones understand;
Those that are fair on the hearthstone,
  And pleasant, when nobody sees;
Kind and sweet to their own folk,—
  Ready and anxious to please.

The children wanted are wise children,
  That know what to do and to say;
That drive with a smile or a soft word
  The gloom of the household away.
The children wanted are good children,—
  All good from the heart to the lips;
Pure, as the lily is white and pure,
  From its heart to its sweet leaf-tips.

—Adapted.

Quotations. Proverbs 20:11; 24:3-4.

FIFTH GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text. Character, by Smiles, chapter 2.

The Bible: Proverbs, chapter 31.

Other Materials.
Questions.
Memory Gem.
Poem.
Reading.
Quotations.

Aim.

To have a share in the responsibility of making a happy home increases the appreciation of home.

Illustration.

Dorothy's Welcome Home. THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol, 9, page 37.

Suggestions for the Teacher. Read the suggestions given, for the fourth grade teacher, about questions. All readings, quotations, and memory work should be given time for preparation, there is not much pleasure in listening to a reader who does not know the reading.

The chapter by Smiles about Home Power may appear, at first reading, to be rather difficult to apply to a class of boys and girls, but a careful consideration of it will help to make clear some of the necessary qualifications in the making of a happy home.

"A house is built of brick and stones, of sills and posts and piers;
But a home is built of loving deeds that stand a thousand years.
A house, though but an humble cot within its walls may hold
A home of priceless beauty, rich in Love's eternal gold."

Every boy and every girl should have definite ideas of the happy home they can help to make now, and of the home in which, some day, they will be the power that rules. Help them to understand that in the homes of their parents is found the school which educates and trains the home-makers of the future.

Notice the emphasis that Smiles puts upon the value of a good home. The mother is the great power in the making of a good home, but each member of a family should possess and use some power to add to its general success and comfort. Help the children to appreciate their parents, let them tell about the good things enjoyed day by day which are provided by fathers and mothers. Notice the qualities which Smiles considers are necessary for a happy home. Character, page 51. How much of this may children supply? Observe what he says on page 64 on the value of order. In how many ways may a child be orderly?

On page 66, Smiles speaks of the value of similar training for both sexes. The making of a home is the important thing and boys and girls should know how to do whatever work is necessary to keep it a good comfortable home.

Questions. When the pioneers undertook the wonderful journey across the plains they needed courage. Why?

What did they desire to do in the great western desert?

What kind of homes did they have at first?

What kind do we have now? (Discuss some of the modern conveniences in homes.)

Memory Gem.

There are as many pleasant things,
As many pleasant tones,
For those who dwell by cottage hearths
As those who sit on thrones.

—Phoebe Cary.

What does the memory gem mean?

Poem. "Little Deeds."

Not mighty deeds make up the sum
Of happiness below;
But little acts of kindliness,
Which any child may show.

A merry sound, to cheer the babe
And tell a friend is near,—
A word of ready sympathy,
To dry the childish tear,—

A glass of water timely brought,—
An offered easy-chair,—
A turning of the window-blind,
That all may feel the air,—

An early flower, unasked, bestowed,—
A light and cautious tread,—
A voice to gentlest whisper hushed,
To spare the aching head,—

O, deeds like these, tho' little things,
Yet purest love disclose,
As fragrant perfume on the air
Reveals the hidden rose.

Our Heavenly Father loves to see
These precious fruits of love;
And, if we only serve Him here,
We'll dwell with Him above.

—Hymns for Mothers and Children.

Reading. There is an angel of the seedtime, and once, we are told, a child asked the angel: "Where shall I sow seed? Shall I plant it at my own doorstep, or shall I go afar and plant it on the plain?" What was the answer? What did the angel tell the child? These were her words: "Sow the seed in the very nearest place first; sow it in the dooryard; then in the field just beyond; then in the far-off fields." The angel gave good advice. If you want to do a kindness, do not run to the ends of the earth to do it, but find somebody right by your own door. If you want to be a little missionary, do not think you must go to some foreign place to find some person to take help to. The person who needs you is very close to you, near by you, not far away. Be a little missionary to that one. This is a good rule for your life. Make glad the spot that is nearest to your own life. Make glad the home where you live. Then, when you go outside the home, make glad those who are near by. Do not wait and wait to make glad someone who is far, far away.

Quotations. Proverbs 14:1; 17:1; Galatians 6:9-10.

LESSON TEN.

THE BUSY HOUR.

MAKING BOXES.

Suggestions for the Teachers. Boxes have been selected for this lesson to continue the thought of help in the home. The children may be helped through the making of these boxes to form the habit of having places for things and keeping them there. The children should be asked to decide what they will keep in the boxes.

The designs for the boxes are suggestive and if any of the teachers know of better ones, they should be used.

Be sure to use the memory gem and whenever possible sing while working. The following are suggested:

"Loving Mother, Kind and True,"

"This is Mother, Kind and Tender,"

"The Busy Bee,"

"Hearts and Homes," all from The Primary Song Book. If desired, these songs may be used at all the other sessions of the month.

Discuss with the children the value of having a place for everything and everything in its place. Notice the importance of this in the making of a happy home, (see Smiles.)

Be sure that the children understand that the making of the box is one part of their responsibility in making the home and that it is to be so well made it will be well used. It will be advisable to have small groups, let all the officers assist. When it is necessary to purchase materials, concerts, socials or other entertainments should be given to raise the necessary means, but as much as possible, use materials which do not cost money. For instance, in making the boxes suggested use

clean, empty boxes, such as shoe, waist or underwear boxes, which may be obtained from the stores. The teacher will need to cut them into flat pieces ready for use. It would be a good plan to call in some of the older boys and girls to assist in the preparation of the forms to be made.

Use the following:

"Make places for things where they always can stay;
Where you can put things neatly away,
Then you will know where they are the next day."

Raffia or Reed baskets may be made instead of boxes, but should not be undertaken unless the teachers have had some previous experience. However, if used they must be very simple and within the limitations of the children. "How to Make Baskets," by White, is recommended to those who prefer the baskets.

Materials for all grades. Heavy paper or light weight cardboard.

Colored string or narrow ribbon.

Scissors, pocket knives, hatpins, crochet hooks, large darning needles or punch to use for making holes.

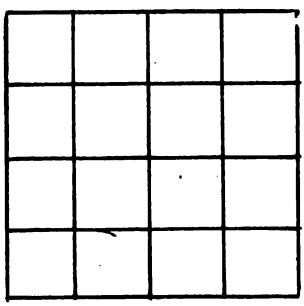
Rulers and pencils.

FIRST GRADE.

Square Box. For pattern use a piece of plain paper six inches square. Fold as indicated in drawing one, cut out four corners and you can fold into box shape. Prepare the cardboard or heavy paper, cutting by pattern and score bending places with a pocket knife. Make enough holes in sides of boxes to lace sides securely; have four pieces of string or ribbon for each box. The children's part will be the lacing and with the assistance of the teacher the tying.

SECOND GRADE.

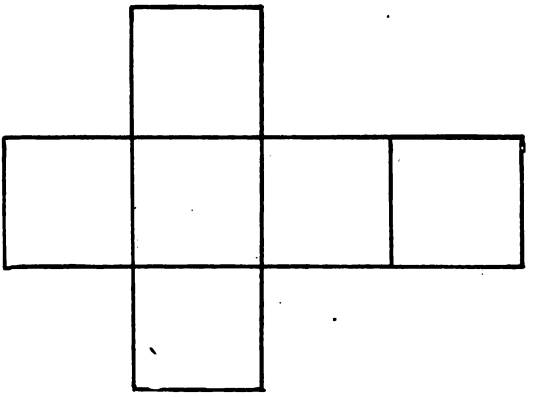
Oblong Box. For pattern use a piece of plain paper eight inches square. Fold as indicated in drawing one, which gives sixteen squares cut off four squares from one side, cut out the four corners and by folding you see the oblong box. Prepare for each child as in the first grade. If desirable some simple decoration may be used, such as colored edges made with crayons or pencils.



DRAWING ONE.

THIRD GRADE.

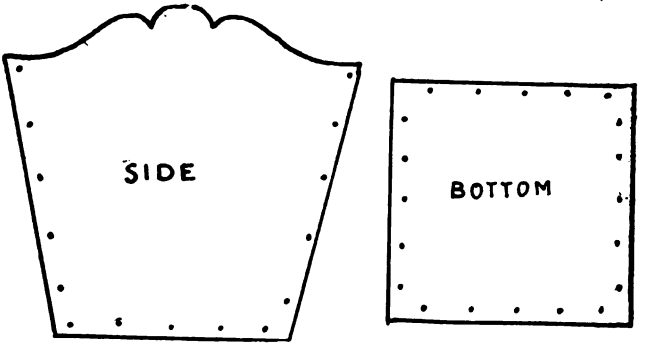
Box with Cover. If materials are to be had make a larger box in this class. By comparing drawing one and two you will see how to get a correct pattern. Prepare pieces of paper and have each child make a pattern, cut out cardboard, make holes, (using a ruler to keep the holes even), and finish by lacing up the sides. Extra holes may be made and cover tied down.



DRAWING TWO.

FOURTH AND FIFTH GRADES.

Fancy Box. There are five pieces in this box, the size is left to the discretion of the teachers. It may be finished so as to be a good plain box or so decorated as to be very pretty. Perhaps it would be a good plan to prepare the patterns the size desired, get each basket well started in the class and have them finished at home. For decoration, pieces of wallpaper, which have been left over, may be pasted over the pieces on both sides, then laced with cord or ribbon of harmonizing color.



DRAWING THREE.

LESSON ELEVEN.

THE STORY HOUR.

Suggestions for the teacher. The stories given for this hour are suggestive and have been selected to follow the thought for the month. The teachers should read them and find the best points to emphasize. If the stories printed in this issue are used it will be very helpful to have the children read them at home and at this session discuss them and relate to the thought of the month. If other stories on the subject are to be found the teachers should feel at liberty to use them.

FIRST GRADE.

Songs, games and rest exercises must not be omitted in this grade.

Stories. Picture books as suggested or The Pig Brother, How to Tell Stories, page 141, or:

A Dusty Surprise, or Robert's Glad Day, in this issue of the Children's Friend.

SECOND GRADE.

Songs. Rest exercises.

Stories. Bennie's Sunshine, Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories, page 136; or:

Go-Carts and Spinning Wheels, or Visiting the Sick, in this issue of The Children's Friend.

THIRD GRADE.

Stories. Swiss Family Robinson; or: Procrastinating Polly, in this issue of The Children's Friend.

FOURTH GRADE.

Stories. Timothy's Quest by Wiggin; or, How to Save Time, in this issue of The Children's Friend.

FIFTH GRADE.

Stories. Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, by Wiggin; or:

Miss Martha's Discovery, or Her Father's Helper, in this issue of The Children's Friend.

THE SOCIAL HOUR.

Suggestions for the Teachers.

Careful and thorough preparation on the part of officers and teachers will do much to make this hour a happy and profitable one. Keep in mind the fact that the play period can be made of real value to the child if he is directed to play with fairness and without unnecessary disorder.

It should be part of the program to leave the hall used in good order. It is suggested that the children have a share in doing this, not alone that the janitor and others may not be put to any inconvenience, but for the educational value there is in it for the child. This month's work considers the value of order and system in making the home happy. Let these thoughts be worked out in a practical way at this time and they will be made more forceful.

PROGRAM FOR ALL THE GRADES.

Preliminary Music.

Prayer.

Singing. "Jesus Once was a Little Child." Primary Song Book,

Spring Song. To be selected.

Singing Game. "Kull Danzen." Popular Folk Songs, page 13.

Story. To be selected.

Song Plays. "I See You." Swedish Song Plays, page 4.

"Did You Ever See a Lassie." Games for the Playground, page 261.

Games. "Old Woman from the Wood." Games for the Playground, page 143.

"Trades." Games for the Playground, page 199.

"Poor Pussy." Games for the Playground, page 150.

Memory Gems. To be selected.

Folk Dance. "Jolly Miller." Old and New Singing Games, page 23.

Song. "Home." Primary Song Book, page 77.

Benediction.

"SHE WILL LIVE," SAID THE OLD INDIAN DOCTOR.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

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LITTLE PRINCESS WISLA.

By Sophie Swett.

CHAPTER III.—POKEBERRY INK.

Old Winne-Lackee only paddled faster and faster when she heard the luncheon bell that was ringing and ringing for little Peggy Piper. But she dared not paddle far, for in the small canoe she had not been able to revive the little white girl.

Only the faintest breath fluttered through Peggy's lips; there was scarcely a stirring of her pulse.

Into a small cove paddled the Indian woman where the woods were so thick that no one could see her from any of the passing boats.

Here she tried the movements that the Indians use to revive those who are nearly drowned.

It was rough treatment, but before long it made Peggy open her eyes.

They were very dark eyes. They looked to Winne-Lackee like the eyes of little Swaying Reed, her granddaughter who had died.

The old Squaw was full of queer Indian fancies and she almost believed that the Great Spirit had given her this child to make up for the loss of her granddaughter.

She felt almost as if little Swaying Reed's soul had come back in this child's body. She caught Peggy in her arms and kissed her and kissed her.

But Peggy's eyes closed again although she was now breathing regularly, and Winne-Lackee lifted her into the canoe once more and paddled away as fast as she could.

She cast one backward glance across the river to the large white house, with the sloping lawn and orchard, from which she had heard the sound of the bell. They were ringing for someone who did not come! Perhaps for this child who would never come!

In her queer old Indian heart Winne-Lackee felt a pang of sympathy for the child's mother. But her longing to keep the child was stronger than the sympathy.

"The river give her to me—she is mine!" she said to herself. "Pale-face mother have not heart like Indian woman—it does not break for her child! She shall be Winne-Lackee's little princess! Winne-Lackee a queen these many years, but what good a queen without a princess? Now Winne-Lackee will have her little princess!"

She looked about for a place upon the river bank that she knew; a place where pokeberries grew. Pokeberry juice, used as she knew how to use it, was a stain that would not come off!

The pokeberries there were not yet ripe enough to yield their juice, and after thinking for a moment the old Squaw decided that it would be as well to stain "little pale-face" to the color of an Indian after she had her safe at home.

The old chief who had been her husband had made an ink of the pokeberry juice, to use when he signed his name to the contracts for furs, which he made with the great trading companies.

A little girl with straight black hair like this one could be so changed by that ink that one would think she had been born a pappoose in a wigwam.

The Indians might not be deceived but they would scarcely dare to whisper what they suspected, even to each other.

Winne-Lackee was rich and powerful. Even on the island, where the Indians had schools and a church, they still had the ancient Indian belief that the Great Spirit had given strange powers to some people, and Winne-Lackee was one of them. They would not be sure that she could not bring her little dead grandchild back in the shape of this young pale-face!

"It is just as some girls and boys believe in witches and giants when there are really no such things outside of the fairy books!

So Winne-Lackee knew the Indians on the island would never ask her anything she did not choose to tell about Peggy.

Winne-Lackee paddled very fast now. And even while she paddled hard she leaned over and parted the still dripping hair on Peggy's head. There was a great bruise very near to the temple and reaching around to the back of the head.

"It is like the blow that Jo Molasses got when he dived and struck his head on a stone in the river!" said the old Squaw to herself. "And Jo forgot everything!"

Winne-Lackee's queer old withered face shone with joy.

From far off she heard a ringing of bells. Perhaps the bells of Pollywhoppet were already ringing to let the town know that a child was lost.

There would be great excitement. Pollywhoppet and Pekoe, the next town, would be aroused and even Gobang, the city on the other side of the river, would send out policemen and searching parties, before long!

But Winne-Lackee only smiled grimly at the thought.

Around the next turn of the river her island would be in sight. Once safely there she could make sure that no one would take her little princess from her.

Winne-Lackee paddled fast as if the bells were following and might overtake her, as if she were afraid she might think again of how "little pale-face's" mother would feel!

The Indian village was quiet that afternoon. The men were away hunting or fishing or driving logs on the river.

Some small Indian boys were diving from the pier into the river and the Squaw called to one of them.

"Run quick for Dr. Sockobesin, Joe Hitt! Bring him to my house before I get there myself!"

Joe Hitt, who was entertaining himself with a mud-turtle, looked at her doubtfully. He did not think he could outrun the old Squaw although she was sixty and he but little more than six. He had seen old Winne-Lackee run!

She tossed some nickels from the gay bead bag that hung at her side. Some fell upon the pier, some into the river. The water was shoal and the little Indians dived for the treasure.

Joe Hitt hesitated but for an instant more, and then ran for Dr. Sockobesin.

When no one was looking Winne-Lackee took Peggy from the canoe into her strong old arms and hurried with her to her own house.

While all this was happening on the river, at the house in Pollywhoppet they had been growing more and more frightened about Peggy.

They thought at first, that Aunt Celia, who lived at Holdfast, five miles back from the river, might have come along in her carriage and taken Peggy with her to Gobang.

Grandpapa Piper went about to all the neighbors asking if they had seen Peggy.

Then they found the over-turned boat drifting upon the river!

Phi, when he came home from fishing, said, "Pooh! that is nothing! The boat drifted away by itself."

And he snubbed Betty Brooks fiercely because she cried.

But the truth was that Phi had rowed out upon the river himself before he came home, having heard that Peggy was missing, and he had picked up a red hair ribbon—a ribbon that he knew!

He was so stunned by grief and fear that he did not know whether to tell of it or not.

He thrust the tell-tale ribbon into his pocket and said to himself, trying hard not to sob like Betty Brooks, "They needn't ring the bells! They'd better drag the river!"

He *knew*—only he, poor Phi—that Peggy was drowned in the river.

Oh, Winne-Lackee, even your hard old Indian heart could not stifle its pang if you knew the suffering of those who had lost their own Peggy!

But just at the time when they had begun to drag the river at Pollywhoppet Winne-Lackee was saying to Dr. Sockobesin, her old friend whom she could trust, "The pale-faces take all—all from us! I take only one little pale-face girl!"

Peggy lay on a bed made of sweet grass mats and softened deer skins, and wide-open eyes looked serene and not afraid.

"She will live," said the old Indian doctor, who had learned much in the schools as well as of nature, "but I am not sure that she will ever remember who she is or where she came from."

Old Winne-Lackee's eyes sparkled.

"It is what I hope—that the little pale-face will forget who she is and where she came from! Then she will be all mine!" she said.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE THUMB WITNESS.

By Adelbert F. Caldwell.

Briskly the great bell struck the hour of six. Nothing ever dragged about the Lockwood woolen mills; even the bell seemed to guard with jealous solicitude the prompt and business-like reputation of the company.

Ellen Parker was the last to leave her loom in the south wing of the annex, and, when she passed slowly out of the open doors of the office exit, her alley mates had already turned the corner into Chestnut Street. She hesitated as she stepped upon the wide plank walk leading from the yard, and looked back reproachfully at the great brick structure, now so nearly deserted.

"I never, never, can get used to it!" cried the girl as she drew up her jacket collar a bit closer round her neck. "If it weren't for supporting dear little rheumatic mother," and she choked back a rebellious lump, "I would find more congenial work, where I'd have less wages, perhaps, but different companionship—not Laura Dowd, Sarah Mason, and that Kilgore girl."

Ten years before, Ellen Parker had visited Lennox, the home of her school chum, and the visit, planned only for a week, lengthened out into a month before the letter came, reminding the "mother-nest truant," as Mrs. Parker playfully put it, that even the most cordial hospitality had a "snap place" somewhere.

Margaret Ellingwood, Ellen's chum, was a member of the Girls' Improvement League of Lennox, and had invited Ellen to accompany her on a visit to the Lockwood mills with a bundle of reading matter.

Ellen had never been in a woolen mill before, and, fascinated by the whir of the shuttle and the skill of the girls at the looms, had asked eagerly of a good-natured Scotch girl, "Do you suppose I could learn?"

"To be sure; it's an easy matter! Two good weeks are a-plenty."

So, every morning, by the overseer's permission, Ellen gayly took her place by the noisy loom, and in a trifle over the time specified, so apt a pupil had she been, she could weave almost as well as her trainer.

"If you are ever looking for a job," laughed the overseer, good-naturedly, "I'll have one ready for you."

On that happy morning, Ellen little dreamed of ever being obliged to seek employment of the genial overseer, as she answered, smiling, "I

certainly will, Mr. Collins; and it will not be bad, either, for it's just play."

Ten years later, a family of two moved into a little Lennox flat. The husband and father was dead, and the property had been lost in a bank failure. It was only after repeated attempts to obtain a situation as teacher, and as many failures, that Ellen Parker, pale and hesitating, presented herself at the Lockwood mill office and inquired for Mr. Collins.

"If he shouldn't be here," she whispered, almost frightened at the thought. But he was, for it was the policy of the Lockwood Company to retain its competent employees as long as possible.

"I'm afraid I can't give you a job at present," replied Mr. Collins, kindly, as Ellen made known her errand. "Help seems to be more plentiful than the demand just now."

Ellen was about to turn away relieved, almost happy, at what she heard, when, at the thought of the mother to support, she said, slowly, without looking up, "Don't you remember you once told a girl, who had learned to weave just for fun, that if she ever wanted employment you'd give it to her?"

Mr. Collins looked perplexed. "You remember Miss Ellingwood and the girl who—"

"I do remember; and the girl's name was—"

"Parker."

"And you are she? I recall your face now."

In a week a loom was vacant, and Ellen Parker began her work. Many were the conjectures of the girls as to who she was, and why so well-dressed and refined a girl should seek employment in the mill.

"It's a case of have to," asserted Dora Kilgore, the leader of the girls in Alley Four. "Sudden change of fortune, death of father, or loss of property, or something."

"I'd like to get acquainted with her," remarked Sarah Mason, in the dressing room a few days later, as Ellen Parker passed silently from the group.

"But you'll not if she continues as she has," laughed Kate Riley. "She's another keep-my-side-of-the-fence girl, just like that Miss Akers. My! wasn't it a relief when she got a situation as governess somewhere!"

"I like her for one thing; she attends to her own affairs," said Dora, taking down her hat. "And she's a splendid worker."

For three months Ellen Parker worked in the Lockwood mill, and at the end of that time was as much a stranger to her alley mates as she was the day she entered. Only once had she "unshelled," as Kate had said, and that was when Laura Dowd had crushed her thumb, and then she had known exactly what to do. "She acted just like a doctor and mother combined," declared Laura, afterwards.

"You'd have done it for me," was Ellen's unsympathetic reply to Laura's girlish expression of gratitude.

"She was so distant I couldn't say another thing or half thank her

for her kindness," Laura later confided to Kate. "Queer, isn't she?"

The "queerness' had resulted from a mistaken notion that the whispering of the little group of girls, that first day of her coming among them, had meant an attitude of unfavorable criticism. This had been the cause of Ellen Parker's air of reserve. "They regard me as an intruder, as above them," was her almost daily reflection, and her conviction made more and more pronounced her distant attitude.

One morning Ellen Parker's loom was silent. "I wonder where the miss is?" inquired Sarah. No one called Ellen Parker by her given name.

"Left perhaps; found something better," replied Kate. "She is not one of the kind that stay in mills."

At home, in the narrow flat, lay Ellen Parker, ill. "Very ill," remarked the sympathetic physician, as he passed out into the hall.

At noon a note from Mrs. Parker was sent to Mr. Collins.

"Girls," said Laura, earnestly, when they heard of Ellen's illness, "let's do it. Mr. Collins will be willing."

That noon a bevy of girls from Alley Four had a conference in Mr. Collins' private room. "If you think you can do it and not neglect your own work, I haven't any serious objection," was his concluding remark.

"Don't worry about it, dear. Perhaps there'll be another place," said Mrs. Parker, gently bathing her daughter's head. "I'm sure there'll be some way provided."

"But I can't make so much anywhere else, and if I shouldn't get back my place! I'm afraid the girls may keep me from having my old work again!"

"There, there!" soothed Mrs. Parker, "don't regard it so seriously, dear."

"It's been a month, yesterday, since I had to leave, and I can't be out again for at least another," and Ellen turned restlessly in her bed. An hour later, Mrs. Parker brought into the room an envelope bearing the stamp of the Lockwood mill.

"Open it, mother, and see what it says. Probably that I can't go back!"

As Mrs. Parker took out the business sheet a check fell to the floor.

"Payment in full for the last month's work," read the letter.

"What does it mean, mother?" asked Ellen, in a dazed sort of way. "It's a mistake. I don't understand it!"

The matter wasn't explained until later Ellen had received a second check, and was able to present herself at the company's office. Then she learned that the girls had kept her loom running in addition to their own, each day of her illness, and that it stood ready for its operator as soon as she was again able to resume her work.

"It isn't the two checks that I'm grateful for, half so much as for your friendship, girls," declared Ellen, with tearful sincerity. "I've wanted it for months—"

"While all the time you had it and didn't know," interrupted Laura, brightly, "as my deformed little thumb can testify."

THE OLD DOLL.

At her mother's request, Marjorie put her new doll into the carriage and went outdoors.

"Now, take your new dolly to ride," her mother had said, but Marjorie got no farther than the summerhouse, a few yards away. She sat down on the lowest step, drew the doll carriage up close, and looked the new doll squarely in the face.

"No name!" she said in a low voice, "no name, but I can't give you Mary Jane's; for even if she is too shabby to sit by your side, she shall still be one of my children. You are beautiful—you are! But so was Mary Jane once."

Marjorie started up with a determined air, and went near the house. Through the open window came the sound of her mother's voice: "Now, Esther, I'm going to put this old doll into the ragbag. That child shall not drag about such a looking thing any longer. If you say nothing about it, she'll never ask for it, for I know she is delighted with her new doll."

Marjorie stood still outside the window. "O, dear, I wish I could stop crying," she sobbed; "I must run off so mamma won't see me, and know that I heard. But I'll find Mary Jane—I will! And I'll hide her where no one can find her; but near enough so I can have her when I'm lonesome."

Marjorie soon found an opportunity to search the ragbag. She hauled out the sorry-looking Mary Jane, and secretly resolved to hide her under the bedclothes. "Away down at the foot of the bed," thought Marjorie.

Bedtime came. Mamma, smiling at the thought of her easy dismissal of Mary Jane, gave Marjorie her new doll, and kissed her good night.

Marjorie could not go to sleep at just that minute. Mary Jane was smothering at the bottom of the bed.

"I'll take her out for just two or three minutes, and put her right back again, so mamma won't see her in the morning." But in the morning mamma saw the shabby doll clasped in the chubby little hands, and the new doll lying on the floor, and she knew the old love had come back to stay.—Kindergarten Review.

CLEVER MICE.

Mice sometimes do very smart things, and a gentleman who has studied them and watched their ways tells of once seeing some mice cross a stream of water. He says that eight or ten mice dragged a piece of turf to the edge of the stream. Then they all got on this funny little raft, sitting with their heads toward the center, and their tails in the water. The current carried them down the stream, and at last landed them on the other side.—Selected.

RAIN.

If every day the sun should shine
And clouds forget to rain,
I couldn't wear my rubber boots
Or sail my boats again.

THE GRANDMOTHER MASCOT.

The old lady sat next to me in the first row of seats of the grandstand at the county fair. She was attired in her old-style Sunday best. The pink-pointed finger tips showing through a mesh of silken darns showed the nails to be as carefully manicured as those of the most fastidious school girl. The thin roll of white hair, augmented by soft waves, was tucked beneath a hat of crushed and faded violets and lace. Her silk cape falling back showed an exquisite turnover of point lace and a quaint old fashioned brooch. The soft kid shoe peeping from the dustless alpaca, the unobtrusive gentle manner, the soft voice, all marked the old lady as a gentle-woman of the old school, whose womanliness had proven paramount to poverty.

She showed little interest in the racing until the horses were led from the track, when she turned to me and, in the soft eastern accent, said: "The bicycle race comes next. I drove in today to see this. My grandson, Jack, is said to be the best on the wheel in the township, and the neighbors think Jack will come home with the purse of $200. But I told him 'twas too good to be true, that we must be a little more economical for a year or two. But Jack only whistled and rubbed away at his wheel.

"That young man in the blue cap is Jack's chum down at the academy. Jack persuaded him to come up and join in the race. They call Jack and his chum Damon and Pythias down at the school, for some reason, but the—" the silken mantle was drawn about the excited little body, the lace and violets were readjusted, the gold-rimmed spectacles were polished with a folded perfumed handkerchief. The proud little spirit sat erect and confined as the half dozen contestants for the $200 purse rode gracefully beneath the ribbon.

After the fourth mile it was evident that the honors of the day lay between Jack and his chum, but neither seemed to know where the other was and both were quickly working to win.

When the last round up was on Jack was seen to be the length of wheel behind and losing, and when beginning the last half mile was six rods behind his chum, who, unconscious of his possible victory, was wheeling with a steady tread and an easy swing that showed he had not reached the limit of his power. But when, opposite the grandstand he glanced up at the front row of seats he fumbled his pedal, and was noticed as tacking across the track, and only regained his equilibrium when Jack had reached and left him such a distance in the rear that all his efforts in catching up proved futile.

Jack, with a radiant glance at the front row of seats of the grandstand, sped under the ribbon for the last time, almost a fourth of the last half mile in the lead, and the crowd cheering the victor, passed out to the surrounding booths.

Two missionaries from India, waiting at Washington for the belated limited to Chicago, were whiling away the time in reminiscence

when the topic drifted to the insignificant events which had determined their career. The older one of the two drew from his breast pocket the picture of a sharp-featured, bright-eyed daughter of New England. The white, wavy hair was tucked beneath a hat of drooping violets and lace. A quaint brooch held to the neck a collar of exquisite lace.

"This dear old lady," said he, "was the unconscious inspiration of the first unselfish act in my life. My chum, Jack Baldwin, asked me to go up to the county fair when I was attending the preparatory school at Wilton and insisted that I enter the bicycle race for a purse of $200. Now, Jack did not know that I had already attained great skill in bicycling from a two years' regular practice while attending high school the previous year. Neither did I know that the matter of getting that $200 was a vital one to Jack, for he came of that New England stock which is superior to finance. I was wheeling sturdily to victory that afternoon, enjoying the pleasure of the surprise to my friend when I looked up at the grandstand and saw the face of the devoted grandmother of Jack. An expression of unutterable disappointment marked the features of the face. I fumbled the pedal and lost the race, but that evening at the home of dear old Jack I saw and learned how much $200 meant to the hospitable grandmother of Jack, and for the first time of my life experienced the joy of sacrificing for others. When I went back to school I studied with the purpose of doing something when I had finished that would bring joy to others. And—" here, one of a group of United States senators standing near the missionary, and waiting the flyer to Boston, recognized in the picture the saintly face of his devoted grandmother, and the Damon and Pythias of school days again met, both feeling a new power in the term "friendship," and both thankful for the grandmother mascot.

LOWELL ON TREES

I willingly confess so great a partiality for trees as tempts me to respect a man in exact proportion to his respect for them. He cannot be wholly bad who has a sympathy with what is so innocent and so beautiful. But quite apart from any sentimental consideration, the influence of trees upon climate and rainfall gives to the planting of trees, and to the protection of them where nature has already planted them, a national importance. Our wicked wastfulness and contempt for the teaching of science in this matter will most surely be avenged on our descendants. Nature may not instantly rebuke, but she never forgives the breach of her laws.—James Russell Lowell.

THE TOMAHAWK CLUB WERE SITTING ROUND THE COUNCIL FIRE.

"TOMMY CRACKERS."

By Caroline S. Griffin.

The members of the Tomahawk Club were sitting round the Council Fire, ready for the evening chat.

The Council Fire of the Tomahawk Club was held in one place or another according to the weather. Tonight it was on the old stone ledge back of the Chief's garden. There was a good safe crack in this ledge for a fire.

The Tomahawk was an easy club, just the kind for little fellows of ten and twelve; and the Council Fire and the Pipe of Peace and the club name made it just Indian-y enough to be in the fashion.

There were six members. One was the "Chief," and the other five were the "Council."

The Tomahawk's "Rules and Regulations" were very simple.

There was but one Rule: *The word of the Chief is law.*

There was but one Regulation; this was to the effect that no member should receive his "club name" until he had done some deed that indicated what the name ought to be; the case of "Tommy Crackers" will show you how this Regulation worked. Tommy had already a private name, a truly Indian name, one borrowed from Mr. Longfellow. He was never called by it publicly, for it would have hurt his feelings. The name was "Iagoo." Any boy can find it, and its meaning, in Mr. Longfellow's *Hiawatha.*

The Chief's principal duty was to propose pleasant things to do and to pronounce Punishments. In his Inauguration Address, he explained to the Club that his idea of Punishments was *"something that would not hurt, but would cure."*

The Council's principal duty was to exclaim, "sure!" sure!" "that's so!" whenever the Chief was making an address.

Tonight nothing seemed doing. At such times it was the Chief's duty to bring forward something interesting.

"I bet you don't know how many crackers I ate last night!" suddenly he remarked.

"Dry?" inquired one of the Council.

"Certain," replied the Chief.

"Depends on whether they were oyster crackers or ship biscuit!" grunted a member.

"Gentlemen, I ate five Boston crackers one after the other," said the Chief. "And I never drank a drop of water till after I'd finished the last one."

"Huh, that ain't much!" sneered Tommy—that is, to say, Iagoo. "I could eat a pound this minute."

"Gentlemen, we'll see just how many he can eat," the Chief remarked.

Tommy looked a bit anxious, but kept still. The Chief leaped the fence into his father's garden and disappeared through the woodshed door. He returned with a pair of scales in one hand and a bag of crackers in the other.

A pound of crackers was weighed out by the Council. Tommy was seated in the midst of the circle, and the test began.

The first cracker was swallowed at a mouthful. The second was gone almost as soon. By the time he started on the third Tommy was ready to chew it. He ate the fourth more slowly, and by the time he had begun on the fifth dry cracker he could only nibble at the edge.

The Council winked, then laughed.

"Gentlemen, give him a chance!" remonstrated the Chief.

Spurred on by the behavior of the Council, Tommy persisted until he had eaten the ninth cracker. But at that point he could not manage another mouthful.

There were five crackers still in the bag.

At a signal from the Chief, Tommy was silently tied to an oak a few feet distant.

After a period of silence the Chief rose and again disappeared through his father's woodshed door. This time he brought back a pad and his rubber stamp alphabet.

The Council looked on while he spelled out several words. Then he read them.

"This is TOMMY CRACKERS. *He said he could eat a pound of dry crackers. He carries in the bag the five he could not eat."*

This inscription the Chief mounted on a pasteboard sign.

On the bag with the five crackers in it, he printed three words. "PLEASE LOOK IN!"

Tommy was ordered by the Chief to wear the sign and carry the bag wherever he went, for a week, and no order given out in solemn Council could be disobeyed by a member of the Tomahawk.

It was a long week, and by the end of it Tommy Crackers had earned his permanent name.

The Tomahawk Club has long since disbanded, but in Quakertown Tommy is still called "Tommy Crackers." He is "cured," for he firmly believes that boasting is a mistake.

QUEER COMRADES.

By L. M. Oglevee.

Such a poor, thin, little kitten as it was, huddled in a small, furry bunch on the sidewalk. A crowd of boys came noisily down the street, and up jumped the kitten and off she ran. As soon as the boys saw her, they began to run after her, shouting with laughter to see her trying to make her thin wabbly little legs take her to some safe place. On she ran, getting more frightened every minute, and not seeing at all where she was going, only trying to get away from the noisy boys behind her. Across the street, into the park she ran, and in a minute more, splash she went into the water of the lily pond.

Near the pond on the grass sat a lady, and beside her, almost asleep, lay her big dog, Rex. Rex woke up very quickly when he heard the splash, and almost before you could think he was in the pond, too, and then he came out with a wet, frightened kitten in his mouth. He put the kitten down on the grass in front of the lady, and then shook his big self to get the water out of his hair.

"Good Rex!" said the lady. She tried as well as she could to dry the kitten's fur, and the kitten made no attempt to run away. At last it was time for the lady to go home. "Come, Rex," she said, we must go; and perhaps the kitten can find its way home now that the boys are gone. Come on, Rex, we cannot stay any longer; it is getting late and we really should have gone before. Come, now, like a good dog."

Rex, however, would not go. Very politely but firmly he stood beside the kitten, wagging his tail and looking first at the lady and then at the kitten. Even when the lady started to go away and leave him he still stayed, although he looked very sorry to see her go.

In a minute, she came back. "Well, Rex," she said, "there seems to be only one way to get you to go with me." So wrapping up the kitten in her handkerchief she carried it home, Rex triumphantly walking behind.

Good care and plenty of fresh milk soon changed the thin little kitten into the fattest, most playful little kitten that you could imagine. She and Rex were the best friends, romping and rolling about on the grass, and having all sorts of fun together.

By and by the kitten grew into a fine, big cat, but she never grew too big not to think that Rex was her very best friend, and the finest, bravest dog in the world.

THE LITTLE BOY WHO TRIED TO HELP.

By Frances Margaret Fox.

Every time the neighbors drove by Grandpa Brown's melon patch they shook their heads and said, "Too bad." There was nothing wrong with the melons. No one in the country ever raised a better crop; round watermelons and long watermelons, covering five acres.

"The trouble is," Grandpa Brown explained to little John, "there's no market. You can't give them away. Seems as if every farmer in the county planted melons this year. The grocery stores won't take them. Last season it was different. Melons scarce and prices high."

"Too bad," sympathized little John, echoing the sentiments of the community.

Everyone respected Grandpa Brown. He was a good man, a kind neighbor, always did what was right so far as he knew, and he made it his business to know what was right.

"I can't believe," said Grandpa Brown to Grandma Brown, "I can't believe that crop of fine melons is going to waste."

"But it is," commented little John, as he trudged toward home, "it is, because my father says so. Too bad."

Three days later Grandma Brown asked little John over the telephone if he would do an errand for Grandpa Brown.

"Yes, a big yes," answered the child.

"Then let me speak to your mother, please," continued Grandma Brown.

This is what little John heard his mother say between pauses: "Oh, good." "Oh, if my husband were only home instead of way out West." "To be sure." "A fair price?" "Well, well, well!" "Yes?" "No, oh, no." "Possibly." "Yes, I will send John right over." "Indeed you did!" "He will be so glad," etc.

Little John was relieved when his mother hung up the receiver and stopped nodding and smiling at the telephone.

"Is it something about watermelons?" he inquired.

"Yes, dear. If he can get his melons to the freight house before six o'clock this afternoon he can sell his entire crop. Mr. Evans, the commission agent down town, has an order for all the melons he can get, if they are at the station in time to be delivered in the city tomorrow morning. There is a sudden demand for melons."

"Why, mamma, Grandpa Brown can't take more than seven loads to town in one day, if he started yesterday and works all tomorrow. The thing can't be done."

"Possibly it may if you help him."

Little John laughed. He knew his mother was poking fun at him because he so often tried to help dear Grandpa Brown.

"What errand do they want me for?" he asked.

"You are to go to Isaac Underhill's and ask if one of the Underhill

boys can be spared for the day with a wagon and pair of horses. From there, they wish you to call at Mr. Burton's—Mr. Sam Burton's—and ask if he can come over with a wagon, too. Grandma Brown says they will call up as many of their friends as possible over the telephone."

"Oh, if everyone will help a little," exclaimed the boy, "the thing can be done. Good-bye, mother."

"Good-bye, my son."

An hour later little John returned.

"What luck?" asked his mother.

"No luck at all," grumbled the child. "Worst neighbors I ever saw. Every one of 'em too busy to help Grandpa Brown, everyone 'cept Mr. William White and Mr. Green, and honestly, mamma, they were the really busiest of any. Both those men said they'd let their work go and turn in and help the old gentleman. So three loads of melons are on their way to town, and I came home for my little wagon!"

"Your little wagon, child?"

"Yes, sir—ma'am—yes, mamma! Every melon counts, and I'm going to haul as many loads to town as I can. I'll be worth about one cat power, but I'll help!"

Mother could hardly keep her face straight, although she managed not to smile in the face of such earnestness. Truth is, she didn't feel like smiling when her small boy went trudging by in the hot sun with six melons in his express wagon.

"Poor little fellow," said she, "he'll be so tired!"

Ezra Mason, who was working in a field near the town road, tried to be funny when the boy passed his farm.

"You're a-goin' to help save the nation, hey, Bub?" he inquired. Afterward Ezra wished he had kept still; it made him feel uncomfortable to think that he hadn't given Grandpa Brown help for at least half a day. "The little feller is right," he commented. "If we'd all turn in and help much as possible we'd make that melon patch look sick. I swanny, I ain't a-goin' to be beat by no such little chap. I'm a-goin' to hitch up my team and join the procession!" And he did.

"Hey, there; where you going?" inquired Mr. Underhill of the small boy.

"Taking a load of melons to market for Grandpa Brown," was the reply.

"Why! Can't he get help enough to market them?" inquired the man.

"No, everyone said, 'Too bad!' but they're all too busy."

"Well, there now, that's a shame! Look here, Johnnie, you tell Grandpa that I believe I can spare one of my boys and a team for a day after all. I'll send him right over." And he did.

By the time little John reached town his dusty face was streaked with wee rivers of perspiration, but his smile was a joy. He realized, with triumph in his heart, that example is a powerful thing. He rode home on Mr. Lane's milk wagon.

"'Pears to me, my lad," remarked Grandpa Brown some time later,

"it 'pears to me that you don't need to make another trip to town, considering that the neighbors have kept the telephone busy since they saw you with your little red wagon. Result is so many teams have come to our assistance you better stay right here to superintend the loading!"

"What a joke!" exclaimed the boy who tried to help.

Grandma Brown invited little John and his mother to tea that night, and she would give the child two pieces of custard pie; hers were the deep kind.

"I'd like to hire neighbor John by the year," remarked Grandpa Brown. "Best man on the farm today."

"Couldn't spare him," was mother's laughing response. "He always tries to help, and you know such a boy counts in a family."

"If I don't know it, my melon patch does," acknowledged Grandpa. "Not a ripe melon under the stars tonight, thanks to our little man and his small express wagon."

WHEN WE PLANT A TREE.

When we plant a tree, we are doing what we can to make our planet a more wholesome and happier dwelling place for those who come after us, if not for ourselves. As you drop the seed, as you plant the sapling, your left hand hardly knows what your right hand is doing. But nature knows, and in time the power that sees and works in secret will reward you openly. You have been warned against hiding your talent in a napkin; but your talent takes the form of a maple key or an acorn, and if your napkin is a shred of the apron that covers "the lap of the earth," you may hide it there unblamed; and when you render in your account, you will find that your deposit has been drawing compound interest all the time. I have written many verses, but the best poems I have produced are the trees I planted on the hillside which overlooks the broad meadows, scalloped and rounded at their edges by loops of the sinuous Housatonic. Nature finds rhymes for them in the recurring measures of the seasons. Winter strips them of their ornaments, and gives them, as it were, in prose translation, and summer re-clothes them in all the splendid phrases of their leafy language—O. W. Holmes.

THE BABY'S PAGE.

Baby Claire does not care
How the March wind
blows her hair.
She does not know
her mama peeps
Into nooks where baby creeps,
Where sometimes she plays and sleeps.
Mama looks through all to see
If by chance a bug or bee
May be there hid in the dirt,
And may bite or sting or hurt:
Hurt her dear, sweet baby Claire
Who is brave and does not care,
Does not think what may be there
That may bite or sting or scare.
In the year months March counts three.
Father in heaven guard baby and me.

—L. L. Greene Richards.

AN UNEXPECTED PEACEMAKER.

Ida, Grace and Muriel were neighbors, their birthdays came the same month, they were almost the same size, and they were together nearly all the time. Generally they agreed happily; but one morning on their way to school they had a dreadful quarrel, and the three little tongues said some very naughty things.

"I'll never speak to you again so long as I live!" said Muriel to Ida.

"Nobody wants you to!" retorted Ida, pouting her pretty lips.

"I'm not going to 'sociate with either of you any more!" spoke up Grace, tossing her curls defiantly.

So they went on toward the schoolhouse, Muriel ahead, then Grace, and lastly Ida.

At recess the three little girls kept widely apart. If one of them happened to meet the eyes of either of the others she turned quickly away.

Before school was dismissed the teacher asked Ida, Muriel and Grace to remain. They all looked dismayed! Could she have heard about the quarrel? But from her first words they felt that she knew nothing of it.

"There will be some visitors here tomorrow afternoon," she said, "and I want you three to speak a short dialogue in rhyme. It is very easy, and you can learn it quickly."

Then how red grew the faces of those foolish little girls! Muriel looked down at the floor. Grace stared poutingly at the picture over Miss Macy's desk. Only Ida spoke.

"Shall we have to talk to each other in the—the di—alogue?" she hesitated.

"The dialogue," corrected the teacher. "Why, yes, of course, you speak the words to one another, but you won't find it hard at all."

"Oh, no'm," Ida replied, "only we—we can't do that, 'cause, you see, we promised this morning, we wouldn't speak to each other, and so we can't."

"Promised whom?" asked Miss Macy.

"Why—we—we just said it—to each other—when we were coming to school."

"Oh, I see!" responded Miss Macy, quietly. "You mean you had a quarrel."

"Yes'm," nodded Ida, and hung her head a little.

"Oh, well," went on the teacher, "that needn't make any difference! You can talk to one another in the dialogue. I will read it to you, so you can see how it goes."

Ida, Grace, and Muriel walked home separately. It was not a bit pleasant. Yesterday how they would have chattered about the piece they were to speak!

They stayed after school to be drilled in the rhymes.

"Don't look at the floor," said Miss Macy to Muriel. "Look straight at Ida."

So the two pairs of eyes had to meet, and Muriel had to say the funny lines—and, before they knew it, both little girls were laughing!

After that the recitation went on merrily, and, what do you think? All the way home the three friends walked arm in arm, their tongues going as fast as they could fly!

HELPFUL FRIENDS.

Mabel and Frank are a brother and a sister who have a good uncle. Of all the uncles in the world they think their Uncle Frank is the best. He does not live in the same city as they do, but every year he comes to see them. When he comes they have good times, for he takes them on the cars and to the stores; he takes them to the menagerie to see the animals and to every sort of good place where boys and girls like to go. Besides taking them upon all these pleasant trips, he does other things for them. Oftentimes there are in Uncle Frank's pockets bright silver pieces of money which find their way into the children's tiny pocketbooks.

One morning Mabel and Frank were about to start for school. Uncle Frank took from his pocket two ten-cent pieces and gave one to each child, saying, "You may buy some candy, children." They thanked him and hurried away. They stopped at the home of their little friend Anna. Anna's mother told them that Anna had been ill and the doctor had said that she must be very careful. As mother kissed her little daughter goodby, she said, "Remember what mother told you about eating anything sweet, dear."

Mabel and Frank had intended to share their candy with their little friend. They had thought that they could hardly wait till they reached the candy store. As they turned the corner Mabel took hold of her brother's hand and pulled him toward her. Very softly she whispered in his ear: "Our candy will make Anna sick. Let us not buy it today." Frank whispered back, "All right;" then they joined Anna again.

It was hard for them to wait for their candy, as any boy or girl who likes candy knows. They knew, however, that Anna, too, liked sweet things. They knew that if they ate their candy, it would be harder for Anna to obey her mother.

Soon they reached the store, but as they passed by they did not even look through the windows where the trays of candy were placed.—Selected.

WHERE THEY MET THE THREE SISTERS.

By H. M. R.

"Get your hats, children, and we will take a walk to see if the 'Three Sisters' have arrived in town; they are due about this time," sang out Aunt Betty from the foot of the stairs.

"Ye-s, Aunt Betty, we are coming!" three high-pitched voices answered in a chorus. And instantly three pairs of noisy little feet came racing down the stairs.

"Where do they live, Aunt Betty? Where do the 'Three Sisters' live?" cried Polly who was ahead.

"Well, I think today we shall be apt to find them cuddled under the trees in Lyman's woods," laughed Aunt Betty pinching Polly's rosy cheek.

"O-o-o-ee!" snickered Toodles, the roly-poly of the flock, turning a sumersault in his delight. "What a funny place to find three little girls! If they are sisters, of course, they are girls!"

Toodles' voice had a disgusted tone; for, to tell the truth, he would prefer to meet three little boys like himself.

"I shall have to disappoint you, Toodles, and perhaps the girls, also, by confessing that these 'Three Sisters' are only three little flowers so much alike that I have ventured to call them 'Sisters,'" answered Aunt Betty.

"Oh!" in a rather crestfallen tone from three disappointed voices.

Then Alice, who before had ventured out in the woods with Aunt Betty ventured the question, "Are they flower sisters, auntie?"

"Yes, dear; they are three little flower sisters that come to the woods very early in the spring. I hope we shall not be too early to find them," replied Aunt Betty.

"What are their names?" asked Toodles. Nothing had much interest for him that hadn't a name.

"The most familiar of the sisters is the Wind Flower. Some call her Anemone; and I have heard her called Snowdrop. And here she is, hiding under the dry leaves in her little, pink hood."

Aunt Betty stooped to pick the flower when Alice's gentle hand restrained her.

"Our teachers say we ought not to pick the flowers unless there are a lot of them," she remonstrated.

"Then we will leave this little lady until she has a few more companions around her. By that time she will be wearing a broadrimmed white hat instead of this close, little, pink hood," Aunt Betty assented going on to another tree.

"Ah! Here is little Rue Anemone! I thought we should find her!" she exclaimed, suddenly stooping to a plant very similar to the other but bearing its blossoms in clusters. "Look closely, and you will notice a difference between the leaves of these sister flowers," Aunt Betty

observed, as the children stooped to examine them. "Those of the Wind Flowers are divided into many delicate leaflets, somewhat pointed; while Rue Anemone's leaves are blunter and more rounded."

"I've found the other sister! I've found the other sister! I know I have!" cried Polly who had thrown herself down at the foot of another tree and was pawing among the dry leaves.

All rushed over to examine Polly's find; but it was Aunt Betty alone who could name it.

"Ah, yes! This is little Star Flower, sure enough!" she said. "Notice how pointed the petals are; like the points of a star. The leaves, also, are thin and pointed, without any leaflets.

"I have called these flowers the 'Three Sisters' because they are so similar in appearance. But this little Star Flower really belongs to the Primrose family, while the other two are Crowfoots," Aunt Betty explained.

"We might call the Star Flower an adopted sister," suggested Alice.

"Yes: and there is still another blossom that is often found growing near the Star Flower, and which very closely resembles it; the only difference being in the shape of the petals, which are round, instead of star-shaped;—the wild strawberry blossom,—another adopted sister, perhaps Alice would call it," Aunt Betty said with a merry nod.

After they had rambled throught the woods for an hour, they found so many of the delicate white blossoms peeping up from among their protecting foliage that Aunt Betty suggested carrying several of them home to study them more closely.

Alice proposed that they should press a sprig of each on their flower book, to help them remember the difference in their shapes.

Toodles astonished them all by the assertion that he wouldn't have to do all that to help him remember them; and then he ran off to find one of each, all by himself, he insisted. When he came back with them grasped tightly in his chubby hand, and described each flower just as Aunt Betty had done, she called him her champion botanist.

The children had enjoyed their introduction to the "Three Sisters" so much, Aunt Betty promised to introduce them to some more of her flower friends as the season advanced.

"It is as good as a game, Aunt Betty," Polly declared.

"Yes; for it is a game from which you learn something new every time you play it," was Aunt Betty's laughing answer.

THE RIGHT SIDE.

A little girl was quietly walking with her father one night. At last, looking up at the starry sky, she said: "Father, I have been thinking that if the wrong side of heaven is so beautiful, what will the right side be?"—Jewels.

THE MORNING-GLORY REFORMATION.

By L. P. McAroy.

Maggie and Mollie were happy and contented most of the time, though you would have wondered how they could be if you had seen their home, and the way they lived. It was in the coal-mining country; and unless you have been there sometime, you cannot imagine how dirty and grimy everything is. The houses, trees, fences and even the blades of grass, are covered with greasy, black soot, and if you should pick some of the daisies that grow on the hillsides your hands would be as black as if you had picked up a lump of coal.

One March day they had taken their father's dinner down to him and were climbing up the hill with the empty bucket. They stopped to look in at the window of the little store, as they passed. Their ragged skirts flapped in the cold March wind, and they both had to keep hopping from one foot to the other, for the stones were dreadfully cold to their bare toes that peeped through the holes in their ragged shoes. But the window was more interesting than usual to-day, for in it stood the most surprising thing—a box of flower seeds in their gay, pictured packages.

"What are those things?" asked Mollie.

"F-l-o-w-e-r s-e-e-d-s," spelled Maggie slowly. "To make gardens."

"I wish we could buy some," said Mollie wistfully.

"What'd we do with them?" demanded Maggie scornfully. Molly couldn't answer but she still looked longingly at the gaudily pictured pansies and phlox, and at the great purple morning-glory, the gaudiest one of them all.

The storekeeper's wife, standing just inside the door, saw the wistful little face and heard the wistful little voice, and a sudden kindly impulse made her open the door and ask the two ragged little things to come in. Used to being caught in mischief, they both started to run, but stopped, reassured by the pleasant voice, and in the end they accepted the invitation and went in. The wonderful box was turned round so that they could see, but not once did the grimy little fingers offer to touch the dainty envelopes.

"Which is the prettiest?" asked the storekeeper's wife.

"This one!" said two voices at once as two fingers pointed to the morning-glory.

"You may have that if you want it," she said.

"Sure?" whispered Mollie incredulously.

"Sure," said her new friend smiling, and handing her the precious package. They had never learned to say, "Thank you," but their shining eyes said what their lips could not as they ran off with their treasure.

In a near-by shed they sat down to examine their gift. Carefully tearing open the end they peeped in at the little, black seeds. "These

won't make flowers like that picture," cried Mollie, her eyes filling with tears.

"We'll plant them and see," said Maggie. "Come on," and away they ran.

At home they found the other children all out in the yard. "Don't let's tell them," whispered Mollie who was afraid that the boys would take away the seeds.

Maggie was wiser and said: "Yes, let's tell them. Then we'll let them help plant them and they won't pull them up when they grow."

Never did one common little packet of flower seeds excite greater interest than did that one in that group of ragged children. Some one sometime had had a flower bed under one of the windows, and the earth there was still soft and easy to dig. With sticks and rusty spoons the children dug a row of little holes in this soft earth and in them they put the seeds and carefully covered them up.

The next day as they passed the store their new friend stood in the doorway, and Mollie found courage to say bashfully, "We planted the seeds."

"Did you?" said the lady smiling. "That's nice."

After that they often stopped to talk a minute as they passed, and one day she asked, "Do you ever go to Sunday School?"

Both little girls shook their heads and Maggie said, "We ain't got no clothes fit to go in."

"If you'll come to my house tomorrow afternoon and bring the other children, I'll see that you get some clothes fit to go in," said the lady.

She was afraid they wouldn't come, but they did, rags, dirt and all. A number of her friends had sent in a generous supply of clean whole garments that their own children had outgrown, and soon each ragged little visitor was the proud possessor of a complete suit of neat clothes for Sunday. Maggie and Mollie promised to see that they were all neatly washed and had their hair combed, and then away they all marched with their bundles.

Sabbath school was a wonderful place to them that first day. It was nearing Easter, and the children were learning Easter songs and talking of the marvelous awakening that is taking place at that happy time, and it was all very new and strange to the ears that were hearing it that day for the first time.

Day by day the spring sun shone, warm rains fell, and by and by the morning-glory seeds sprouted and began pushing their green heads up through the earth to the children's great delight. The boys picked up all the sticks and stones that were near the flower bed, and the girls washed the window above it. Then, of course, the room had to be made tidy, for when people looked at the vines climbing over the clean window, it would spoil it all if they saw inside such a dreadfully dirty room.

So it went on until even the father and mother began trying to make the home better and happier. And it all began with a tiny packet of morning-glory seeds.

A CHANGE OF MIND.

BY MINNA STANWOOD.

"Jane," spoke Aunt Allegra Marble, from the sitting-room door, "have you tidied up your room yet?"

Jane was curled up in a corner of the deep sofa, weaving into a wonderful diamond and sapphire necklace the beads that Uncle Luman Marble had brought her from the big city Saturday night.

"I don't see why that room has to be tidied the first thing every morning," Jane replied pettishly. "I was going to do it in just a minute. I'm tired to death of being tidy."

Aunt Allegra stood for a minute, then she said gravely, "When your room is tidied, you may come to your uncle's study."

Jane looked up, startled, but Aunt Allegra walked away. Jane rattled her beads into the box and ran upstairs. "I don't care," she sputtered, as she put her Sunday hat into its box and folded her gloves and ribbons and put them into the drawer. "Aunt Allegra's a slave to neatness!"

When Jane entered the study, Uncle Luman rose and placed a chair for her as politely as if she had been the richest parishioner in the land. That was Uncle Luman's way.

"Jane," he said kindly, "how would you like to go and spend the rest of the winter at your cousin Jonas Benedict's?"

Jane smiled delightedly, "Oh," she cried, "I never went visiting in all my life. But," she hesitated, "I don't know any of them."

"They are very easy to become acquainted with," assured Aunt Allegra gravely. "I stayed overnight when I attended Grandmother Benedict's funeral, and I know they are not at all stiff in their manners. They have invited you, and I have written that you will go Wednesday morning. Neither your uncle nor I can go with you, but Meredith is a short journey, and your cousin Henry will meet you at the station."

Jane gave a little hop in her chair. "Oh, my, but I shall feel grown up," she said. "Angie Blair's going to have a party, and so is Fannie Chester, but not any of the girls are going away."

"Very well," said Aunt Allegra. Then she rose, and Uncle Luman rose and held the door open for the ladies. That was Uncle Luman's way.

Wednesday morning, Uncle Luman went to the station with Jane. As the train rushed in, he took her hand and said soberly: "Good-by, dear little niece. I hope you will enjoy yourself." Then he kissed Jane, and helped her up the steps. He even carried her suit case to her seat.

When Jane stepped from the train at Meredith, she felt so small and strange that she wished she had not been so ready to come alone. The next instant, somebody snatched her suit case, and screeched, "Hi there," in her ear. She gave a little scream of fright, and turned to look into the grinning face of a tall, frowzy-headed boy.

"Oh," she gasped, "are you Henry?"

"Sure," nodded the boy. "The girls said I wouldn't know you, but I said I would. Come along to the car."

"Meredith's a large city," observed Jane politely, when they were seated in the trolley car."

"No, it isn't," promptly contradicted Henry. "It's nothing but a box. New York is the city for me."

A big, dirty, noisy city, it seemed to Jane, and she drew a breath of relief when the car began to skim along road-sides studded with trees, and past houses with tiny front yards. They looked like doll houses to Jane, who was used to an old-fashioned country town.

They left the car in front of one of the shabbiest houses. Henry kicked open the one-hinged gate and went stamping up the path with an ear-splitting, "Hi, hi, there!" From out of the house and around the house rushed children, and they fell upon Jane with demonstrations of affection.

"Bring her grip into the house, Henry," commanded the biggest girl.

The second-sized girl took Jane kindly by the arm and helped her over the broken doorstep. The girl had wistful, gray eyes, and her sailor suit was comparatively clean. Jane took to her at once.

"Come into the parlor," invited the biggest girl cheerfully. "Sit down. Oh, all the chairs are full, aren't they? You see, we haven't got around to tidying up yet. Never mind, you can't be very tired after sitting in the car. Now, we're all going to be introduced. My name's Chris. I should think you'd abominate such a prim, old-fashioned name as Jane."

"I do," confessed Jane shyly. "I wish my name had been Virginia."

"Virginia Marble," giggled Henry. "Superior to Vermont granite, hey?"

Jane blushed painfully. She had never thought of that, and started to say so when the second-sized girl turned sharply upon Henry. "You talk too much," she declared.

"While you're here, you shall be Virginia," exclaimed Chris cordially. "And Jinny for short. Now, to proceed, as my teacher says. She's Nettie, he's Bud, she's Lily, he's Lem, she's Fanny. You met Henry. Now, we all know each other. We're free and easy, Jinny. Come and go as we please. Have not regular meal times. Any day we don't feel like combing our hair, we don't comb it. We're all dressed up in your honor today, that's why we look so fine."

Jane surveyed the unkempt crowd doubtfully. "You're very kind," she stammered, smiling, and inclining her head in unconscious imitation of Aunt Allegra's old-time courtesy.

Bud giggled, but Nettie turned on him fiercely. "It's a pity you haven't some manners," she remarked. "I suppose you're hungry, aren't you, Jinny?"

Jane brightened. "I'm afraid so," she admitted. "But don't

let me trouble you," she added hastily, when she saw the look of dismay on Chris's face.

Chris rose to the occasion. "Now, I'll tell you," she confessed gayly. "We haven't a thing in the house just this minute, but we'll have a regular dinner this noon, on your account. Lem, you run down to the store and get some bread, a piece of steak and two lemon pies. Tell them to charge it, and we'll pay when mother comes home. Mother was awfully sorry to be away when you came, Jinny, but she felt one of her attacks coming on, and she hurried right over to Aunt Nell's," Chris explained.

Just then Nettie seized Jane's suit case, and said: "Come upstairs, Jinny. You're to have Grandmother Benedict's room. It's the cleanest."

Standing in the cleanest room, Jane wondered what the other rooms could be like. But all the other doors were discreetly closed.

"I suppose everything's just as clean as this at Aunt Marble's," said Nettie wistfully.

Jane hesitated. She had always been a quick-spoken little thing, and often her words hurt the other girls like a whip. But now she hesitated, looking at her cousin Nettie with a great pity shining in her eyes. "It's very clean and—and dear at Aunt Allegra's," she said. Then she choked, and ran forward and flung her face into Grandmother Benedict's ill-made feather bed.

"O Jinny," begged Nettie, "don't cry. You're homesick, but you'll like it better tomorrow."

Jane heard the babble below, the laughing, singing, quarreling, calling, and she shivered.

"You're cold," exclaimed Nettie. "I was afraid you would be. The furnace fire's out, and Henry won't build it. We're used to it now, because it's been out most of the winter. There, that's better, she smiled, as Jane stood up and wiped her eyes determinedly. "You see," she explained, "we children have to get along the best we can. Father has to be out West because he's in the mining business, but we have to live here on account of mother's heart. She can't stand the climate out there. We miss father terribly"—Nettie stopped. There was a sudden, violent hubbub downstairs. "Oh," she laughed, "they're making believe to ring the dinner bell. Come on down."

But the call to dinner proved to be premature. Just as Chris set the steak on the stove, the fire decided to go out. Then what a time! Amid much laughter and good-natured scolding the fire was rebuilt, and after a while, they all sat down at the kitchen table, because the dining-room table had not been cleared of yesterday's dishes.

Accustomed to abundant, well-served meals, Jane could scarcely crowd down the dry bread and half-cooked steak, and she rose from the table feeling queer and half sick. While the others discussed the pros and cons of washing the soiled dishes, Jane slipped out to the front hall, where she had spied a broom and dustpan, and ran up to her room. She swept and dusted, reassured by the babel of voices down-

stairs and the clatter of crockery. They had decided to wash the dishes, and they would be some time about it, thought Jane. But whether they discovered her or not, of one thing she was certain. She could never, never, sleep even one night in Grandmother Benedict's clean room. She was putting on the finishing touches, when she heard the babel coming nearer, calling her new name. "Jinny, Jinny," was screeched and tooted. Then they flung themselves upon the stairs. Jane struck her hands together, as if she were about to be caught in a very dishonest act. She hurried to the door to meet them, her eyes full of fright and pleading.

"Oh!" Chris looked round, amazed. "She's been cleaning up. It looks exactly as grandmother used to have it, even to the 'Days-in-the-Year' quilt folded at the foot of the bed. Think of cleaning up when they didn't have to!" Chris groaned, then all the rest groaned—all but Nettie.

They played games all the afternoon, and made some very leathery griddlecakes for supper, and Jane tried to enjoy herself. She passed a troubled night, and woke the next morning with a sore throat, red cheeks, and startlingly bright eyes. They all exclaimed on seeing her when she went downstairs.

But Jane was not sorry. She looked round at the seven frowsy heads and smiled. "I think I'm going to have one of my sore throats," she said, swallowing hard. "I'd better go straight home, and not get sick on your hands."

They were very kind and sorry, and hurried to get breakfast of baker's bread and dreadful, barley coffee. Chris and Nettie went with her to the station. They stayed until the last minute, smiling, and waving their hands from the platform. They were very kind-hearted girls, thought Jane, as she sank back in her seat with a little sigh of content, and some time she would ask Aunt Allegra to invite them to Hollis.

The face of the old town was radiant with sunshine. Jane left her suit case at the station and hurried along the wide, main street until she came to the big, yellow house. The front door was unlocked as usual, and Jane ran straight into Uncle Luman's study.

"Why, why," cried Uncle Luman, in alarm, twisting round in his chair, and peering anxiously over his spectacles. "How's this? How's this?"

Jane tried hard to keep back the tears, but she couldn't. Uncle Luman jumped up and went to call Aunt Allegra.

For some reason or other, Aunt Allegra did not look astonished, and she smiled at Uncle Luman, although Jane did not know it. But she did know that Aunt Allegra kissed her very tenderly.

"Take off your things, Jane," said Aunt Allegra kindly. "You may leave them in the sitting-room for this once, and come right out and have dinner."

Jane breathed a great sigh of happiness. "Oh," she said, "I felt awfully sick, but I'm better now. Aunt Allegra," she asked solemnly, "isn't is beautiful to be tidy?"

LITTLE CORNERS.

Georgia Willis, who helped in the kitchen, was rubbing the knives. Somebody had been careless and let one get rusty, but Georgia rubbed with all her might; rubbed and sang softly a little song. "In the world is darkness, so we must shine, you in your little corner, and I in mine."

"What do you rub them knives forever for?" Mary said. Mary was the cook.

"Because they are in my corner," Georgia said brightly. " 'You in your corner. you know, and I in mine.' I'll do the best I can, that's all I can do."

"I wouldn't waste my strength," said Mary. "I know that no one will notice."

"The Lord will," said Georgia, and then she sang again. " 'You in your little corner, and I in mine." '

"This steak is in my corner, I suppose," said Mary to herself. "If that child must do what she can, I s'pose I must. If he knows about knives, it's likely he does about steak," and she broiled it beautifully.

"Mary, the steak was very nicely done today," Miss Emma said.

"That's all along of Georgia," said Mary, with a pleased red face. and then she told about the knives.

Miss Emma was ironing ruffles, she was tired and warm. "Helen will not care whether they are fluted nicely or not," she said; "I'll hurry them over;" but after she heard about the knives she did her best.

"How beautifully my dress is done," Helen said, and Emma, laughing answered, "that is owing to Georgia;" then she told about the knives.

"No," said Helen to her friend who urged "I really cannot go this evening. I am going to mutual-meeting; my corner is there."

"Your corner! what do you mean?" Then Helen told about the knives.

"Well," the friend said, "if you will not go with me, perhaps I will go with you," and they went to the mutual-meeting.

"You helped us ever so much with the singing this evening." That was what their President said to them as they were going home. "I was afraid you wouldn't be there."

"It was owing to our Georgia," said Helen, "she seemed to think she must do what she could, if it were only knives." Then she told her the story.

"I believe I will go in here again," said the President, stopping before a poor little house. "I said yesterday there was no use, but I must do what I can." In the house a sick woman was lying; again and again she had called, but to-night she said, "I have to tell you a little story." Then she told her about Georgia Willis, about her knives, and her little corner, and her "doing what she could," and the sick woman wiped the tears from her eyes and said, "I'll find my corner

too; I'll try to shine for Him." And the sick woman was Georgia's mother.

"I believe I won't go to walk," said Helen, hesitating, "I'll finish that dress of mother's; I suppose I can if I think so."

"Why, child you here sewing?" her mother said; "I thought you had gone to walk?"

"No ma'am; this dress seemed to be in my corner, so I thought I would finish it."

"In your corner?" her mother repeated in surprise, and then Helen told about the knives. The door-bell rang, and the mother went thoughtfully to receive her Bishop. "I suppose I could give more," she said to herself, as she slowly took out the ten dollars she had laid aside for the ward. "If that poor child in the kitchen is trying to do what she can, I wonder if I am? I'll make it twenty-five."

And Georgia's guardian angel said to another angel, "Georgia Willis gave twenty-five dollars to help pay for the new meeting house to-day."

"Twenty-five dollars?" said the other angel. "Why, I thought she was poor?"

"Oh, well, she thinks she is, but her Father in Heaven isn't, you know. She did what she could and He did the rest."

But Georgia knew nothing about all this, and the next morning she brightened her knives and sang cheerily:

In the world is darkness,
So we must shine,
You in your little corner,
And I in mine."

THE CHICKEN-HOUSE CARPENTER.

A CHANGE OF ATMOSPHERE.

By Hilda Richmond.

"Now, John, take your money right down to the bank," admonished Aunt Caroline. "You know the last pay day you put off going, and in two days ten dollars had slipped through your fingers. A boy should have enough backbone about him to resist temptation, but since you haven't, it is well to make sure by putting the money out of reach."

"Yes, indeed," added John's grandmother. "Your cousin Fred had two hundred dollars laid by when he went to college that he had earned himself. I never saw a more industrious, enterprising young man than Fred."

John had heard about his cousins Fred and Robert and Hugh until he was tired of their names, but he was too respectful to grumble outwardly. "I've got to go and settle some little accounts first, Aunt Caroline," he explained, with his hand on the door knob. "I'll leave you five dollars to put in the bank for me."

"Accounts!" said Aunt Caroline, explosively. "John Thomas Frisbie! You haven't gone in debt anywhere, have you?"

"I bought a few candies and some fruit at Brown's one evening, and didn't happen to have any money with me," said John. "And I borrowed a dollar of Ned Griswold that I have to pay back."

"So you only have five dollars out of thirty-five to put in the bank? John, you worry me exceedingly."

But John was whistling down the street, wishing he could live in a boarding house like Ned Griswold, and not be tied to apron strings. He had had one year in college and was now taking a year of practical work in a machine shop, because the instructors advised the work along with the studies. John had lived an easy-going life with an indulgent father for a year or two of his life, had had several years at boys' schools, and was now with his aunt and grandmother for the year before he was to return to college. His mother had died when he was ten, and the life he had led ever since was not such as to train him in orderly habits, so his two relatives plainly announced their intentions of reforming him as soon as he had been with them a few weeks.

"That boy will never amount to anything," sighed Mrs. Frisbie, watching him idle down the street. "I don't see what John could have been thinking of that he didn't send him to us as soon as the home was broken up. He is idle and careless and spends his money recklessly. One would think he would learn wisdom from having to look after himself at school."

"Not when he has a father to send him money every time he asks for it," said Miss Frisbie. "John, junior, isn't to blame at all, but I'm going to reform him or die in the attempt. He must learn to get down to breakfast in time, and brush his clothes, and keep his room in order, and take care of his money, or I shall not be satisfied with my year's

work. We have only had him six weeks, mother, so there is no telling what may be done with the lad."

But alas for Aunt Caroline's plans! In just two weeks Mrs. Frisbie and her daughter were speeding to Colorado with their son and brother in search of a better, purer atmosphere for that gentleman, who had suddenly developed a case of lung trouble from a neglected cold. If Colorado did not prove suitable, they were to go on to New Mexico, and there they would stay till the following spring. It all came about so suddenly that neither lady had time to worry much about John, junior, who had to be sent to Cousin Marcia Prescott, who was a decidedly easy-going person. John was sorry for his father, but he welcomed the relief from the staid household, with its clockwork regulations, and joyfully fell into the less exacting ways of the Prescott home. Mr. Prescott was a traveling salesman who was seldom at home, so his wife kept house after her own peculiar fashion, and the children grew up hit or miss, as Miss Caroline Griswold expressed it.

"Isn't breakfast ready?" asked John, stumbling into the untidy dining room in the gray dawn of the November morning after he had been with Cousin Marcia a week. "Really, Sarah, I think you might make a little effort to have something cooked for me. A fellow can't do anything on cold bread and butter. I've stood it a week without grumbling, but I've got to have something hot."

"If you're in such a hurry you'd better cook it yourself," retorted the slovenly cook from the smoky kitchen. "The missus didn't tell me she was goin' to take boarders when I came. I don't like this havin' breakfast before daylight, anyhow."

John sat down hastily to the cold bread and butter, with visions of the dainty breakfast table at Aunt Caroline's dancing before his eyes. There his aunt and grandmother had called him time and again, warning him that the last whistle would soon blow, and when he did come down they were ready with hot steak, toast, cereal and cream, poached eggs, hot cakes, and other things dear to the heart of a growing boy. Now he had to depend upon a wheezy alarm clock to arouse him, and Sarah to set out bread and butter on the cheerless table if he was at work on time.

"Where is my cap, Cousin Marcia?" asked John one cold evening as he was about to set out to take his soiled clothes to the laundry. At his other home Aunt Caroline always had a neat bundle ready for him every Monday evening, if he failed to pick up his things for the wagon's rounds, but here only the fact that he had but one clean collar left forced him to remember his laundry. "I am sure I put it on the hall rack yesterday."

"I am sure I don't know," said Mrs. Prescott, serenely. "Maybe some of the children have been playing with it. Baby calls it his kitty, and he may have been climbing up to the rack. The little scamp often does it."

After a great deal of scampering about, during which Mrs. Prescott even left her fancywork to feel under the lounge with the yard

stick, John was forced to go out into the storm with his hat instead of the cap. His muffler and gloves were also missing, so he stepped into a clothing store after disposing of his laundry to buy some new articles—a plan he had adopted several years before.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Frisbie," said the clerk, after a whispered conference with the proprietor, 'but you will have to settle your account with the firm before any more goods can be charged to you. Perhaps you have only overlooked it, but we sent you several statements."

"I'll settle next pay day, and then I'll never buy a cent's worth of you again," said John, angrily, for one of the men who worked in the machine shops was listening. "You don't need to worry about your money. I'll have it for you."

That very night he wrote to his father for money, and thought he would pay the anxious merchant before pay day. To his surprise, his aunt answered the letter, saying his father was very poorly and she had not bothered him with the letter. She and Mrs. Frisbie attended to all business matters, for the doctor had advised perfect quiet. She also added some sound advice on the subject of spending recklessly, and admonished him to take care of himself, as his cousins, whom she had helped to bring up, had always been able to live within their salaries and lay by some money besides. A boy of eighteen, with good health and a good place, should be too independent to ask help of his father, she concluded, and her angry nephew threw the letter into the sickly fire that flickered in the rusty stove in his room.

"I've got to find that cap," he said, grimly, "and when I do get it it goes under lock and key. If I had any excuse, I'd move up to Ned's and have peace. I never saw such meddlesome youngsters in my life."

It was eleven o'clock that night when John went to bed, but he had made a partial collection of his garments and locked them into his closet. A great many of the things needed buttons and mending, and all cried loudly for pressing and brushing, but John was satisfied to get them together. The fur cap was much the worse for being used as a plaything, and the muffler had been serving as a wrap for one of the numerous dolls strewn about the floor, but they would do until he could buy new ones.

Before the merchant received his money for the clothes, now looking so forlorn, the candy and fruit dealer threatened to go to John's employers and report him if some money was not forthcoming at once. John was obliged to go humbly to the merchant and tell him he could only pay part of his bill, so as to give the other man ten dollars, and for the first time in his life he began to think his aunt was not far from right when she said the man in debt was a slave. John did not realize how fixed the habit of stopping for some fruit or candy on his way to work after a poor breakfast had become until he saw the long list of items on the slip presented by the fruit dealer.

"I heard somethin' about you today, John," said Claude Prescott, climbing upon his cousin's knee one evening as John tried to read in the sitting room. His own apartment was so untidy and cheerless that

he could not bear to stay in it only to sleep, but there were few places to go after working hours. "I was over to Joe French's and the girls was talkin' about you."

John had long admired Ethel French, so he was all attention, though he did not appear so before Claude. "What did they say, sonny?" he inquired, carelessly.

"Ethel said she'd like to invite you to her party next week, but your clothes always looked dreadful," said the little tattletale. "She said she used to think you were so nice and tidy, but she must have been mistaken."

John sat perfectly silent. All at once he remembered that invitations had been few and far between since the pleasant autumn days when nutting frolics, taffy pullings, and gay little parties had been the order of holidays and evenings. So they had been having just as many festivities in the old neighborhood as usual, only he had been left out.

"Yes, and Maude Overton said you always looked as if you slept in your clothes," went on Claude. "I had a notion to tell her you didn't, but Joe and I were too busy with our game. We don't have much to do with the big girls, anyway. They're awful silly and can't play no games."

Very soon Claude deserted him and he went upstairs to his cold little room. The dresser was strewn with burned matches, soiled collars, paper bags, and pins, while the chairs held clothing and extra bedclothes. Mrs. Prescott boasted that she never had a bit of trouble in keeping help in her house, because she was not one of the poison neat kind, and allowed the maids to manage the work in their own way. Ill-natured persons were apt to smile knowingly behind Mrs. Prescott's back when this statement was repeated, but nothing ever disturbed her serenity.

"So that is what Ethel French says about me!" said John, bitterly. "I suppose she prefers that starchy James Vincent to me. Well, let her, if clothes are anything to her. My clothes suit me and that is all that is necessary."

The next day the river rose with a February freshet and the machine shops were forced to close down on account of the high water. The unexpected holiday was not welcome to John, who was trying to pay his debts, but since he could not work he determined to spend a little time at the public library to help pass a long day and get away from the untidy house.

"I don't know that Ethel was very far wrong," he mused as he put on the wrinkled suit and dingy-looking shoes that were his best. "If I could spare the cash, I'd have a shine and some new collars. Those things help out wonderfully." But with only a little money in his pocket and the prospect of being out of work a few days, he could not see his way clear to spend even that small amount. He polished his shoes a little with a wet rag and trimmed the rough edge off his collar before setting out, but he was far from satisfied with the result.

Instead of going down the main street he kept to the deserted ones and congratulated himself that no one would know him.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Frisbie!" said a familiar voice as a pony cart stopped close to the sidewalk. "I wonder if you would mind asking the man in that little shop to step out here a minute. I promised Joe I would bring his pony down to see about its shoes, and he hasn't any hitching post.'

John looked anything but pleased as he saw Ethel French in the pony cart, but he could not refuse and hurried into the shop. "He'll be out in a few minutes," he said, hurriedly, and went down the street, glad to get away.

"John is getting as grumpy as he is shabby," said Miss French aloud, as she watched him disappear around the first corner. "I wonder if he is getting in with bad company. Father says any young man ought to save money on a salary of fifty dollars a month, but John looks positively shabby."

Ten minutes later John met James Vincent, who was also having a holiday, and his cup of bitterness was filled to over-flowing. James was wearing a trim suit and a neat overcoat, while his shoes were polished to the last degree. He smiled pleasantly at John, but that young gentleman muttered a "Good morning," and passed on with a face like a thunder cloud.

"Want a job?" asked a man a few blocks down the street. "I've got to get my potatoes and stuff out of this cellar. If the water banks up much more I'll lose several hundred dollars. I'll pay you three dollars a day, beginning this minute," he added, as he saw John hesitate. "Pitch right in, can't you?"

"I'd have to go home and change my clothes," said John.

"Nonsense! Carrying up potatoes won't hurt that suit. I'll give you a pair of overalls to work in. It will be an awful big help to me, young man. You don't want to see me lost my stuff, and it looks like rain every minute."

So John worked like a beaver all that day and the next, rejoicing over the money that enabled him to pay the last cent of his indebtedness. He was even able to rejoice over his freedom, as he passed the French home with the receipts in his pocket, though the young people were hurrying out of the snowstorm into the lighted parlor and he had not been invited. He was determined to keep out of debt and take care of himself in spite of everything, and the resolution comforted him greatly.

"Why, John," cried three voices together, as Mr. Frisbie and his mother and sister were greeted at the station by John after their winter's absence in the west, "how well you look!"

"Do I?" asked John, quietly, but his voice betrayed his pride. He was standing there in his well-fitting, well-brushed clothes, looking very unlike the young fellow they had left in the fall. "You are all looking well, too. I am very glad, father, to see you so well and strong."

'It was the change in atmosphere that was the making of me," said Mr. Frisbie. "Aren't you working today, John?"

"No, we are having a holiday because of an accident to the machinery, so I could come to meet you. I will help you home with your things, and after dinner a party of young people will go to Riverby for the rest of the day. I hope you won't mind my running away this first day, for Ethel French and I had planned the picnic before I knew you were coming."

"Go, by all means," said his father and aunt, quickly. "We can see you before and after the picnic. John, how very much you have improved!'

A HUMBLE TEACHER.

American boys would doubtless consider it very funny to watch a little Chinese lad when first he is taken to school by his father and presented to the teacher. A writer in *Home Words* gives a graphic description of the performance as follows:

The Chinaman arrives at the school, he and the teacher shake their own hands and bow profoundly; then the latter asks, "What is your honorable name?"

"My mean, insignificant name is Wong," is the answer.

Tea is sent for, and the teacher says, "Please use tea." The father sips for a quarter of an hour before he says to the teacher, "What is your honorable name?"

"My mean, insignificant name is Pott."

"How many little stems have you sprouted?" (This means "How old are you?")

"I have vainly spent thirty years."

"How many precious little ones have you?"

"I have two little dogs." (These are the teacher's own children.)

"How many children have you in your illustrious institution?"

"I have a hundred little brothers."

Then the Chinaman comes to business.

"Venerable master," he says, "I have brought my little dog here, and worshipfully intrust him to your charge."

The little fellow, who has been standing in the corner of the room, comes forward at this, kneels before the teacher, and knocks his head on the floor. The teacher raises him up and sends him off to school, while arrangements are being made for his sleeping room and so forth.

At last the father rises to take his leave, saying, "I have tormented you exceedingly today," to which the teacher responds, "Oh, no, I have dishonored you."

As he goes toward the door he keeps saying, "I am gone, I am gone;" and etiquette requires the teacher to repeat, as long as he is in hearing, "Go slowly, go slowly."—Selected.

JUST FOR FUN.

TONGUE-TWISTERS.

Following are some sentences which when pronounced rapidly will afford lots of amusement:

Six thick thistle sticks.

Flesh of freshly fried flying fish.

The sea ceaseth, but it sufficeth us.

Big black bear caught a big black bug.

Give Grimes Jim's great gilt gigwhip.

Two toads totally tired tried to trot to Tedbury.

Strict, strong Stephen Stringer snared slickly six sickly silky snakes.

She stood at the door of Mrs. Smith's fish-sauce shop welcoming him in.

Swan swam over the sea. Swim, swan, swim! Swan swam back again. Well, swum, swan!

Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers. Where is the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked.

Susan shineth shoes and socks; socks and shoes shine Susan. She ceaseth shining shoes and socks, for socks and shoes shock Susan.

As two little girls were eating their lunch, one said: "I wonder what part of an animal a chop is. Is it the leg?"

"Of course not," said the other; "it's the jaw-bone. Haven't you ever heard of animals licking their chops?"—Christian Advocate.

GOOD MEMORY (?)

Teacher (in spelling class): "Johnny, spell 'fail.' "

Johnny: "I can't."

Teacher: "You can't spell that simple word? Why not?"

Johnny: " 'Cause you said there was no such word as 'fail.' "—New Yorker.

Katie, the romping six-year-old, came dancing and singing into the parlor. Then, seeing a strange caller, she stopped, abashed. "This is my little daughter," said her mother. "Katie, this is Mrs. Baggs." "How do you do, Mrs. Baggs?" said Katie, anxious to remove any unfavorable impression the visitor might have formed. "I know a little girl at school named Saxe. Is she any relation of yours?"

During Harold's first day at the kindergarten the room became cool, and the teacher sent him to find out if any heat was coming in at the register. "Yes, teacher," said Harold, as he spread his tiny hands to the draft, "there's lot's of heat coming in, but it's all cold."

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

LOWLY BUT INSPIRING.

BY BERTHA G. CHEDELL.

Mine may not be the shining of the sun,
  Lighting the pathway of great worlds afar;
No more the moon's full light when day is done
  Nor yet the golden twinkling of a star.
But if a glow-worm's soft and steady light
  Be only mine to give in sweet content—
A tiny glow-worm's shining in the night—
  To break the gloom for some poor pilgrim sent;
Perchance in ways Time's saintly feet have trod,
  I still may lead some soul to heaven and God.

Mine may not be the beauty of the rose,
  Fragrant and fresh with morning's dewy balm,
Nor orange blossom's pure as falling snows,
  And sweet as ever strain of wedding psalms;
But if in lowliness my whole life through
  A lily of the valley I may be—
A lily of the valley to a few—
  In some spring hour of gladness drawn to me,
I still may hope through God's good will and grace
  To woo some soul to seek and find his face.

I am what God has made me, and I know
  I have a place and time, a work and way,
So with a happy heart I would bestow
  My humble need of blessing while I may.
Content each golden day to find my place,
  Do well my work, and mark my way with love,
To be what God would have me, by His grace
  Serenely climbing to the hills above,
And there as His great blessing, I shall see
  Crowned ones, won to their crowning by my plea.

THE PRIMARY TEACHERS COURSE.

Much interest is manifested in the Six Weeks Course of Study which is in process of arrangement by the General Board. The popular sentiment expressed is that no stake can afford to miss the proffered opportunity, and that the benefit to be derived from the systematic preparation that will be required from each pupil, is inestimable. Every sister who receives the honor of appointment should come prepared to devote her whole time to study, in order that she may intelligently impart and adapt, according to the needs of her particular locality, the instructions received. Special attention will be given by instructors to the needs of the Primary Association, and this fact should be borne in mind when reading over the general headings for each department in the Course. Individual practical demonstration will be required as far as circumstances permit, and every effort put forth to strengthen and develop the Primary teacher. During the season lectures will be given by prominent educators on subjects relating to the work in the class, and visits to the many places of interest in and about Salt Lake City will be under the direction of Counselor Clara W. Beebee. Sister Zina Y. Card, who has been appointed matron, will be pleased to exercise guardianship over all who desire to place themselves under her care. One of the greatest opportunities ever given for the advancement of our work is now before us, and it is hoped that as many as possible from each stake will take advantage of it.

Six subjects will be taken up: Lesson Development, Stories and Story Telling, Physical Training, Music, Domestic Science, and Handwork.

Among other points that may come up for consideration the following phases of each subject will be treated

Lesson Development, Edith Hunter in charge. The aim of the Primary Association, the lesson how to realize it. The meaning and need of preparation, Introduction of new lesson, The art of questioning, Reading of text and gathering of material, Choosing the aim, subject matter or grouping, value of, etc., Illustration enforcement, Divisions and applications, How to prepare a lesson, The presentation of the lesson, How to conduct the social hour, How to conduct the busy hour, How to conduct the story hour, practical demonstrations on all phases of lesson giving.

Stories and Story Telling, Frances K. Thomasson in charge. Purpose of the Story in our Primary Association, The Story: What is it? Stories True and False, The Moral Story, The Fairy Tale—good and bad, Pioneer Stories—Hero Tales, Children Story Writers, How to Tell Stories, How to Read Stories, Dramatizing Stories, The Fable and the Parable, Bible Stories, Book of Mormon Stories, Biography, Animal Stories, Nursery Stories and Story Books.

Physical Training, Anna Nebeker in charge. General Gymnastics (leaders personal benefit), Swedish, German, American, Jigs, Games. Lectures—Anthropometry, Hygiene, Sanitation, First Aid to the Injured. Play—nature, function, and administration of, methods of teaching, administration and methods; Camp Management, demonstration, character of, how to plan. Dancing—folk and social. Games. Laboratory work, Observation, Group tasks.

Music, Emma Ramsey Morris in charge. Necessity of an aim in our songs and music. How to raise the standard of music in the Primary Association. Correlating the music with the lesson work. How to study the words with their spiritual meaning. How to teach the melody, the words. How to practice part singing. How to express the spirit of the song. Value of motion songs and rest exercises. The March; its application to the Primary work; how to select and play them; value of patriotic songs, preliminary music, the unskilled chorister, practical demonstration of marches, march songs, general assembly singing, preliminary music, folk songs, motion songs, etc.

Domestic Science, Margaret Hull in charge. Value of Domestic Science; food classes and their uses; food value, composition, cooling, souring of, etc. Sanitation, study of cereals and ways of cooking; study of cocoa, flours and baking powders; study of vegetables; combination of different foods, bread, cakes; study of meat and fish; salads; ethics of health; care of the sick in the home, etc. Aim: To give such work and in such a way that teachers may see how to apply it to the lessons in Domestic Science in the Primary Association.

Handwork, Laura Foster in charge. Paper-folding; cardboard work; carpentry in boxes and simple wood-forms; string and spool work; weaving; sewing; crocheting; raffia and reeds; and basketry.

Word should be sent at once to the General Board of Primary Associations, stating the number to be sent from each stake, as not all stakes have been heard from; also, information as to whether rooms, room and board, or light housekeeping rooms, are desired.

Class work will begin April 7, 1913, continuing for six weeks. Pupils may register April 4th and 5th, in the General Board office rooms.

REPORT FROM RECORD CARDS.

Presidents' Secretaries, Workers:

Would you like to know the names of some of the hard-working stakes of Zion? Below is a list, compiled February 6, 1913, of the number of Quarterly Stake Record Cards received in this office for the year 1912, the year of their introduction. At considerable expense on the part of the General Board, these cards have been sent out, hoping by their use that we might be kept in touch with the efforts being made by the Local Officers to enroll the name of every child of Primary age in the Church. The response has not been entirely satisfactory. We will continue along the same lines, however, asking for monthly reports from the local organizations, Quarterly reports from the Stakes, and

doing away with the annual reports. We hope for better results for the year 1913.

That the labor has meant diligent application, constant enthusiasm, and loving care, we feel confident, and to all those who have shown by these results a sincere desire to respond to the request from the General Board, we extend our thanks and heartiest commendation.

To show what may be done by earnest endeavor in a stake where wards are far distant, let us instance Sevier Stake: 2,658 visits made to children, all Record Cards in, showing an increased enrollment of 480 from report of last quarter, compared with report of first quarter. Cache leads in the largest number of children visited.

Stakes.	Record Cards.	Children Visited.	Stakes.	Record Cards.	Children Visited.
Alberta	1	171	North Sanpete	4	709
*Alpine	4	1610	North Weber	..	..
Bannock	3	514	Ogden	3	1114
*Bear Lake	4	1040	Oneida	1	119
Bear River	2	83	Panguitch	1	659
Beaver	..	..	Parowan	3	129
Benson	3	502	Pioneer	2	338
Big Horn	1	124	Pocatello	1	52
Bingham	..	..	Rigby	1	..
*Blackfoot	4	1314	Salt Lake	3	45
Box Elder	3	1026	San Juan	1	176
*Cache	4	3487	San Luis	1	..
Cassia	..	..	*Sevier	4	2658
Carbon	1	197	Snowflake	1	2
Davis	2	1174	South Sanpete	3	519
*Deseret	2	492	St. George	2	54
Duchesne	3	654	St. John	..	..
Emery	1	588	St. Joseph	2	184
Ensign	..	..	Star Valley	..	..
Fremont	3	141	Summit	3	105
Granite	3	1117	Taylor	1	45
Hyrum	..	..	Teton	..	..
Jordan	3	581	Tooele	3	635
Juab	2	..	Uintah	3	28
Juarez	..	..	Union	2	59
Kanab	..	..	Utah	4	592
*Liberty	4	..	*Wasatch	4	636
Malad	..	..	Wayne	1	15
Maricopa	..	..	Weber	..	..
Millard	2	690	Woodruff	..	..
*Moapa	1	21	Yellowstone	..	..
Morgan	..	..	Young	1	11
Nebo	3	1028			

*Complete reports. Deseret and Moapa stakes recently organized.

FRANCES K. THOMASSON, General Secretary.

THE STAKE OFFICERS OF THE PRIMARY ASSOCIATION OF THE SEVIER STAKE.

Hortense M. Jones, President; May Gledhill, 1st Counselor; May Jensen, 2nd Counselor; Pearl Christenson, Secretary; Bernetta Chalk, Assistant Secretary; Ethel Christenson, Treasurer; Myrtle Nebeker, Chorister; Neta N. Ogden, Organist; Neils P. Peterson, Soren Christenson, Members of the High Council; Louise Christenson, Assistant Organist; Mary S. Young, Sarah Christenson, Lilly B. Gledhill, Hannah Beutler, Ethel Dastrup, Millie D. Goold, Irene Segmiller, Mary S. Segmiller, Aids.

THE WORDS THAT COME.

By Annie Malin.

When a kindly word comes to you,
  Speak it out nor let it stay,
Some poor heart for comfort yearning
  May catch its music by the way;
Do not blindly seek to hide it
  Nor let it unspoken die—
Every word in kindness uttered
  Will rise to bless you by and by.

If a word of blame comes to you,
  Crush it down, there let it stay,
Some poor heart for comfort yearning
  Might catch its harshness by the way;
Let the good impulse live unbroken,
  Let the bad ones quickly die—
Every cruel word that's spoken
  May rise in judgment by and by.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Subject for the Month: Companionship and Example.

LESSON THIRTEEN.

THE LESSON HOUR.

SUGGESTIONS FOR ALL THE TEACHERS.

We hope by now that every worker is supplied with THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND and the necessary books for the preparation and giving of successful work in the associations. Some reports of the new work have come to us, the most pleasing of which is the increased attendance of the children. As is usual with a new plan, there are some who find it difficult, but we are satisfied that with practice and experience the difficulties will disappear and general satisfaction will result. Again preparation is urged, the officers should get together and plan the work out in all its details, notice where you are successful and where you have trouble, devise new methods to prevent disorder and lack of interest. Put into all your work the spirit of love and joy, to always keep the children interested and happy.

The lessons for this month contain many beautiful suggestions and should produce in teachers and children many resolutions to improve personally, and to be of increased value to others.

FIRST GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text. Character, by Smiles, chapter 3.
Bible: Luke 2:41-51.

Other Materials.
Memory Gem.
Games.
Songs.
Pictures.
Rest Exercises.

Aim.

Association with good and true friends gives inspiration to improve ourselves and ability to help others.

Illustration.

"Boys Worth Having." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 5. page 84

Suggestions for the Teacher. The memory gem or pictures may be used to revive the lessons of last month. Review briefly the points you made, that they may be impressed upon the minds of the children. Let them report very briefly of help they have seen others give to make a happy home. Impress again that all have a share in making the home happy; but who is it who does most? What do we call those who love us and try to make us happy? Who then are our very best friends? Who after our fathers and mothers? By careful questions and suggestions lead the children to tell that they have playmates who are friends. What can we do to make our friends happy? Lead them to the thought in the memory gem. Give the gem and have them feel that *their* example is important. Tell some personal incident of how one child has been a good example to others and let the children do the same. From this point lead the minds of the children to the thought of our greatest example. The children will be able to tell who He is. At the time it best fits in in the development of your lesson, tell the story of "Jesus' First Visit to Jerusalem." Prepare the story as suggested in last year's work and tell it to show how Jesus is our example in being obedient to our parents.

Songs and rest exercises should be used during the period so that the children will not become tired. These should relate as closely as possible to the spiritual truth of your lesson.

"Jesus Bids Us Shine." Primary Songs, page 12.

"Skipping Song." Song Stories for the Kindergarten, by Hill, page 15; or, THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 6, page 63, are suggested.

Memory Gem.

We can do more good by being good, than in any other way.—Rowland Hill.

SECOND GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text. Character, by Smiles, chapter 3.
Bible: Matt. 3:13-17; Mark 1:9, 11; Luke 3:21-23.

Other Materials.

Memory Gem.
Poem.
Games.
Songs.
Pictures.

Aim.

Association with good and true friends gives inspiration to improve ourselves and ability to help others.

Illustration.

"Mr. Gilmore's Test." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 5, page 361.

Suggestions for the Teacher. After carefully considering the material suggested you will see that this month's work relates itself very closely to the work done last month, and grows out of it very nicely.

By briefly reviewing the points you made in your last lessons you not only impress them but prepare the way for the new thought which you wish to give.

If you used pictures to introduce your lesson last time they may be used again as a means of reviewing the impressions that you made. Add to this collection pictures of children playing in the park or at school, or any pictures which suggest friendship between children or animals. By questions or suggestions get the children to tell what we call those people with whom we play and associate. How should we treat our friends in the game or other places? How can we best help other children to play fairly and politely? Give the memory gem here which will prepare the minds of the children for the story of the Baptism of Jesus, which will enforce this truth.

Keep in mind the need for carefully planned songs and rest exercises.

Memory Gem.

You can preach a better sermon with your life than with your lips. —Goldsmith.

Poem. "A Roadside Lesson."

I have read, in an Eastern tradition
  That a man, as he walked by the way,
Picked up from the dust of the roadside
  A bit of unsightly clay.

As he held it between his fingers,
  All at once, it is said that he cried,
"Whence hast thou this beautiful fragrance?"
  "I have dwelt with the rose!" it replied.

And I said in my heart,—"Here's a lesson;
  For even the commonest clay,—
If it dwell with the things that are sweetest—
  Shall, in time, become fragrant as they.

"And lives that may now be unsightly,
  By communion with all that is pure,
Shall be touched with a beauty eternal,
  That through all the year shall endure."

—Nellie F. Wells.

THIRD GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text. Character, by Smiles, chapter 3.
Bible: Matt. 14:15-21; Mark 6:35-44; Luke 9:12-17; John 6:5-14.

Other Materials.
Memory Gem.
Poem.
Songs.
Pictures.

Aim.

Association with good and true friends gives inspiration to improve ourselves and ability to help others.

Illustration.

"A Faulty Wheel." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 9, page 474.

Suggestions for the Teacher. Have the memory gem recited and let this form the basis for reviewing the points emphasized in last month's work.

Relate some observation you have made or heard of that was the result of last month's work. How can we carry these things farther and make other places happy besides the home? How can we best tell others how to do what we have found a pleasure. Lead up to the place where you will ask, who was it who showed us in all things how to live? Let the children tell incidents of which they know where Jesus is an example to us. When they have told what they know tell the story of Jesus Feeding the Five Thousand. Let us show how He taught us loving sympathy and kindness.

Memory Gem.

The first great gift we can bestow on others is a good example.—Ma·ell.

Poem. "Brown's Example."

"There," said Brown, with a shake of his head,
"I've painted the house and the barn and the shed!
The fence has been fixed and the lawn's been mowed,
But I do wish the town would fix up the road.
It's a shame, I call it, just plain and flat,
That we have to drive over roads like that!
I'll wait no longer, I'll start to-day
And fix my part of it anyway."

Now Brown was one of those fellows who,
When they start a thing, just "rush it through."
And a week or two after, as Neighbor Jones
Was driving home with his pair of roans,
Brown's road was dry, while his own, next door,
Was mud to the depth of a foot or more.
"By George," said Jones, "I'll let Brown see
That I can build roads as well as he!"

Now Neighbor Smith, who lived below,
Saw Jones repairing his road, and so,
He fixed up his, to be "in the game,"
And Neighbor Robinson did the same.
And soon every householder in town,
Was trying his best to "beat out Brown,"
And now, when the town committee meets
To talk of roads, they talk of "streets."

The moral this tale to the reader brings
Applies to roads and other things,
Reforms, like snowballs, will keep on growing
If somebody only sets them going.

—Farmers' Voice.

FOURTH GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text. Character, by Smiles, chapter 3.
Bible: Daniel and his three friends, Book of Daniel.
Church History: Incident from life of President Brigham Young.

Other Materials.
Questions.
Memory Gem.
Poem.
Reading.
Quotations.

Aim.

Association with good and true friends gives inspiration to improve ourselves and ability to help others.

Illustration.

"Pansy's Lily." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 9, page 575.

Suggestions for the Teacher. Notice how much importance Smiles puts upon the influence of the home. It will be helpful to the children if this thought be emphasized. Use the poem, "Children That Are Wanted," and encourage the children to appreciate the wisdom and

happiness in trying to be good members of their homes. Fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters should be dearest friends as well as nearest relatives. But the world is big and there are many people to meet with whom we must associate, sometimes sharing labor and sometimes in enjoying pleasures. Let the children find out from the questions suggested and those asked by the teacher, some of the conditions in life which bring people into contact with each other and develop the importance of choosing among the many the few we want for intimate friends. The teacher will do well to go back in her own experiences and consider how the changes suggested affected her life. In the talks be sympathetic, let the boys and girls understand and feel your friendship and the value of the association of boys and girls and teachers in the Primary. Tell some incident from the life of President Brigham Young which illustrates the influence he had as a leader and a pioneer, and how the people who enjoy the results of his labor, especially irrigation, should remember him with honor.

Review briefly the story of Daniel and his three friends and the good results of having worthy friends.

Questions.

What great change comes into a child's life when he is six years old?

About how many new people does he meet in the first school year?

In what other places does a child come in contact with numbers of children as well as grown-ups?

When does one first begin to choose a chum or special friend?

Why do you like to have a friend?

Can you tell just why you choose some boy or girl for a companion?

If you should think about it carefully what kind of a companion should you choose?

What is the meaning of the memory gem?

Memory Gem.

The only way to have a friend is to be one.—Emerson.

Readings. It is only by thinking about great and good things that we come to love them, and it is only by loving them, that we come to long for them, and it is only by longing for them that we are impelled to seek after them, and it is only by seeking after them that they become ours and we enter into vital experience of their beauty and blessedness.—Henry Van Dyke.

Discuss this reading and try to find out what Henry Van Dyke meant us to understand by this statement.

There is an idea abroad among most people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good, myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

What does Robert Louis Stevenson mean?

Poem. "The Way of the World."

It's a simple and childish old world,
And good, when its weakness you learn
It likes to be liked, more than anything else,
And it's willing to like in return.
We've called it hard names for so long,
And told of its faults without end,
That it's just a bit crusty and hardened on top,
But it's glad to be friends to a friend.

And, come to take stock of the world,
You've really no cause to stand off;
You're just like the rest of it—full of the faults
At which it's so easy to scoff.
And you'll find, when you're lonesome at times,
As along on life's journey you wend,
If you'll warm your own heart and be good to the world,
It's glad to be friends with a friend.—Selected.

Quotations. Psalms 18:25-26; Proverbs 13:20; John 8:12.

FIFTH GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text. Character, by Smiles, chapter 3.
The Bible: David and Jonathan.
Church History. Incident from life of the Prophet Joseph.

Other Materials.
Questions.
Memory Gem.
Poem.
Readings.
Quotations.

Aim.

Association with good and true friends gives inspiration to improve oneself and ability to help others.

Illustration.

The Great Stone Face, by Hawthorne. An adaptation of this story can be found in THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol, 6, October number.

Suggestions for the Teacher. There is considerable material given for this lesson if well prepared and will leave in the minds of the class some good suggestions about the value of choosing the right kind of friends. Mr. Smiles says some beautiful things in the chapter to be studied for this month and a careful study of it will give the teacher many inspirational thoughts which may be used to make this lesson a

very profitable one. Choose some incident from the life of the Prophet Joseph Smith, which illustrates the thought in the gem.

Questions. How much of your time is spent at home?

How much in school?

What do you do with yourselves during vacation?

How many times a week do you meet in some kind of religious organization?

All these places we have talked about, are opportunities for the choosing of friends. Have you ever thought that it is a good plan to think about your acquaintances and be very careful how you choose one?

What are some characteristics of a good friend?

Reading. To win and hold a friend we are compelled to keep ourselves at his ideal point, and in turn our love makes on him the same appeal. Each insists on his right in the other to an ideal. All around the circle of our best beloved it is this idealizing that gives to love its beauty and its pain and its mighty leverage on character.—W. C. Gennett.

Memory Gem.

Blessed is the influence of one true, loving human soul on another. —George Eliot.

HAPPY SOCIAL RELATIONS.

Reading. What a sight of unpleasantness springs out of our associations. One boy never has a fight; another can never go from his home to school without at least one. What is the difference? It is a difference of boys. One girl—and she may come from the humblest home on the street—has plenty of girl friends, and her neighbor, with lots of money and clothes, may be lonely. What is the difference? It is a difference of girls. These have heard the apostle's words, "Be at peace," and they have found that truer words were seldom written than "He that would have friends must show himself friendly." And this must be a spirit of friendly help to the weak. A boy is not only to help himself, he is to help the boy who is poorer, slower, duller. He is to carry out into his life the team-work idea of his athletic team, where the strong man who carries the ball is guarded by the still stronger defense of the whole team. One boy made his deed immortal by helping a poor woman over a crowded crossing. No one knows his name, but what is better, everyone knows his deed, and his example has been followed by hundreds of lads, to their lasting honor.

Reading. Romeo and Juliet, Damon and Pythias—these names that are always associated with those of David and Jonathan when we come to make up the list of ever beautiful friendships over which the true and faithful of all time have loved to linger. This sweet and enduring friendship of these two young men, the one the king's son and

the other a shepherd lad is like an oasis in the desert of Samuel's history; in fact, it is one of the brightest gems in all the Bible. It makes us, as we read it, believe in love and truth when Saul's treachery and wickedness might lead us to doubt everyone.

Warm friendships were by no means uncommon among the young men of ancient times, many striking instances occurring among the Greeks. A historian remarks: "The heroic companions celebrated by Homer and others seem to have but one heart and soul, with scarcely a wish or object apart, and only to live, as they were always ready to die, for one another. The idea of a Greek hero seems not to have been thought complete without such a brother in arms by his side." But there is one factor in the love of David and Jonathan that has no parallel in the classics: it is the affection between two men who are rivals. It is Jonathan that shines most in the narrative. He had most to lose and the least to gain. He knew that David was ordained of God to succeed to his father's throne, yet he loved him; he knew that to befriend David was to offend his father, yet he did it; he knew that David must advance and he must decrease, yet no atom of jealousy disturbed his serenity. Noble youth, you deserve to be enrolled with earth's choicest spirits!

No one can see the situation of these two and ask how Jonathan was able to so conduct himself without finding the reply in his firm and unwavering belief that what God did was not only right but best. And that this best for him as well as David. Now, a man that can hold that belief in the face of his vanishing fortunes is as great as John the Baptist to whom Jesus gave rare tribute when he said he was as great a man as had been born, and we must say of Jonathan that he was a true soul animated and guided by the high and worthy Spirit of God. His act was not human, it was divine. And how beautiful is this fruit of the Spirit of God! A friendship like this assumes a holy character and it exists as a part of one's religion; so Jonathan could not only be submissive to the will of God, he could also strengthen the faltering faith of his friend and help David to be true. He "strengthened his own hand in God," and he braced David for all the nerve-shattering trials of those days. Find, then, a friend, and when you have found one keep the friendship on such a holy and sacred basis that each shall supplement and confirm the other's faith.

Poem, "Things that Never Die"

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
  That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse of wordless prayer,
  The dreams of love and truth;
The longing after something lost,
  The spirit's yearning cry,
The striving after better hopes—
  These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
  A brother in his need,
A kindly word in grief's dark hour,
  That proves a friend, indeed;
The plea for mercy softly breathed,
  When justice threatens nigh;
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
  These things shall never die.

—East and West.

Quotations. Matthew 5:44-48; John 15:12; I Peter 11:21.

LESSON FOURTEEN.

THE BUSY HOUR.

MAKING A GARDEN.

"Flowers are God's thoughts of beauty, taking form to gladden mortal gaze; bright gems of earth, in which, perchance, we see what Eden was—what Paradise may be!"

Suggestions for the Teacher. What better opportunity could be had to emphasize the value of example and environment than to draw the attention of the children to the charm and beauty of trees and flowers. With your assistance they may learn how others by their labor and industry planted and watered. Now with the blessing of the Lord we are partakers of many comforts and beauties. The children should be encouraged to make such efforts as they can to help to make their surroundings more beautiful. The season of the year is also in our favor, for now is the time to dig and rake and plant for future pleasures.

The usual opening exercises must be observed, no matter which of the plans are adopted.

If the weather is suitable, we suggest that the grounds around the meeting-house be utilized for the development of this hour's work. The grounds may be raked and rubbish burned, and all made clean and tidy. Shade trees may be planted where they will be of service. Lilac, rose or other bushes planted for the sake of their beauty and fragrance. It will be absolutely necessary to get permission from the Bishopric for this plan and if possible their co-operation. Perhaps they will be willing to help in providing a tree or bushes and the necessary tools to do the work well, and perhaps a man or two to supervise. If there are any good reasons why the children should not help to beautify the grounds around the meeting house, it may be possible to help some old people or widows or others who will be willing to have a group of the children to be their friends and have a spring clean-up in their garden. Another suggestion would be to take the classes for a spring walk, to observe the buds on the trees, the coming of other manifestations of

spring, the flowers and birds, etc. Help them to acknowledge God's goodness and to recognize the results of others labor.

If this outdoor work be impossible the following is suggested for the grades:

FIRST AND SECOND GRADES.

Song. "The Little Plant." Poulsson's Finger Plays.

Pictures of gardens and flowers. Talk about them, how to get and take care of them. If desired, boxes may be made of strong cardboard, use patterns given last month, sides must be pasted up firmly instead of laced. Have some soil and flower seeds ready. Let the children plant them. Explain how and why they must be cared for and that when the plants have grown large enough they must be transplanted outdoors. Suggest that older children or parents help in the transplanting.

THIRD GRADE.

Procure from the stores enough empty boxes for the class, shoe boxes are usually good for the purpose needed. Have a quantity of good soil ready, outdoors, if necessary in some sheltered place. Have some flower seeds, the larger seeds such as nasturtiums will be the easiest to handle. When the boxes are distributed provide pencils and let the children write the date and their own names on the box. Fill with the soil and plant the seeds. Have a talk about the best way to care for their boxes, how often the seeds should be watered, keeping them in the sunshine, etc. Perhaps it would be a good plan to suggest setting the cardboard box inside a wooden box as soon as possible. When the plants are large enough they will need to be transplanted outdoors. Tell the children that you will remember the date and are going to watch who will bring you the first blossoms from the seeds planted during this lesson.

FOURTH AND FIFTH GRADES.

If it is possible let the boys and girls in these grades make boxes of wood suitable for a window or a basket of reeds or raffia or both. Or use good cardboard, plant seeds and use suggestions as given for the Third Grade.

LESSON FIFTEEN.

THE STORY HOUR.

Suggestions for the Teacher. The subject for this month, companionship and example, means a great deal in anyone's life, but is of particular importance to the young. The ability to choose one's environment and company is a great gift and one which may be developed. Many unconsciously form friendships and never consider that such

friends have anything to do with the making of character. It is the opportunity of the Primary teacher to arouse this thought, (the value of good friends and environment), in the minds of the children and help them to the power of making a choice between the good and that which is not good. The majority of good stories teach the value of good examples and if the ones named in this lesson are not available it will not be difficult to substitute. In all the reading or telling of stories time should be taken to discuss them and to emphasize the ethical thought for the month. Do not lose sight of the golden opportunity which is given to you to be the means, with the assistance of the Holy Spirit, of helping the boys and girls to higher ideals and greater possibilities.

Stories will be suggested more than once, because a good story usually illustrates more than one good principle, and then, too, as a number are suggested it still leaves opportunities for the teacher to make her own choice.

FIRST GRADE.

Songs, games and rest exercises.

Stories. Picture books or Baby Finger Plays; or, The Old Doll, in this issue.

SECOND GRADE.

Songs, games, rest exercises.

Stories. The Big Brother, How to Tell Stories, page 141; or,
One of the Something To Do Series; or,
Queer Comrades; or,
An Unexpected Peacemaker, in this issue.

THIRD GRADE.

Stories. The Porcelain Stove, The Story Hour, page 83; or,
Among the Giants; or,
The Little Boy Who Tried to Help; or,
Helpful Friends, in this issue.

FOURTH GRADE.

Stories. Great Americans for Little Americans; or,
Little Arthur's Prayer, from Tom Brown's Schooldays, pages 211-216; or,
Incidents from the Faith Promoting Series; or,
Where They Met the Three Sisters; or,
The Grandmother Mascot; or,
Little Corners, in this issue.

FIFTH GRADE.

Stories. Under the Lilacs, by Louise M. Alcott; or,
Boys Who Became Famous; or,
Girls Who Became Famous; or,
Incidents from the Faith Promoting Series; or,
The Thumb Witness; or,
A Change of Mind, in this issue.

LESSON SIXTEEN.

THE SOCIAL HOUR.

Suggestions for the Teachers. Do not forget the value in this work of teaching the children to respect and honor the place where they gather. Everything should be in order for the children and the children should do their share in leaving everything in the same condition. This is part of your opportunity to demonstrate the value of good friends and examples. You must be as careful to teach this by your actions as by your words . This helps us to say again, be well prepared, for the way in which this hour is conducted may be as good a lesson on the subject of the month as could possibly be given. If the weather is suitable, take the classes out-doors to play the games

Preliminary Music.

Prayer.

Singing.

Story. The Morning-Glory Reformation, in this issue.

Singing Game. "The Queer Old Man." Swedish Song Plays.

Song Play. "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush." Old and New Singing Games, or Games for the Playground, page 290.

Singing Game. "The Farmer in the Dell." Old and New Singing Games or Games for the Playground, page 265.

Games. "I Say Stoop." Games for the Playground, page 113.

"Jacob and Rachel." Games for the Playground, page 15.

"Three Deep." Games for the Playground, page 196.

Memory Gems.

Folk Dance. "The Hungarian Dance."

Song.

Benediction.

DON'T BEGIN.

Once there was a little fly who saw a spider's web in the corner of a room. "I will keep away from it," he thought; "for if I should get one foot in it I might get two, and soon I would be caught altogether." Wasn't that a wise little fly?

In the same room was a little girl who had broken a vase. Something whispered in her ear, "Hide the pieces, and don't tell mother."

"No, no!" said she. "If I should deceive mother once, I might again, and soon I should be telling stories. I just won't begin."

Wasn't she a wise little girl?—Selected.

"He Held the Mirror up Before Peggy's Eyes."

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

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LITTLE PRINCESS WISLA.

By Sophie Swett.

CHAPTER IV.—PEGGY'S NEW NAME.

Peggy opened her eyes and looked with wonder at the queer dark faces of old Winne-Lackee and the Indian doctor that were bending anxiously over her.

She had opened her eyes several times before, in the two days and two nights that she had lain on the deerskin bed, but not before had there been any wonder in them but only a dull, dreamy look, like one who walks in her sleep.

"Where am I?" said Peggy, faintly, but with no sign of fear. "I feel just as if—as if I were somebody else!"

The old Indian doctor stood up very straight and drew a long, long breath. He was as straight as one of the pine trees in the woods.

"Your little granddaughter will live!" he said to Winne-Lackee, in the Indian language. Dr. Sockabesin could speak English as well as any white man, but when he was very glad or very sorry about anything he spoke the Indian togue that was natural to him.

Old Winne-Lackee stood up tall and straight, too, and her withered old face looked as if it were made of very hard wood and all its wrinkles had been cut into it with a sharp, sharp knife.

"Let no one ever dare to say, now, that she is not my granddaughter!" she said fiercely, and she spoke Indian, too, although she was very proud of having learned to speak the white man's language better than any woman of her tribe. Then the old Squaw and the Indian doctor looked into each other's eyes and Winne-Lackee understood that he had promised to help her keep the little white girl for her own.

They had both watched over Peggy with scarcely an hour for rest. And the Indian doctor's skill might have been envied by many a white physician.

Winne-Lackee felt that Peggy would have drowned in the river if she had not rescued her, and Dr. Sockabesin was sure that she would have died if it had not been for his skill. So they both felt that Winne-Lackee had a right to keep her, if she wanted her, for her own.

"Little Pale Face is dead!" said the old Squaw, still in the queer Indian language. "This is Winne-Lackee's own granddaughter."

It was just at that very minute, as the old Squaw hesitated, the question of what she should call her coming suddenly to her mind, that Peggy tried to raise her head from the pillow and a feeble little smile flickered over her face. It was a bird's song that had brought it—the very song that one often heard across the orchard slopes at home in Pollywhoppet. The Squaw's face had an answering smile that softened all its harsh lines.

"Winne-Lackee's granddaughter, little Medwisla! That shall be her name!" she said.

It was the meadow-lark whose song had poured into the strange room where little Peggy Piper lay and "medwisla" is the Indian name of the bird.

A little sharp pucker came between Peggy's brows even while she smiled. She looked around the room and at the strange dark faces, not as if she were afraid, but as if she were very much puzzled. Then she looked out of the window at the queer unfamiliar houses. A glimpse of the blue river smoothed out the pucker a little bit. A river seemed natural.

"I think something very queer has happened," she said in a feeble little voice. "I came here from somewhere, but I can't remember where. You—you look like some one that I remember, but I can't think of her name!"

There was an old squaw, called Molly Molasses, who went around selling baskets in Pollywhoppet. There was a sudden scowling of Winne-Lackee's black brows and then she looked at Dr. Sockabesin and laughed.

Winne-Lackee did not like to have anyone think she looked like Molly Molasses, who chose to live in a wigwam in the woods when she might have lived in her son's house. Winne-Lackee knew that probably it was Molly Molasses the little white girl thought she looked like.

She was startled, too, to see that Peggy remembered at all, even if so vaguely. But Dr. Sockabesin smiled at her fears.

"It is all like a dream to her," he said in Indian, "and it will fade like a dream! If she ever remembers her life before she came here it will be when she is an Indian princess and you have made her so happy that she will care nothing about the past!"

The old doctor took a hand mirror from a toilet table—a toilet table draped with silk and lace but with—what do you think for ornaments? A hunting knife, a fox's brush, and a pair of well-worn moccasins!

He held the mirror up before Peggy's eyes.

They were startled eyes now. There was something like fear in them.

The dark-skinned little girl who looked back at Peggy from the mirror was a stranger to her. She seemed to have her eyes and to be in some mysterious way herself and yet she could not remember that she had ever seen her before.

The pokeberry ink, with which the old fur-trading Indian had signed his name, had stained Peggy deeply, while Dr. Sockabesin had taken an hour's sleep.

Winne-Lackee had not been sure that he would approve of it. She had feared that he might at least say that she must wait until the child was well. When an Indian doctor had been to college one could not say what he might think! Winne-Lackee liked new-fashioned white people's ways, herself, sometimes, but not when they made things appear wrong that she wished to do!

But Dr. Sockabesin had said nothing against the pokeberry stain. Even in the white men's medical colleges they knew that pokeberry juice was harmless.

Only it was so hard to come off that even without the queer stuff that the Indian had added to it to make it ink, a little white girl stained with it was likely to look like an Indian to the last day of her life!

Peggy tried to raise her head to get a better view of the strange little girl in the mirror but it was too painful an effort. She looked at her arm, from which the sleeve of the gay silk slumber-robe—a great deal too large for her—had slipped back and which was stained, as deeply as her face, with the pokeberry ink.

"I must be like—like this old woman and—the one who comes to sell baskets—somewhere," she thought in a puzzled way. Names poor Peggy could not remember at all.

Old Winne-Lackee slipped her arm gently, caressingly, about the little figure.

"Medwisla—little granddaughter!" she said, "Be soon well! Queer bad dreams all go away! Be happy little Indian girl!"

Indian! That was the word Peggy had tried to remember. It was an Indian woman who came to sell backets in that strange, far away place that she used to know, or else had dreamed of.

"Am I your granddaughter? Am I really a little Indian girl?" Peggy asked in a trembling voice. "Then I must have been dreaming for a long, long time that I was somebody else!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BOB'S IDEAS.

That lad will never get along," said an employer of experience the other day, "because he hates to obey. I never give him an order without feeling his resistance to it, though he may say nothing. He will never find work that suits him, or that he is happy in, because every good worker has to obey, willingly and cheerfully, either his employer or the laws of his work, or the terms of his contract; he cannot get away from obedience. Poor Bob is off the track, and never will make a record." Bob, of course, thinks differently. He considers himself independent and manly. But Bob is only fourteen, and his employer has had fifty years of experience. Which is the more likely to be right?

THE BEST KIND OF A JOKE.

BY JOHN E. QUINN.

As a rule, almost without exception, the custom of playing practical jokes may be set down as one that is anything but creditable to those who engage in it. Too often practical jokes are perpetrated for the sole purpose of emphasizing or magnifying the weaknesses, the eccentricities, or the foibles of the innocent victims; and thus the so-called jokes have in them a sting "sharper than a serpent's tooth." Humiliation, too, although it may not be intended by the joker, frequently follows what is perhaps designed as a harmless prank. The practical joker seldom or never stops to count the cost, and therein lies the harm. To sum it up briefly, the practical joke is no joke at all, but rather the contrary.

This little bit of moralizing will serve as the introduction for the best kind of an "April-fool joke," played in the village of Fairfield, a suburb of one of the larger cities of the South.

Imagine, if you please, at a corner of the main street of the village a group of six boys, upon whose faces mischief was written as legibly as the name upon the grocer's sign over the way.

"Hey, fellows, are you ready?" The speaker was Wesley Andrews.

"Yep," was the reply of the boys in chorus.

"Got the card all right, Dave?"

"Sure," answered Dave Rogers, the boy addressed.

"Then it's time we were getting up steam."

So off the boys put, trailing down the street on a dogtrot. They had gone but a block or two when they encountered another boy of about their own age and size, Sam Pennington.

"What's the rush—say, what's up?" asked Sam, halting the boys by the simple but never-failing method of putting himself in their way.

"Huh! I reckon he's forgot this is the first of April, or else not, eh, fellows?" In response to this brilliant sally from Dave Rogers the six lads laughed derisively at Sam. The latter, boylike, colored up a bit at the facetious gibe.

"Suppose it is the first of April, what of it?" he demanded.

"Why, just this," replied Wesley Andrews, stepping forward and assuming leadership; "as it's April-fool day we're out for a good time, and mean to have it, too. We're going to play just the best kind of an April-fool joke you ever heard tell of. Now, then, are you with us?"

Mischief loves company, the old adage should read.

"Am I with you? Well, I guess," was Sam's ready answer. "Did you ever know me to duck when there was any fun on hand? Of course I'm with you, clear through to the finish. That's me, every time."

"Good for Sam Pennington," was the universal sentiment.

Once more the boys, with Sam in their midst, took up the line of

march. Out near the end of town their leader herded them into a side street, where the houses were scattered and where there was a general air of desertion. At the last house in the street, a neat two-story cottage, the boys halted and crowded into the front yard, first wrenching the gate from its fastenings and tossing it into a ditch by the roadside that served for a gutter. There's nothing like exercise to develop the muscle!

"Why, say, this is the Widow Simonson's," said Sam, as if a great truth had suddenly dawned upon him. He was thinking of that gate in the ditch by the roadside.

"Yep; we know it," chorused two or three. "And here's where we stop, all the same."

"But wait a minute!" Sam faced the group, and the boys saw that he was very much in earnest. "Let me get the hang of this thing. What are you fellows up to? What's the joke?"

"Tell him, Wes," urged a lad named Smiley, who had a clean record for attendance at Sunday School.

"Why, it's the best joke you ever heard of, Sam, as I've told you. We've arranged to have old man Reavey send a ton of coal out here at three o'clock this afternoon. Mrs. Simonson's gone in town to the hospital today to see her son Bennie. Bennie, you know, got his leg broke stopping that runaway horse last Tuesday. Well, when Reavey's man comes out here with the coal he'll find nobody at home, and so, of course, what'll he do but dump the coal on the sidewalk and drive off. Then when Mrs. Simonson comes home tonight there'll be the coal in front of the house, and in the top of the pile on a board we're going to put this sign."

From the hands of Dave Rogers (who was meditating an attack on the front porch and upsetting it, merely to build up more muscle) Wesley Andrews took a strip of cardboard. When he had turned this cardboard over and right side up, Sam read the rather plaintive query:

"DID YOU EVER GET LEFT?"

"Say, Sam," continued Wesley, who was almost convulsed with laughter, "isn't it just about the best thing you ever knew of in the way of a joke—a joke that works two ways? Ha, ha! It's an April-fool on old man Reavey, who'll send the coal all the way out here and then have to cart it all the way back again, and an April-fool on Mrs. Simonson, who'll think the coal is hers till she reads that sign."

"Humph! And that's your idea of a good joke, is it?" Plain to see, Sam was thoroughly disgusted.

"Why, yes," returned the leader. "Anything wrong with it?"

"How do you know the coal will be delivered?" asked Sam, ignoring the other's question.

"Because we ordered it to be here at three o'clock."

"Who ordered it?" Sam looked from one to the other of the boys, but they seemed to be noncommittal. Finally Smiley spoke up:

"To tell the truth, Sam, I did; I wrote the order."

"But do you think Mr. Reavey's going to pay any attention to an order with your name on it?"

"No; I was sharp enough to understand that, all right," said Smiley, greatly pleased with his own smartness. "I put Mrs. Simonson's name to the order." Whereupon several of the boys laughed and chuckled in a silly manner, as though expressing their belief that Smiley was two or three kinds of a hero.

"What have you got to say now, Sam?" asked Wesley.

"What have I got to say? Only this: I don't think you fellows ever knew me to pass by anything like real fun when it was to be had in this dull old town, and I'm not setting myself up for a model now. but I certainly draw the line on fun at the expense of a poor widow woman with her only son in the hospital. And you, Smiley, do you know what you've done? You've gone and ordered coal in another person's name. For one person to use another person's name on a paper of any kind is forgery, and—"

"Yes, but this is only fun," interrupted Smiley, with a sickly laugh. Smiley had a cracked tooth, an upper front one, and through that tooth he could spit further than any boy in school, an accomplishment that gave Smiley a high standing among the boys of Fairfield. Sam Pennington was not jealous of Smiley, but that sickly laugh irritated him.

"You may think it's only fun Smiley, but I'm out of it and I want nothing to do with a job that may cost pretty dear in the end. My father says forgery is a penitentiary offense, and, being a lawyer, he ought to know."

At this point Smiley's face took on a hue which if not exactly pale green was pretty close to it. Still the boy did not wish to display any sign of weakening before his companions.

"O, well, if there's going to be any trouble about it, why, I reckon it's too late now to back out, for it wants but fifteen minutes to three o'clock, and old Reavey's driver must be well on the way here by this time." It was with an air of bravado Smiley said this, as though he didn't care a rap for the consequences. It was to be noticed, however, his words did not ring true.

Sam started to leave the yard.

"Hold on a minute, Sam," said Wesley Andrews. "I begin to see this thing in a different light. It looks to me as if we were in a mighty tight place, and that's no dream. I never thought of Smiley's forgery. I never even thought of the widow's son in the hospital. All I thought about was having a good time and getting a joke off on somebody just because it is the first of April today. I'm clean stumped, that's what I am; I wish I wasn't. But what are we going to do? And, by jinks, if there don't come Reavey's coal wagon now."

Perhaps a quarter of a mile down the street could be seen the coal wagon slowly progressing in the direction of the Widow Simonson's cottage. Whatever was done had to be done in a hurry.

"Let me think," said Sam. Then, after a moment's reflection, "I

have it, fellows," he exclaimed; "the very thing. We started out to play the best joke that anybody ever heard of, and now let's carry it through. Why, we've just got to carry it through to save Smiley here." Sam's argument was convincing. He won the other boys at once, and they were ready to fall in with any plan he might suggest. "How much money can we raise together?" he asked.

Wesley Andrews was the first to respond. "I've got eighteen cents in my pocket and forty-five at home."

"That makes sixty-three cents for a starter," returned Sam. "How about the state of your finances, Smiley? You're next on the list."

"I can raise a dollar." The air of bravado previously worn by Smiley had given way to a look of deep concern. He was "all in," as the boys put it.

"Skidoo for mine; twenty-three cents is my limit," volunteered Dave Rogers. "You're welcome to that, if it's of any use to you."

"Every little bit added to what you've got makes just a little bit more," replied Sam, quoting the words of a familiar song.

"Put me down for three quarters. I've just sold some of my fantail pigeons." These words were uttered by the tallest boy in the group, on whose face, beaming good nature, there was barely room for another freckle. His name was Packard, and he was a newcomer in Fairfield, his people having moved but a short time before from the city. "I see what you're driving at, Sam, and every cent I've got is yours."

"What I'm driving at is simply for us boys to buy the coal, pay for it, and put it in the widow's cellar. Then we can stick the sign in the top of the pile and pin the receipted bill on the card. My pop gave me a dollar to buy one of Bruce Foster's Newfoundland pups, but my dollar goes with the joke and the deal for the pup is off. Now let's figure up: Wes gives sixty-three cents and Smiley chucks in a dollar; that's a dollar and sixty-three. Twenty-three cents from Dave and seventy-five from Pack makes it two sixty-one. My pup money brings the total up to three sixty-one, and"—looking around at the other boys, who shook their heads in a helpless way to indicate that they were not on speaking terms with any money just then—"and coal is six fifty a ton! Say, fellows, we're two eighty-nine shy. Now, who's going to dig up that extra money?"

"I am!"

From around the side of the house stepped—who do you think? Old Mr. Reavey, the coal dealer!

At first the boys, doubtful of the old gentleman's intention toward them, imagined personal safety lay only in flight. Smiley, more than a mile from home, thought he heard his mother calling him, and he said it was necessary for him to find out at once what she wanted with him. Dave Rogers cast about for a convenient hole in which to crawl and then pull in after him. Several others suddenly discovered they had urgent business in another part of town, and they would have slunk away, but the coal dealer barred their path.

"It's all right, boys; no harm done," he said, reassuringly and with

a pleasant smile. "I was once a boy myself. It's not so long ago that I've forgotten all about it, and the scrapes I used to get into about every other day. One or two of you fetch that gate out of the ditch first, and hang it where the carpenter who made it intended it to go. Smiley, son, you're so handy at opening accounts in other people's names, just try your hand at opening the cellar door there in my name, for here comes the widow's coal. Sam Pennington, here's the receipted bill. Never mind the extra money, nor any money at all. I would like you to name your new dog Black Diamond, and on my way down town I'll see if I can't find a collar to fit him. Why, say, boys, I feel as young as any of you this afternoon, and not one among you is going to get more fun out of this joke than old man Reavey—eh? Well, now, what do you say if we carry this little joke a bit further between us? Besides the coal let's make it a barrel of flour and a sack of potatoes, or several sacks, say. Likewise a side or two of pork, and a few other things to be had at the grocer's. What do you say, boys?"

"O, but, Mr. Reavey, really now," protested Sam. "We can't expect you to do all that, you know. We boys are willing to do our share. We intended to pay for the coal, didn't we, fellows?" appealing to the others.

"I know you did, my son. I overheard your conversation about the coal and the order which friend Smiley here wrote. It is not by accident I am out here today, for, you see, it was my horse that Bennie Simonson stopped in running away—and he got a leg broken for doing me a favor. I came out here to see the lad's mother, and noticing you boys in the front yard I concluded the widow was not at home, and that you were up to some mischief, and so I slipped in the back way to learn what was going on. The lattice at the side porch there screened me from view, and—well, between ourselves, now, we'll say nothing of Smiley's forgery, but forever let it remain a secret. Nor will any of us, mind you, say a word about the little donation we are going to make the Widow Simonson, the coal and groceries. For Bennie's sake I owe the widow more, far more, than the price of a ton of coal and a few groceries. I was pleased with your determination to buy the coal, for, while it pointed the way out of the difficulty in which you found yourselves, it meant, I know, a great sacrifice to each one of you. Generally speaking, boys do not have any too much pocket money, and I presume the boys of Fairfield are no exception. I'm glad I came out here today. I'm glad I ran across you boys, and I want to know you better, because I've got to have your help in arranging a welcome home for Bennie Simonson when he leaves the hospital. Of one thing I feel certain. Every boy here will remember this little transaction of today as the best of all April-fool jokes that were ever played in Fairfield. Now turn in and help get that coal in the cellar before the widow returns and catches us on her premises."

"Not until we give three cheers for Mr. Reavey," replied Sam. "Now, then, fellows, are you ready? Let her go!"

And you may be sure the cheers were given with a right good will.

HOW MAY USED HER STRENGTH.

BY GERTRUDE ROBINSON.

It was such a forlorn little garden, that May turned away her head in order not to see it. She always left her garden work until the last, but, the longer she left it, the harder it seemed to do. Until the last year Grandmother Ellis had taken this work for her own, keeping the little patch free from weeds, and putting a bit of love into every thing she did for her precious flowers. But there came a day when grandmother could no longer stoop; when even the bending to gather a fragrant blossom hurt her back. Her daughter, May's mother, offered to undertake the work, but she was the busiest of housewives, and so grandmother said "no." Then it was that May came forward, saying:

"I'll take care of the garden, grandma dear."

But where was the girl who had so much to do as May? There was her practicing immediately after breakfast; then the dusting of the two front rooms; and, by the time that was done, the sun was too high for her to water the garden. "You know the plants will be injured if you water them while the sun pours down upon them," said grandmother gently. So the only time left for the garden was in the evening, just after supper. But oh, how many things were to be done at that quiet time of the day! It was then that the hammock seemed most inviting to swing in; it was then that the shaded driveway made such a delightful walk, with the evening shadows beginning to soften the outline of every tree.

So, between work and pleasure, May's days passed, and the garden received but an occasional bit of notice. Grandmother Ellis used to sit on the porch, looking sadly out on the neglected garden, and sigh when she thought of the days that had gone, when she was able to take care of her flowers herself. The nasturtiums grew smaller for want of being picked; the pretty vases in the parlor stood empty, and May sat by her grandmother's side, and told her of the many things she had done that day.

"Do you know, grandma, I wonder at myself now," she said, "to see how much I like my practicing. I used to sit before the piano and wish I were through, and spend a long time in thinking how hard it was. But now I just go right ahead and practice, and often the half hour seems very short."

Grandmother Ellis nodded. "I know just how it is, deary. You know that 'the same strength with which the mason builds his wall, can be used in tearing it down.' "

May looked puzzled. "I don't see that that is like my practicing," she said.

"It is like it," answered Grandmother Ellis, "because at first you only tore down—when you sat before the piano. The same time you used in tearing down could have been used in building up; the same strength you used in displeasing thoughts of your work, could have

gone toward *doing* that work. But now you see that for yourself, and so build up instead of tearing down.

May nodded, well pleased, and she talked of this building all the way down the path, as she and Grandmother Ellis took a little walk. But what building could she do now? And as she walked silently back to the porch, she received her answer from a breeze. It was a pleasant little breeze, and it carried something very sweet with it; for, as it passed over the garden, it took up a bit of the mignonette's perfume, and oh, how sweet it was! It was so sweet, indeed, that May stooped to pick a fragrant piece for grandmother. But no sooner did she look at the garden than the old, put-off-till-tomorrow feeling came over her. She looked at it a long time, wishing the work were all done.

After all, here was her real work; the long neglected work, but how disagreeable it seemed! But May was a brave little soul, and she truly meant to try to give her time to building, instead of tearing down.

"How kind of you to gather the flowers!" said grandmother, as May stooped to pick more. "I haven't had a posy in my room for two weeks;" and her joy made May feel all the more ashamed and sorry.

It was not so easy for May to shake the sleep from her eyes in the morning, but she did it, and rose one full hour earlier than usual. How she flew about! And what a transformation Grandmother Ellis saw in the little garden when she looked from her window! All the flowers had had a big drink of water, and were standing up bravely in consequence, and a big bunch of weeds in the wheelbarrow showed how busy May had been. "But grandmother's happy face is sweeter than any of the flowers," thought the young gardener, as she looked up and smiled.

THE LITTLE TREE.

BY JANIE D. HOBART.

A small tree down by the river stood
  Sturdy and straight and strong,
Lifting its branches to the sky,
  Happy the whole day long.

The soft rain came and gave it drink;
  The warm sun kissed it, too—
The little tree worked on day by day,
  And taller and taller grew.

Till one bright day it looked over the heads
  Of all the forest trees,
And his beautiful branches green and soft—
  Waved gently in the breeze.

Then the tree was happy and proud indeed,
  And he thanked the rain and the sun—
And the brown earth, too—for helping him grow;
  He thanked them, every one.

FATHER CLASPED HIS HANDS AROUND THE LAMB'S BODY.

MUD'S PECULIARITY.

BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW.

THE TRUE STORY OF A FAMOUS EDITOR'S PET.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

Mud was a lamb. Its companion lamb had no name—there seemed to be nothing distinctive about that little animal calling for a name. It was just "The Lamb and Mud," or "How's your Lamb—and Mud?" when a visiting neighbor would refer to my pets, inquiring as to their welfare.

I dearly loved my two lambs, and no ten-year-old farmer-boy could have more carefully cared for them, or fed them more faithfully from the time when they were given to me by my father one early spring. I recall the very day. Those days stand out distinctly in memory—the day when the Lamb was given to me and the day when I acquired Mud, about three weeks later.

Mud had no name then—but he soon made a name for himself, and fame, too. Mud was much the smaller, but he was the more active of the two lambs. He could take the milk from the pint bottle through the rubber nipple in just two and three-fourths minutes, while the Lamb required four and one-half. That's what Fred, the "hired man," said one day, when I was telling him that the little lamb could beat the big one, in taking a pint of milk. Fred held his watch and timed them.

Now the older one was big-framed, tall, lank, and rather ungainly —a young lamb on sheep's legs. Those legs always seemed to me a

misfit, far too old for him, or perhaps more as if they had been hewed out in the woodshed and driven in, one on each corner of the lamb. But the smaller one was trim, well-built as a lamb ought to be, but in 999 cases out of 1,000 isn't. The little lamb was refined, supple and graceful in every motion. The legs were not all of a size, and the joints seemed made to allow the leg to bend, which wasn't true of the larger lamb. I recall how gracefully the little legs tapered down to the little black hoofs. The ears were thin and delicate, and best of all, the wool was really wool—soft and curly, not hairily goat-like, as was the coat of the larger lamb.

The Lamb would take the milk out of the bottle leisurely, with an occasional bunt, and a wiggle of the tail, and frequent stoppings to let the air go through the rubber nipple and bubble up through the milk as it was drawn out.

But with the smaller lamb it was decidedly different. That lamb "fed all over." Head, neck, tail, body, legs—even the ears were in action. And there was a "let up" on the milk, for bubbles to rush up through, only about twice for the entire bottle. I used to think it was fun to feed the little fellow. His activity would make one laugh, and tempt one strongly at many a feeding-time, to give more than the regular allowance. Oh, what an active, curly, roly-poly little lamb he was!

"See him feed! Isn't he a nice little lamb?" I exclaimed to my father one day, as he was going through the barn.

Father stopped a moment, and clasped his hands around the lamb's body until his fore-fingers and thumbs touched. "Yes,, he's growing—getting to be just as fat as mud!"

I never knew before why mud is so often regarded by country folk as a synonym of fatness, but I understood it from that moment, and the comparison seemed very appropriate. The lamb, like a lump of mud, was soft and pliable, with no sharp corners nor stick-like legs as with the larger lamb. "Fat as mud!" He deserved the name, and "Mud" it was ever afterward.

About three months later, when both lambs had grown quite large—but the larger lamb as ungainly as ever—and Mud was fatter than ever—I had an idea.

It's a wonder that this idea hadn't occurred to me before.

There was my wagon, made that spring, with solid wheels, cut from plank, a firm body, and regular split neap—all solid and strong—built like larger wagons, for business. For the farmer boy (at least, it was so in those days) gets a wagon made, not because he wants to play with it, but because he can draw wood from the wood-pile to the kitchen apples from the orchard to the house—pumpkins from the cornfield to the barn, etc. Hence the wagon is strong and serviceable. You don't break it easily. This was especially fortunate in my case.

Now this was the idea.

There were the lambs, and the wagon, and there was plenty of rope and parts of harness scattered about in the barn. Why not have a lamb-team, and do business, as the men did with Tige and Mage, the oxen?

So I drew the wagon to the barn, and loaded in a liberal supply of short pieces of ropes, heavy strings and straps. The lambs followed me. They little suspected the "fun" in store for them. I didn't foresee it all, myself!

We went around back of the barn, and down into the orchard. I didn't want to be disturbed, or called away just then, by the folks at the house, to do any chores. There was more important business on hand. I laid the rope and straps out on the ground under the apple-tree and fashioned a harness, as only a Yankee boy could do it. The Lamb stood very well, only trying now and then to suck one of my fingers when I fitted the bridle, and getting hold of one of my ears when I reached forward to fasten the traces to the improvised whiffle-tree. All was proceeding admirably with the Lamb; I was having as little trouble as if I had harnessed a wooden saw-horse. But I little dreamed of the pent-up possibilities of Mud.

Mud was peculiar in many ways, I knew; and somehow I felt that if there were to be trouble, it would begin with Mud. But Mud's great peculiarity I was yet to learn.

"Come here, Mud! Mud, I say, come here! HERE, I say! Here, now, nice little lamb—come and have some milk!" I gently persuaded.

All went fairly well till I attempted to fasten a rope around the body as a girth to hold the traces. Then Mud jumped—in fact, he seemed to go crazy all at once. I struggled, I coaxed, I petted, but that lamb would jump up, down, and forward, backward, sideways, diagonally, at least the thirty-two points of the compass.

By this time the Lamb was also getting excited— something I

THEN MUD SEEMED TO GO CRAZY ALL AT ONCE!

THEY DIDN'T EVEN GIVE LIB TIME TO GET OUT OF THE WAY!

didn't suppose was possible. In spite of all my efforts, the team wouldn't "whoa" or "stand still now!" The two lambs broke away from my hold, and went, wagon and all, straight for the house, and I followed on a run.

Around the end of the house and through the front yard they went "a-tearing"—literally, in this case—through the clothes that Lib was hanging on the line, for it was washing day. They didn't even stop for Lib, or give her time to get out of the way. They wanted the path exactly where she stood, and they got it, as she went backward over the clothes-basket. The wagon bounded, the mud flew from the wheels, the Lamb went down, entangled in a sheet that nearly touched the ground, and Mud dragged them all under the wagon, till the wheels brought up a few feet farther on against the gate-post. Then Mud turned a complete somersault, and lay panting on his back in the well-trodden path, wet from a rain the previous night—never so true to his name, all Mud!

Let me pass over this phase of the "discovery." You would have wanted to pass over it, when Grandfather, Aunt Mary, and Lib gathered around.

What Grandfather said when he looked at the harness straps, what Aunt Mary and Lib said when they looked at the clothes (for the line gave way when the sheet was pulled down), what father said when he returned from the village and they told him about it, what I thought and what was done to me—well, I can't bear to tell all that was said and done; it wouldn't look well in print, and, besides, you children would make fun of me, if you knew all!

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

WHEN GODFREY GROWS.

BY LILLA THOMAS ELDER.

I wonder when it is I grow!
  It's in the night, I guess.
My clothes go on so very hard
  Each morning when I dress.

Nurse says they're plenty big enough;
  It's cause I am so slow;
But then she never stops to think
  That children grow and grow.

I wonder when! I can't find out.
  Why, I watch Tommy Pitt
In school for hours and I can't see
  Him grow the smallest bit!

I guess that days we stay the same,
  There's so much else to do
In school and play, so I must grow
  At night, I think—don't you?

THE NEW-FANGLED NOTION.

BY MABEL EARLE.

No, Clara, I can't see that it would be a good plan," Uncle Mac observed, shifting the harness which he was mending. "You've been doing well at the public school in Kirby, and I don't see why you need to go anywhere else, for these new-fangled notions."

"Not even for the manual training?" Clara suggested. "They put in a new department at the Academy last fall, you know, after the new principal came, and they have everything perfectly beautiful. They teach the boys wood-carving and carpentering, and the girls cook and learn to make their own shirt waists."

"That's just it," said Uncle Mac. "You know it isn't that I grudge you the money, child! But I believe in the old-fashioned way of doing things—study your books at district school, and learn your dressmaking and cooking from your mother. Of course, in your case, you'd learn from your Aunt Clara, and she knows more than those folks they have to teach the boys and girls at the Academy. Look at Joe Warner. He had a year in one of those places in the city, where they set out to teach all sorts of things, and he went perfectly wild about telegraphy—doesn't want to hoe potatoes, or go into Harrison's grocery, and spends all his time clicking away with that apparatus he's set up between his father's house and Kirby—as if that sort of thing ever would do him the least good!"

"But it really is vacation time now, Uncle Mac," Clara pleaded, roused to do battle for Joe Warner even more than for her own pet projects. "Joe doesn't have to do other things if he doesn't care to. And Mr. Warner has plenty of help—it isn't as if he needed Joe. I'm sure I think it's better for a boy to be interested in something useful than to be loafing about the street corners in Kirby."

"Well, that's just where we can't agree," said Uncle Mac. "I say it isn't a particle of use. He'd better have stayed home and learned what his father could teach him about farming. And you'd better forget about the Academy, and ask your Aunt Clara to teach you how to make buttonholes. You'll see it'll come out better in the end."

Clara sighed a little, looking down at a somewhat unsuccessful buttonhole on the cuff of her waist. It was perfectly true that she had yet much to learn in the arts which Aunt Clara could teach her; and still she longed to get into those wonderful classes at the Academy, where girls no older than she had made such remarkable things in the course of the year just ended.

"I'm not saying that I'll never send you there, little girl," Uncle Mac concluded, gathering up the harness. "It's just that I don't favor this rushing off into novelties; and Joe Warner has made me more set against them than ever. Now, you go and get me a bite of luncheon put together, while I hitch up, and when I come home with your aunt you can ask her if I'm not right."

Clara gathered up the eggs which she had just collected in the folds of her blue gingham apron, and took her way along the path from the big barn to the house. She was disappointed, but she couldn't be vexed with Uncle Mac. He always meant to be kind—even when he spoke sharply about Joe Warner.

"We shall not be home before five o'clock, I reckon," her uncle said, when he drove up to the door. "I want to go round by the hill road and see Jake Brown about some things while I'm over in that part of the country. But you won't worry, staying here alone. You'll have Shep to take care of you, and he's as good as a policeman."

Clara was not at all afraid to be left alone. The beautiful collie who came up and kissed her hand as Uncle Mac drove out through the gate was a better guard and a more pleasant companion than many human beings, and while the house seemed a trifle lonely, as it always had seemed during the week of Aunt Clara's absence, the girl had no thought of any approaching danger. She brought her work out into the little vine-shaded porch at the side of the house, thoroughly resolved to make the buttonholes in Uncle Mac's new shirt so perfectly that he never would remind her again how much she had to learn before leaving home. Shep lay down in the shade at her feet, dozing, but with a vigilance ready to wake at the slightest sound.

She felt him stir before she herself had realized that anything unusual was at hand; and then, as he bounded to his feet, she saw Joe Warner come galloping down the lane on Kentucky Jim, the fastest horse in his father's stables. Joe was waving his wide-brimmed hat, and shouting something which she could not distinguish. Uncle Mac's new shirt dropped to the porch floor unheeded, as she sprang up and ran out to meet him.

"The reservoir!" Joe called to her as he reached the gate. "The dam has broken at Stoneborough, and the water is coming down in a flood,—wiping out everything along the gulch! This house is bound to go. It may not be more than twenty minutes yet. I hurried over to help you get things out—we can carry them up the bank. You're not alone?"

"There's nobody here but Shep," said Clara, half dazed with surprise and alarm. "Uncle Mac has gone to Pleasanton to bring Aunt Clara home—and, oh, what shall I do? What can I do?"

"Get your uncle's papers together, if you know where he keeps them, and anything your aunt especially cares about," Joe demanded. "I'll run down to the barn and let Daisy and Fan out, and I'll see what I can do with the chickens. Some things will have to go."

Clara sped up the path to the porch again. The boy's cool firmness seemed to have passed into her own quivering nerves, and his words had steadied her to an understanding of the things which were most important to be done in this brief twenty minutes.

Uncle Mac's desk in the sitting room was unlocked—she drew a long breath of relief at that. Snatching the plaid cloth from the table, she spread it upon the floor, and hastily emptied into it the contents of

drawers and pigeonholes. A heap of fine linen from Aunt Clara's chest, treasured since the days of her grandmother, followed the papers, and then, knotting the corners of the table-cloth together, Clara carried it out of the house and hurried up the bank to a ledge some thirty or forty feet higher.

"Stand guard, Shep!" she commanded, not knowing whether the dog would obey. But he crouched beside the unwieldly bundle, even while his pathetic eyes and pleading tail besought her to let him come back with her.

"Good Shep, stand guard!" she called again, slipping down the steep path to the back gate.

There were still Aunt Clara's dishes, and some of her clothing; the best-loved books of the household, and a hundred things which it seemed impossible to leave to destruction. Clara knew that much which was left in the house might escape; but if the house should float away, and be caught in a jam against the railroad bridge five miles further down, it might take fire and burn in the mass of wreckage, as had happened in more than one serious flood. It was cruelly hard to decide what must be taken and what must be left; but Clara worked as quickly as possible, hurriedly gathering the few pieces of silver from their shelves, sweeping up an armful of clothing, and laying out one or two heavier articles for Joe to carry if he should come back in time.

She heard his step on the porch just as she dragged out grandfather's oaken chest from the spare bedchamber.

"O Joe, do you suppose you can manage to get this up the hill?" she cried. "It's locked, and I don't know what is inside, but I'm certain that Uncle Mac wouldn't let it be lost."

It was not a very large chest, solid as it was. Joe grasped it and carried it, staggering slightly under its weight; and Clara followed him, with the articles which she had selected. Just as they reached the ledge, Joe caught her arm and bade her look.

Far up the narrow gulch the flood was coming, sweeping down trees and houses as it moved.

"Well, we're safe anyway," said Joe.

"Oh, my poor tabby!" Clara cried out. "I left her shut into the pantry this afternoon, to catch a mouse that I heard there! I can't leave her to drown!"

"You can't go back," Joe declared. But she was half way down the path, and he could not let her go alone.

The water had reached the clump of willows at the bend of the gulch before Clara could unfasten the pantry door. As the cat sprang out, scurrying up the side of the hill, a great wave washed against the porch.

"Here, we'll have to run for it," said Joe.

The yard was a whirling torrent. One large log which had lain in the grass just within the gate for some time since the tree was felled, offered an uncertain footing. Steaded by Joe's hand, Clara sprang upon it, and thence to safer ground. In all the terror of the moment

she could scarcely take her eyes from the sweeping breadth of water which had seemed so safe and quiet twenty minutes earlier.

"I'm glad I received the word in time, Joe said gravely, when they had reached the ledge. "Now, if you'll pick out which of these things has to be taken care of first, we'll just carry them over to our house. We were so high above you there that father thought there wouldn't be any danger for us."

Even as he spoke, Uncle Mac's house quivered upon its foundations, slid forward and went sailing down the gulch; and at that sight Clara hid her eyes, safe though she was.

A very anxious Uncle Mac found her at the Warner house, when he drove home by the hill road, having heard tales of disaster for the last ten miles of his way.

"How did you get the word in time?" he demanded of Joe, patting Clara's shoulder as she clung to him and sobbed.

"Oh, it was over my wire," Joe answered, flushing slightly. "That fellow I've been practicing with in Kirby—they had the news there, of course, by wire from Stoneborough—called me and told me."

"H'm," said Uncle Mac. "I was just telling this girl today, that your telegraphing wasn't of any use in the world, and she must not ask me to send her to any school where young folks could pick up these new-fangled notions. But when a boy's fad has saved my niece, and most of my hens and stock, and my business papers and the bonds and policies in grandfather's chest—why, I may have to give in that it's of some use, after all. See here, Clara, will you stop crying if I say you can go to the Academy?"

A GROWING ROUND!

IF.

How queer we should have looked
If babies one and all,
Had just kept growing round
Instead of growing tall!

—Eva O. B. Gilbert.

DAVE'S EXPERIMENT.

Miss Lucile Parks had dismissed her little class for the morning, and was putting away their slates and pencils, when a noisy and impatient knock sounded on her door.

"Come in!" she said; and as the door opened admitting her young brother, she asked quickly, "Is anything the matter, Dave?"

"Everything is the matter," said the boy sullenly, throwing himself heavily into a chair. "It's just this, Luce: If father insists upon making a scholar of me, I'll run off and go to work."

"Don't threaten, Dave, whatever you do," was the unexpected reply. "If you want to run away, run, by all means; but don't stand round telling your family what you may do."

Dave was rather taken aback; his bombshell hadn't exploded, and his sister was neither asking questions nor making entreaties.

"I can't study," the boy said, after an awkward silence; "I hate it like poison. I wish I might never see another book. Why should I be made to do what I hate when there are so many other ways of earning a living?"

"Do you really mean what you say, Dave Parks?" his sister asked somewhat severely; "do you really want to go to hard work?"

"I really do," Dave answered earnestly.

There was an honest ring in Dave's voice; his sister seemed struck by it.

"All right, Dave, I'll help you, if you really mean business. I think I can promise you to change by the end of the week."

Dave sprang up and gave her a bear hug, pulling hair and collar very much to one side.

"Remember, Buster, *I* am not the boss of this shanty," she said, "so don't be too sure."

"But I am sure!" he shouted, executing a darky shuffle. "Dad thinks you are the Wise Woman of —what was it? Something beginning with T."

"Tekoa, probably," answered his sister, laughing.

Dave never knew what the Wise Woman of Tekoa had said to his father, but in less than a month he had put away his schoolbooks, and was on the train for Baltimore. Mr. Parks had secured him a place in a large wholesale house.

And now see our schoolboy at work; he has been at it for six months, and his employer is well pleased. At first, the relief from schoolwork pleased him—the newness of everything seemed variety. Presently, as the days of manual labor followed one another in unbroken regularity, the boy began to ask himself if, after all, handling boxes and barrels and packages, loading and unloading drays, taking down orders, and seeing that they were correctly filled, was a more interesting life than preparing for college.

"I chose this life myself," Dave admitted bravely to himself, taking up his day's drudgery. "I had my chance to do something better

than this, and I threw it away. Well, I was foolish; but it's too late now. I must just stick to this and make the best of it!"

The long, hot summer was wearing away; the smell of the docks, the shipyards, and even of the streets in that low part of the city, was almost intolerable to Dave. But he pulled himself out of the blues, and was finding more and more interest in doing his work well, when a letter from his father suddenly made his head swim.

It was at the end of a long, affectionate home letter that the following words came:—

"I don't know whether you know, my son, that I have always consireded this life in the warehouse an experiment for you. If you like it, and want to go on, well and good; you have proved now that you have sufficient industry and pluck to succeed. If, on the other hand you take a different view at that distance of the chances you gave up of mental training, you have only to say so; they are still yours."

They were still his! The school benches, the open books, the teacher's voice, suddenly came between him and the sultry street, darkened by ten-story buildings.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Dave goes to college next year, from the high school, on the Sanborn scholarship. It was won by the same grit and pluck and industry that he developed in his uncongenial life in the warehouse; and now he knows that this price is exacted, no matter where a fellow casts his lot, and that pluck and industry will, perhaps, bring him better returns of the best things of life when put into schoolwork than any other way —at least for the years of boyhood.

REUBEN'S INDUSTRY.

By Kate W. Hamilton.

The spinning wheel in the corner of the room stopped its whirring, and Lois looked over her shoulder at her cousin.

"I am minded to put the work away," she said. "I have done no poor stent as it is."

As I have stitched at this 'kerchief and yawned at the road until I am well weary of both," laughed Peggy. "I thought you would never have done. Let us get out of doors; I am tired of walls."

Lois was not. Left to herself, she would have found something to busy her housewifely soul and hands without stirring far from the wide fire place, with its smouldering logs, which made, for her, a cosy picture. But Peggy was the leading spirit, and was, moreover, a guest, and Peggy had tired of the quiet house, with its master and mistress away for the day. It had been well enough while there was the bustle of the morning work and preparing dinner for Ben and Reuben, but with that out of the way, she began to long for other employment.

"Let us go to the woods and look at those maple trees," she proposed. "Your grandfather said he had two or three tapped yesterday,

misfit, far too old for him, or perhaps more as if they had been hewed out in the woodshed and driven in, one on each corner of the lamb. But the smaller one was trim, well-built as a lamb ought to be, but in 999 cases out of 1,000 isn't. The little lamb was refined, supple and graceful in every motion. The legs were not all of a size, and the joints seemed made to allow the leg to bend, which wasn't true of the larger lamb. I recall how gracefully the little legs tapered down to the little black hoofs. The ears were thin and delicate, and best of all, the wool was really wool—soft and curly, not hairily goat-like, as was the coat of the larger lamb.

The Lamb would take the milk out of the bottle leisurely, with an occasional bunt, and a wiggle of the tail, and frequent stoppings to let the air go through the rubber nipple and bubble up through the milk as it was drawn out.

But with the smaller lamb it was decidedly different. That lamb "fed all over." Head, neck, tail, body, legs—even the ears were in action. And there was a "let up" on the milk, for bubbles to rush up through, only about twice for the entire bottle. I used to think it was fun to feed the little fellow. His activity would make one laugh, and tempt one strongly at many a feeding-time, to give more than the regular allowance. Oh, what an active, curly, roly-poly little lamb he was!

"See him feed! Isn't he a nice little lamb?" I exclaimed to my father one day, as he was going through the barn.

Father stopped a moment, and clasped his hands around the lamb's body until his fore-fingers and thumbs touched. "Yes,, he's growing—getting to be just as fat as mud!"

I never knew before why mud is so often regarded by country folk as a synonym of fatness, but I understood it from that moment, and the comparison seemed very appropriate. The lamb, like a lump of mud, was soft and pliable, with no sharp corners nor stick-like legs as with the larger lamb. "Fat as mud!" He deserved the name, and "Mud" it was ever afterward.

About three months later, when both lambs had grown quite large—but the larger lamb as ungainly as ever—and Mud was fatter than ever—I had an idea.

It's a wonder that this idea hadn't occurred to me before.

There was my wagon, made that spring, with solid wheels, cut from plank, a firm body, and regular split neap—all solid and strong—built like larger wagons, for business. For the farmer boy (at least, it was so in those days) gets a wagon made, not because he wants to play with it, but because he can draw wood from the wood-pile to the kitchen apples from the orchard to the house—pumpkins from the cornfield to the barn, etc. Hence the wagon is strong and serviceable. You don't break it easily. This was especially fortunate in my case.

Now this was the idea.

There were the lambs, and the wagon, and there was plenty of rope and parts of harness scattered about in the barn. Why not have a lamb-team, and do business, as the men did with Tige and Mage, the oxen?

succeeded in placing themselves among the branches of two of the smaller trees near each other, while the bear, following them in his clumsy fashion, occasionally uttered a low growl.

"But how will we ever get down and home?" murmured Lois, when they could feel that they were safe for a moment.

It was a question to which there seemed no answer, for the bear, while not coming very near, circled slowly about the trees and appeared to have no idea of departing. He was very clumsy, even for a bear, Peggy thought, watching him while the long moments passed, and her breath and courage returned. Maybe he had been injured in some way, or something had happened to make him more sluggish than usual. If only she had not left the musket beside her kettle of sap. Suddenly an idea took form in her quick brain, as she watched the awkward enemy. She cleared her dress from detaining twigs, planted her feet firmly on a lower branch, and as the animal reached the farther limit of his beat, she sprang quickly to the ground.

"Oh Peggy," gasped Lois, but her cousin darted like an arrow through the bushes, and catching up her weapon, turned. The sight of it had an instantaneous and very remarkable effect upon the bear.

"Don't shoot. Don't shoot," he cried, in unmistakable human voice.

"Reuben." exclaimed Lois, while Peggy's triumphant, "I thought as much," rang out like an echo.

It was a very crestfallen and foolish-appearing boy that struggled out of the bearskin and confronted two girls who were not inclined to be particularly merciful to his plea that it was "only a joke."

"It will sound like a good one when we tell it," said Lois. "He meant to sell it for stuffing and expected a good price."

"It's not any worse," answered Reuben, doubtfully, his face paling a little. There were several things he had not stopped to think of when he started on his expedition.

"And our grandfather will surely think your leg needed rest this morning when he finds how you used it," pursued Lois.

Reuben winced. He pretended indifference for a minute or two and then he tried to buy silence; but all usual inducements proved valueless. His store of nuts, his little hoard of treasures the girls would have none of; they would accept but one thing—an immediate conversion from shirking, with immunity promised only during good behavior.

It was a hard bargain for leisure-loving Reuben, but he shouldered the musket and the kettle, and began serving his sentence at once, as he led the march homeward. His readiness in bringing wood and water and caring for all the domestic animals that evening, drew approving looks, mingled with something of wonder, from the grandfather and grandmother, and the next morning he was more than willing to shoulder an ax and go with Ben. Anything better than those teasing girls. All the week that followed he took his rightful share of tasks,and any desire to evade vanished at a single glance from one or the other pair of twinkling eyes. On Saturday, the grandfather, returning from a ride

to the village, handed the boy a package—a treasure in those days, when new books were rare.

"I've been watching you this week, son," said the old man, kindly. "I'm well pleased."

"The youngster had surely deserved it," added big brother Ben, heartily.

If a boyish cheek flushed and two girls giggled, nobody noticed.

"I'm thinking the cure will be complete," whispered Peggy, wisely. "The reward unearned will sting more than many a sound rating deserved."

She was right. Reuben looked at his grandfather with a sudden resolution to become worthy of his faith. Then he straightened his boyish shoulders and gave the girls a fearless glance, that intimated they might retire from police duty; thereafter he would take charge of his own training in industry.

JOHNNY AND THE RAIN.

"Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another day,
Little Johnny wants to play!"

But the flowers in their bed
Sadly shook each drooping head
At wee Johnny, as they said;

"Nay, for days we've sighed in vain
For the cool, refreshing rain,
And we want it to remain!"

Then the froggies hopped about
In the pools to bathe and rout,
Fondly splashing in and out!

And a thrush, with might and main,
Sang its praises of the rain
In a happy, joyous strain.

Froggies, birdies, flow'rs and all
Loved to see the rain drops fall,
And in chorus came the call:

"Johnny, Johnny, go away,
Rain, rain, fall all the day,
'Tis the time we love to play!"

—Selected.

didn't suppose was possible. In spite of all my efforts, the team wouldn't "whoa" or "stand still now!" The two lambs broke away from my hold, and went, wagon and all, straight for the house, and I followed on a run.

Around the end of the house and through the front yard they went "a-tearing"—literally, in this case—through the clothes that Lib was hanging on the line, for it was washing day. They didn't even stop for Lib, or give her time to get out of the way. They wanted the path exactly where she stood, and they got it, as she went backward over the clothes-basket. The wagon bounded, the mud flew from the wheels, the Lamb went down, entangled in a sheet that nearly touched the ground, and Mud dragged them all under the wagon, till the wheels brought up a few feet farther on against the gate-post. Then Mud turned a complete somersault, and lay panting on his back in the well-trodden path, wet from a rain the previous night—never so true to his name, all Mud!

Let me pass over this phase of the "discovery." You would have wanted to pass over it, when Grandfather, Aunt Mary, and Lib gathered around.

What Grandfather said when he looked at the harness straps, what Aunt Mary and Lib said when they looked at the clothes (for the line gave way when the sheet was pulled down), what father said when he returned from the village and they told him about it, what I thought and what was done to me—well, I can't bear to tell all that was said and done; it wouldn't look well in print, and, besides, you children would make fun of me, if you knew all!

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

WHEN GODFREY GROWS.

BY LILLA THOMAS ELDER.

I wonder when it is I grow!
  It's in the night, I guess.
My clothes go on so very hard
  Each morning when I dress.

Nurse says they're plenty big enough;
  It's cause I am so slow;
But then she never stops to think
  That children grow and grow.

I wonder when! I can't find out.
  Why, I watch Tommy Pitt
In school for hours and I can't see
  Him grow the smallest bit!

I guess that days we stay the same,
  There's so much else to do
In school and play, so I must grow
  At night, I think—don't you?

THE NEW-FANGLED NOTION.

BY MABEL EARLE.

No, Clara, I can't see that it would be a good plan," Uncle Mac observed, shifting the harness which he was mending. "You've been doing well at the public school in Kirby, and I don't see why you need to go anywhere else, for these new-fangled notions."

"Not even for the manual training?" Clara suggested. "They put in a new department at the Academy last fall, you know, after the new principal came, and they have everything perfectly beautiful. They teach the boys wood-carving and carpentering, and the girls cook and learn to make their own shirt waists."

"That's just it," said Uncle Mac. "You know it isn't that I grudge you the money, child! But I believe in the old-fashioned way of doing things—study your books at district school, and learn your dressmaking and cooking from your mother. Of course, in your case, you'd learn from your Aunt Clara, and she knows more than those folks they have to teach the boys and girls at the Academy. Look at Joe Warner. He had a year in one of those places in the city, where they set out to teach all sorts of things, and he went perfectly wild about telegraphy—doesn't want to hoe potatoes, or go into Harrison's grocery, and spends all his time clicking away with that apparatus he's set up between his father's house and Kirby—as if that sort of thing ever would do him the least good!"

"But it really is vacation time now, Uncle Mac," Clara pleaded, roused to do battle for Joe Warner even more than for her own pet projects. "Joe doesn't have to do other things if he doesn't care to. And Mr. Warner has plenty of help—it isn't as if he needed Joe. I'm sure I think it's better for a boy to be interested in something useful than to be loafing about the street corners in Kirby."

"Well, that's just where we can't agree," said Uncle Mac. "I say it isn't a particle of use. He'd better have stayed home and learned what his father could teach him about farming. And you'd better forget about the Academy, and ask your Aunt Clara to teach you how to make buttonholes. You'll see it'll come out better in the end."

Clara sighed a little, looking down at a somewhat unsuccessful buttonhole on the cuff of her waist. It was perfectly true that she had yet much to learn in the arts which Aunt Clara could teach her; and still she longed to get into those wonderful classes at the Academy, where girls no older than she had made such remarkable things in the course of the year just ended.

"I'm not saying that I'll never send you there, little girl," Uncle Mac concluded, gathering up the harness. "It's just that I don't favor this rushing off into novelties; and Joe Warner has made me more set against them than ever. Now, you go and get me a bite of luncheon put together, while I hitch up, and when I come home with your aunt you can ask her if I'm not right."

Clara gathered up the eggs which she had just collected in the folds of her blue gingham apron, and took her way along the path from the big barn to the house. She was disappointed, but she couldn't be vexed with Uncle Mac. He always meant to be kind—even when he spoke sharply about Joe Warner.

"We shall not be home before five o'clock, I reckon," her uncle said, when he drove up to the door. "I want to go round by the hill road and see Jake Brown about some things while I'm over in that part of the country. But you won't worry, staying here alone. You'll have Shep to take care of you, and he's as good as a policeman."

Clara was not at all afraid to be left alone. The beautiful collie who came up and kissed her hand as Uncle Mac drove out through the gate was a better guard and a more pleasant companion than many human beings, and while the house seemed a trifle lonely, as it always had seemed during the week of Aunt Clara's absence, the girl had no thought of any approaching danger. She brought her work out into the little vine-shaded porch at the side of the house, thoroughly resolved to make the buttonholes in Uncle Mac's new shirt so perfectly that he never would remind her again how much she had to learn before leaving home. Shep lay down in the shade at her feet, dozing, but with a vigilance ready to wake at the slightest sound.

She felt him stir before she herself had realized that anything unusual was at hand; and then, as he bounded to his feet, she saw Joe Warner come galloping down the lane on Kentucky Jim, the fastest horse in his father's stables. Joe was waving his wide-brimmed hat, and shouting something which she could not distinguish. Uncle Mac's new shirt dropped to the porch floor unheeded, as she sprang up and ran out to meet him.

"The reservoir!" Joe called to her as he reached the gate. "The dam has broken at Stoneborough, and the water is coming down in a flood,—wiping out everything along the gulch! This house is bound to go. It may not be more than twenty minutes yet. I hurried over to help you get things out—we can carry them up the bank. You're not alone?"

"There's nobody here but Shep," said Clara, half dazed with surprise and alarm. "Uncle Mac has gone to Pleasanton to bring Aunt Clara home—and, oh, what shall I do? What can I do?"

"Get your uncle's papers together, if you know where he keeps them, and anything your aunt especially cares about," Joe demanded. "I'll run down to the barn and let Daisy and Fan out, and I'll see what I can do with the chickens. Some things will have to go."

Clara sped up the path to the porch again. The boy's cool firmness seemed to have passed into her own quivering nerves, and his words had steadied her to an understanding of the things which were most important to be done in this brief twenty minutes.

Uncle Mac's desk in the sitting room was unlocked—she drew a long breath of relief at that. Snatching the plaid cloth from the table, she spread it upon the floor, and hastily emptied into it the contents of

drawers and pigeonholes. A heap of fine linen from Aunt Clara's chest, treasured since the days of her grandmother, followed the papers, and then, knotting the corners of the table-cloth together, Clara carried it out of the house and hurried up the bank to a ledge some thirty or forty feet higher.

"Stand guard, Shep!" she commanded, not knowing whether the dog would obey. But he crouched beside the unwieldly bundle, even while his pathetic eyes and pleading tail besought her to let him come back with her.

"Good Shep, stand guard!" she called again, slipping down the steep path to the back gate.

There were still Aunt Clara's dishes, and some of her clothing; the best-loved books of the household, and a hundred things which it seemed impossible to leave to destruction. Clara knew that much which was left in the house might escape; but if the house should float away, and be caught in a jam against the railroad bridge five miles further down, it might take fire and burn in the mass of wreckage, as had happened in more than one serious flood. It was cruelly hard to decide what must be taken and what must be left; but Clara worked as quickly as possible, hurriedly gathering the few pieces of silver from their shelves, sweeping up an armful of clothing, and laying out one or two heavier articles for Joe to carry if he should come back in time.

She heard his step on the porch just as she dragged out grandfather's oaken chest from the spare bedchamber.

"O Joe, do you suppose you can manage to get this up the hill?" she cried. "It's locked, and I don't know what is inside, but I'm certain that Uncle Mac wouldn't let it be lost."

It was not a very large chest, solid as it was. Joe grasped it and carried it, staggering slightly under its weight; and Clara followed him, with the articles which she had selected. Just as they reached the ledge, Joe caught her arm and bade her look.

Far up the narrow gulch the flood was coming, sweeping down trees and houses as it moved.

"Well, we're safe anyway," said Joe.

"Oh, my poor tabby!" Clara cried out. "I left her shut into the pantry this afternoon, to catch a mouse that I heard there! I can't leave her to drown!"

"You can't go back," Joe declared. But she was half way down the path, and he could not let her go alone.

The water had reached the clump of willows at the bend of the gulch before Clara could unfasten the pantry door. As the cat sprang out, scurrying up the side of the hill, a great wave washed against the porch.

"Here, we'll have to run for it," said Joe.

The yard was a whirling torrent. One large log which had lain in the grass just within the gate for some time since the tree was felled, offered an uncertain footing. Steaded by Joe's hand, Clara sprang upon it, and thence to safer ground. In all the terror of the moment

she could scarcely take her eyes from the sweeping breadth of water which had seemed so safe and quiet twenty minutes earlier.

"I'm glad I received the word in time, Joe said gravely, when they had reached the ledge. "Now, if you'll pick out which of these things has to be taken care of first, we'll just carry them over to our house. We were so high above you there that father thought there wouldn't be any danger for us."

Even as he spoke, Uncle Mac's house quivered upon its foundations, slid forward and went sailing down the gulch; and at that sight Clara hid her eyes, safe though she was.

A very anxious Uncle Mac found her at the Warner house, when he drove home by the hill road, having heard tales of disaster for the last ten miles of his way.

"How did you get the word in time?" he demanded of Joe, patting Clara's shoulder as she clung to him and sobbed.

"Oh, it was over my wire," Joe answered, flushing slightly. "That fellow I've been practicing with in Kirby—they had the news there, of course, by wire from Stoneborough—called me and told me."

"H'm," said Uncle Mac. "I was just telling this girl today, that your telegraphing wasn't of any use in the world, and she must not ask me to send her to any school where young folks could pick up these new-fangled notions. But when a boy's fad has saved my niece, and most of my hens and stock, and my business papers and the bonds and policies in grandfather's chest—why, I may have to give in that it's of some use, after all. See here, Clara, will you stop crying if I say you can go to the Academy?"

A GROWING ROUND!

IF.

How queer we should have looked
If babies one and all,
Had just kept growing round
Instead of growing tall!

—Eva O. B. Gilbert.

in vain for it on the floor, he happened to get hold of one of the smallest pears which he had turned, and had given to the children to play with. "I cannot find the button," said the man, "but this little thing will answer."

He pulled a small cord through the little pear, and it filled the place of the broken button beautifully; it was exactly right, and formed the best of fasteners. The next time that he had to send umbrella handles and rings to the city, he added to the number a few of the small wooden pears which he had turned.

They were fastened to a few new umbrellas which were sent abroad with a thousand others. The little pear was soon found to hold best, and the umbrella merchant gave orders, that all umbrellas to be sent to him after that should be fastened with the little wooden pear.

Large orders were to be supplied; thousands of pears to be made; wooden pears on all umbrellas, and our man was kept busy at work. He turned and turned; the whole pear-tree was used for little wooden pears, which brought dimes that grew into dollars.

"In that pear-tree my luck was placed," said the man; and soon after he had a great workshop, with plenty of women and boys to help him. Now he was all the time in good humor; for Luck and Labor were walking hand in hand.—Selected.

A LITTLE SEAMSTRESS.

"I'VE 'bout decided," Ruthie said,
"A dressmaker to be—
I'll sew some now, and, if you like,
My stitches you can see!"

Agnes M. Choate.

TRY FIRST.

"I shall never amount to anything, and I do not see what I am in the world for."

John Lawson yawned even while he spoke these hopeless words. He was speaking to his aunt who was running the sewing machine, and had hardly understood a word he said. He repeated his complainings with a little more force and added, "Nothing I undertake will ever amount to anything.

His aunt heard him then, and without looking around, said, "Try first, and draw your conclusions afterward. Undertake something and undertake it soon. You have no reason to say what you are saying since you have made little or no effort. I notice that people who try the least, complain the most of ill-luck."

"You never sympathize with a feller."

"Don't call yourself a 'feller.' You surely can be more careful of your language, but this comes from the same lack of painstaking which is blighting your prospects. To be plain with you, John, you are inclined to indolence."

"I guess I'll go out and find some one to talk to who has more regard for my feelings."

"No; don't go out, John. You do that too much. You seem always to try to get away from yourself. Face this matter. Let us talk it over without glossing over unpleasant facts. Until you are willing to see yourself in the true light there will be no amendment of your faults."

"Where shall we begin, Aunt Mary?"

"Begin at the beginning. You played truant when you were a little schoolboy, because it was easier, and more agreeable to your feelings to saunter about in the sunshine, than to bend over your lessons in the schoolroom; and ever since you have been looking for the easiest way to do a thing, and the easiest thing to do."

"It is a wonder you admit that I want to do anything."

"Do you, John?" asked his aunt, as she turned again to her sewing.

John sat considering her question. "Do I really want to do anything." He repeated this over and over in his mind. He was eighteen years old, and he had never tried to help his aunt, nor had he in any way contributed toward his own support. This stubborn fact faced him, and he began to think it small wonder that his aunt did not sympathize with him. He watched her quick movements, and could not forget that though weary she did not slacken her efforts. He needed a new suit of clothes, and she would have to work harder than ever to buy them.

He sat listening to the sewing machine as it still rattled on. It was nearly worn out, a fact which fretted both John and his aunt, for they knew that it stood for their bread and clothing.

"I guess I'll go out. I am going this time for a different purpose,"

said John, seeing his aunt stop her work long enough to wipe a suspicious moisture from her eyes. He had refused work that day because it was hard, but he began to see that someone was doing hard work that he might be kept comfortable, and he started up quickly, lest his courage should fail him to go, and see if the place was still open.

It was, and he returned soon with not a little added self-respect.

"How early can we have breakfast tomorrow morning, Aunt Mary? I am going to work for Weeks & Lyons. They told me today that I ought to be putting my muscle to some use, and I am beginning to think so, too."

Aunt Mary was going to say, "I thought so for a long time," but said instead, "I am very glad, John."

And very glad she was, but rejoiced with trembling. Would her nephew stick to any work? and this was hard work.

"Aunt Mary, see that I am up in time," said John, as he went to bed early.

Long after he slept his aunt worked on, and thought of other days. Days when she had taken her little nephew into her lonely home thinking, possibly, to partially fill up the yawning gap caused by the early death of her husband. Her affections had twined about the boy, but he had not shown a just appreciation of her love and care. Was the time approaching when he would show the same unselfish love? when she might lean, if ever so little, on him?

Unconsciously the color came to her faded cheeks, hope revived, and she began to indulge the expectation of days to come when she could rest, and depend on him who had been only a care.

The morning came too soon for her aching head, but she arose to prepare the breakfast. John came down stairs without being called, whistling as he came. He was passing by his aunt when she laid a hand on him and said, "John, you are going to succeed. I feel sure of it."

A smile lighted up his face as he listened to her hopeful words. He kissed her for the first time in a whole year, and said, "Thank you, Aunt Mary, your faith in me will help me to succeed."

He appeared taller, handsomer and kinder than ever before, and she whispered what was intended for God's ear only, "Thou hast not been unmindful of my prayers."

John heard the soft-spoken words and said sadly, "I am sorry that I have disappointed you so long."

"And I am sorry that I did not repose confidence in you sooner, since that is likely to help you."

"How could you, aunt, when I had done nothing to win it?"

The days of that first week seemed long to John Lawson, but when they were ended, and he carried home ten dollars, he was a happy boy. Aunt Mary had not felt so rich in years. Not because she had not, herself, earned ten dollars in a week, for she often did, but because there was now a new source of income.

When Christmas came John brought home a new sewing machine

and said, "There, Aunt Mary, if you must sew, sew on something that runs easier and makes less noise."

"John, you are a great comfort to me," she said.

"Am I?" he asked, in a pleased tone, "then this is the proudest and the happiest day of my life. Perhaps I shall be worth something in the world after all."

NOT NAUGHTY, ONLY FOOLISH.

Here is a fable that I wish you to read, to see if you know what it means:

"My dear child," said the Angel-who-attends-to-things, "why are you crying so very hard?"

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" said the child. "No one ever had such a dreadful time before, I do believe, and it all comes of trying to be good. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I wish I was bad; then I should not have all this trouble!"

"Yes, you would," said the Angel; "a great deal worse. Now, tell me, my child, what is the matter."

"Look!" said the child, "mother gave me this skein to wind, and I promised to do it. But father sent me on an errand, and it was almost school time, and I was studying my lesson and going on the errand and winding the skein, all at the same time; and now I have got all tangled up in the wool, and I cannot walk either forward or backward, and, oh, dear me, whatever shall I do?"

"Sit down!" said the Angel.

"But it is school time!" said the child.

"Sit down!" said the Angel.

"But—father sent me on an errand," said the child.

"Sit down!" said the Angel, and he took the child by the shoulders and set her down.

"Now, sit still!" he said, and began patiently to wind up the skein. It was woefully tangled and knotted about the child's hands and feet—it was a wonder she could move at all; but at last it was all clear, and the Angel handed her the ball.

"I thank you so very much!" said the child. "I was not naughty, was I?"

"Not naughty, only foolish; but that does just as much harm sometimes."

"But I was doing right things!" said the child.

"But you were doing them in the wrong way," said the Angel. "It is good to do an errand, and it is good likewise to go to school, but when you have a skein to wind you must sit still."—The Silver Crown.

AN INTERESTING CALLER.

THE BABY'S PAGE.

O babies see this queer, queer thing! Will it hurt us? Can it sting? See, it moves, but moves so slow, we could run and hide you know. Baby leaders, Sue and Liz, can you tell us what it is? Has it come across the plain, with the April wind and rain? Mama, see this thing so queer! April counts four in the year. Dear Father in Heaven, with all Thou hast made, let none of Thy babies be hurt or afraid.

—Lula Greene Richards

JUST FOR FUN.

HE HAD BEEN THERE.

"I guess my father must have been a pretty bad boy," said one youngster.

"Why?" inquired the other.

"Because he knows exactly what questions to ask when he wants to know what I have been doing."—Our Young Folks.

Little Mary, having fallen in the mud, got her mother to write the following note: "Dear Teacher: Kindly excuse Mary for having been absent yesterday, as she fell in the mud on the way to school. By doing the same you will oblige her mother."—Lippincott's.

Tommy went fishing the other day without his mother's permission. The next morning one of his chums met him and asked: "Did you catch anything yesterday, Tommy?" "Not till I got home," was the rather sad response.

Little Fred was visiting his grandmother in the country and was watching the turkeys. "Look, grandmother," he said; "the old gobbler has had his fan up for half an hour and his face is as red as if he were not a bit cooler."—The Canadian Epworth Era.

Peculiar Qualifications: "In choosing his men," said the Sabbath School superintendent, "Gideon did not select those who laid aside their arms and threw themselves down to drink; he took those who watched with one eye and drank with the other."—Exchange.

A man named Wood met a friend whose name was Stone. "Good morning, Mr. Stone," he said; "and how are Mrs. Stone and all the little pebbles?" "Oh, quite well, Mr. Wood," was the reply. "How are Mrs. Wood and all the little splinters?"

The closing exercises began with the displaying of a portrait of George Washington. "Who is this?" the teacher asked.

The children sat mute and unresponsive, till finally one little fellow piped up.

"I know who it is," he shouted. "We got that picture at home. Mamma told me who it is." He swelled with pride. "It's our father from the country," he said.

Four-year-old Barbara went to church with her two sisters, and came home crying. "What is the matter, dear?" inquired her mother. "He preached a whole s-sermon—about—M-Mary and Martha," sobbed Barbara, "and n-never said a w-word about me."

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

The General Board of Primary Associations, in consultation with the brethren from the Council of the Twelve acting as Advisory members of the Board, have decided upon a change of plan for the Primary Teachers Course, which we trust will meet with the approval of all.

Confident that nothing we might take up in convention work throughout the many Stakes of Zion would result in as much good as the instructions to be given in the course, it has been deemed wise not to hold conventions this year. In other words, we will not visit you, but invite you to come to us.

The General Board offers to pay transportation, railway or necessary stage fare, of one Stake Board member from each Stake in the Church who will attend the Primary Teachers Course to be given in the Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, beginning APRIL 28, 1913. This change of date has been made for two purposes: To give Stake officers time to reconsider their plans, and, also, that we may close our Course with a rousing June Conference, at which, we hope, every Stake in the Church will have representation.

One important feature of this proposition MUST NOT be overlooked. A ONE WAY TICKET to Salt Lake should be purchased, taking a RECEIPT for the same from ticket agent or conductor. The amount of the ticket will be refunded by the General Board upon presentation of this RECEIPT.

The only expense to the Stakes, aside from board and rooms, will be the entrance fee ($10.00) to the Primary Teachers Course, and $4.00 for material used in Domestic Science and Handwork.

Classes will convene at 9:30 and 11 o'clock a.m., and at 3:30 and 4:30 p. m. with the exception of Saturdays, when class will be held only in the forenoon. These hours are subject to change.

Representatives should be in Salt Lake April 26, the date of registration. Pupils may register on this date between the hours of 9:30 and 12 a. m., and 2 and 5 p.m. at the office of the General Board.

A pair of bloomers and blouse or middy for gymnasium work are needed, also, note books and pencils. No text books will be required.

Furnished rooms may be obtained from $2.00 up per week; rooms and board, from $4.00 up per week; furnished housekeeping apartments at various prices.

THE PRIMARY TEACHERS' COURSE.

Notice: Class work begins April 28th.

The purpose of the Primary Teachers' Course is to further the interest of the Primary work by developing the individual powers of the teacher.

The idea had its origin in years of experience with the inexperienaced—women lacking the trained qualifications of the teacher, yet learned in the ways of love and human helpfulness; strong in the desire to serve God. For these instructors of our children a course of study has been planned that will tend to broaden their efficiency, and give the largest possible opportunity for self development and practice in the art of conducting classes. The curriculum is as broad as the limited period of time would permit, and the work so arranged as to afford relief through variety and change.

A six week's course of instruction, to be held in the Bishop's Building, beginning April 28, 1913. Subjects:Lesson Development, Stories and Story Telling, Music, Physical Training, Domestic Science, and Handwork. Headquarters at the General Board office rooms in the Bishop's Building. Pupils may register between the hours of 9.30 and 12 a. m. and 2 and 5 p. m. Saturday, April 26th.

Terms: Entrance Fee, $10.00

Materials for Domestic Science and Handwork, $4.00.

Suits and slippers for gymnasium work are needed; also note books, pencils, etc.

Board and rooms may be had at rates ranging from $4.00 to $5.00 a week, and furnished rooms from $2.00 to $3.00. Housekeeping apartments available at various prices.

Assistance in finding suitable places to stay will be given by Sister Zina Y. Card to all who apply.

Entrance fee and price of materials for Domestic Science and Handwork, strictly in advance. Stakes sending two or more delegates to specialise, may do so on one entrance fee by dividing the course, no two entering the same class.

Classes will convene during the following hours:

Music—Mondays, Wednesdays, and Friday, 9:30 a. m.

Domestic Science—Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 3:30 p. m.

Stories and Story Telling—Tuesdays and Thursdays, 9:30 a. m.; Fridays, 4:30 p. m.

Lesson Development—Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, 4:30 p. m.

Physical Training—Every day except Saturday at 11 a. m.

Handwork—Saturdays, 9:00 a. m.

Instructors—Lesson Development, Edith Hunter; Stories and Story Telling, Frances K. Thomassen; Music, Emma Ramsey Morris; Physical Training, Anna Nebeker; Domestic Science, Margaret Hull; Handwork, Laura L. Foster. Matron, Zina Y. Card.

During the Course, lectures will be given in the story department by Prof. Wm. M. Stewart, Prof. Howard R. Driggs, Prof. J. H. Paul, Mary B. Fox, and Amy Bowman, all of the University of Utah. In other departments there will be lectures by E. H. Eastmond, Art Supervisor B. Y. University, Provo; Harvey Gardner, U. of U.; Ed. P. Kimball, Assistant Tabernacle Organist; W. A. Wetzell, Supervisor Music, Public Schools, Salt Lake City, and others.

LESSON DEVELOPMENT.

The Lesson; an effort to realize the aim of the Primary Association.
The meaning and need of preparation.
The Review; connecting the previous lesson with the new.
The art of questioning.
Reading of text and gathering of material; illustration.
Choosing the aim; value; how determined; qualifications.
Outlining the subject matter, or grouping.
Illustration and enforcement.
Application; its meaning.
How to prepare a lesson.
The presentation of the lesson.

How to conduct the Social Hour. How to conduct the Busy Hour. How to conduct the Story Hour.

Demonstration and results.

Special lectures will be given in this department by prominent educators.

STORIES AND STORY TELLING.

Stories and Story Telling—The Purpose of the Story in our Primary Association; The Story: What Is It? Stories, True and False; The Moral Story, The Fairy Tale, good and bad; Pioneer Stories, Hero Tales, Children Story Writers, How to Tell Stories, How to Read Stories, Dramatizing Stories, The Fable and the Parable, Bible Stories, Book of Mormon Stories, Biography, Animal Stories, Nursery Stories, and Story Books.

MUSIC.

General discussion of musical conditions in the various stakes.
Talk on the necessity of a better class of music in our organizations.
The necessity of an aim in our songs and instrumental music.
How to raise the standard of music in our Primary work.

The relationship of music to character formation and mental development.

How the music may be made to correlate with the lesson work.
How to study the words and their spiritual meaning.
How to teach the melody; the words; part singing.
How to express the spirit of the song; religious; patriotic, etc.
Practical demonstration; written and oral reviews.

Value of motion songs and rest exercises; development of motion song and song play.

March music; value of a good march; how to march; development of marching song.

Value of patriotic songs in Primary work; how to awaken patriotism for home, country, Church; demonstration.

Value of preliminary music; kind; demonstration.

How to play the organ to get the best results in marching and singing.

The inexperienced chorister; her possibilities.
The mission of the song in teaching the Gospel.
General instructions.

PHYSICAL TRAINING.

The aim of all education is to develop efficiency for life's work. Life is a gift of God, and the physical is no less sacred than its moral and spiritual manifestations.

In this course we shall attempt to show the purpose of physical training in its broadest sense; also its relationship to Primary work; giving material not only for the children, but for the personal benefit of the teachers.

The following subjects are to be considered in a general way; Divinity of the human form and organism; Position and functions of organs; Causes of ill health; Meaning of normal health. Anthropometry, Physical diagnosis. General physical examination with heart and lung test. Physical measurements for purpose of determining physical condition of the individual that proper exercise may be prescribed. Purpose of systematic exercise; Methods of physical training; First aid to the injured; The nature of play with its uses, and methods of conducting play activities in and out of doors.

Character of demonstrations and socials and methods of conducting Folk dancing. Classification of materials for play, games, etc. for the children.

General body building exercises will be given to correct posture, stimulate the processes of digestion, circulation, respiration, etc.; to train the will, develop courage, self-reliance, skill, etc., for the benefit of the teachers particularly, that they may be better prepared to direct the children. Observation work of regular gymnasium classes with group tasks will be given, besides regular practical teaching in methods class.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

Value of Domestic Science.
Use of utensils; measuring.
Practical demonstration; Toast and White sauce.
Foods—Classes and Their Uses.
A study of water; composition, boiling point at different altitudes, hard or soft water, etc. Typical protein foods; effects of cooking.
Demonstration—Eggs: Soft and hard cooked, poached, omelet; ways of preserving; ways of testing freshness.
Milk.
Food value, composition, cooling, souring of, etc. Combinations of eggs and milk.
Demonstration—Cream of Tomato soup, and custard.
Sanitation.
Care of milk in the home. Proper care of refrigerators, cellars and milk houses.
Study of Cereals and Ways of Cooking.
Demonstration—Cream of Wheat, Rolled Oats. Mold with fruit. Muffins.
Study of Cocoa, Flours, Baking Powders.
Demonstration—Cocoa and baking powder biscuits.
Sanitation.
The home. A consideration of sanitary house construction.
Study of Vegetables.
Experiments with starch.
Demonstration—Stuffed baked potato; cooking of several kinds with and without lid, with and without salt, etc.; ways of preparing, creamed, sauted, etc.
Combination of Different Foods.
Demonstration—Macaroni and cheese. Plain rice pudding.
Sanitation.
House furnishings. Study of suitable colors and combinations.
Bread.
History, good bread, fool value, etc. Yeast: growth, food, temperature, etc.
Demonstration—Making a loaf. Rolls and buns.
Sanitation.
A study of ventilation, lighting, plumbing, etc.
Cakes.
Food value, tests for baking, etc.; leavening agents.
Demonstration—Sponge and butter cakes, doughnuts, deep fat fry.
Sanitation.
Methods of cleaning; disposal of wastes; laundry work.
Study of Meat and Fish.
Demonstration—Meat balls and fish loaf.
Salads.

Fruit, vegetable and meat.
Sandwiches and Lemonade.
Sanitation.
Ethics of health, care of the sick in the home.

HANDWORK.

1. Introductory Talk.
   a. The purpose of Handwork.
      To develop the child mentally, morally, and physically.
      In regard to mental advancement, it is plainly shown after working a short time with any form of handwork, that in order to have good results, it requires thought and attention. While the child is thus engaged he is taught, unconsciously, valuable lessons in independence, self-reliance, carefulness, accuracy, patience, perseverance, and especially does it develop the powers of concentration. It instills a taste for labor and inspires respect for those who are engaged in manual occupations. It should aim to train the eye and give general dexterity.
2. Paper Folding.
   a. Measurement.
   b. Forms.
   c. Boxes of various shapes.
3. Cardboard Work.
   a. Measuring, scoring, cutting, bending, pasting, tying, decorating.
4. Demonstration of simple forms in wood.
5. String work (twine holder and bag).
6. Spool work (doll cap and mat).
7. Weaving (community rug).
8. Sewing.
   a. Sampler.
      Stitches: Basting, running, back stitch, overhand, feather stitch, herring-bone, button hole.
   b. Application.
9. Crocheting.
   a. Stitches: Chain, single, double, treble crochet.
   b. Application.
      Dolls, balls, bag, slippers, jacket.
10. Basketry.
   a. Raffia.
   b. Reeds.
   c. Combination of raffia and reeds.

Application must be of interest to the child, useful, within his capacity, completed in a reasonable length of time, and tend to serve the purpose for which it was created.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Subject for the Month: Work.

LESSON SEVENTEEN.

THE LESSON HOUR.

SUGGESTIONS FOR ALL THE TEACHERS.

Reports are coming in which tell how the new lesson plans are being received. In every case reported where the programs are carried out as suggested the results are very gratifying, teachers and children enjoying the work thoroughly. Some of the workers fear that there will be fewer opportunities to teach religion. This is a mistake, the new plan increases the opportunities to teach the principles of our faith by presenting them to the children through the familiar aspects of daily life. The Latter-day Saints believe in a practical religion which is to enter into every phase of life and not one that may only be observed on the Sabbath or in a meeting. To teach order, reverence, cleanliness, etc., is a part of our religion and the Primary associations have the best of opportunities to help the boys and girls to appreciate the value of putting religion into all the activities of life. We teach the children that "What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." This statement should be as definite and of equal force in the carrying out of the instructions given to us by the right authority. The plans adopted were carefully considered before they were accepted and with the idea in mind of improving the work of the Primary associations. The plans should be given a fair trial and if then, they do not produce the results expected they should be modified by those whose duty and privilege it is to direct the lessons for the associations throughout the Church.

FIRST GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text. Character, by Smiles, chapter 4.

Other Materials.

Memory Gem.
Games.
Songs.
Pictures.
Rest Exercises.

Aim.

Work well and honestly done brings satisfaction to ourselves and blessings from the Lord.

Illustration.

"Runaway Ralph." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 5, page 92.

Suggestions for the Teacher. This lesson should create in the minds of the children a desire to do. Little people are full of energy and can easily be made to feel that to be a "little helper" is a great privilege.

All the lessons so far have been closely related and this one, too, grows nicely out of the last, so you can prepare the way by a brief review.

With the little people in this grade you will perhaps begin in the home, as that is nearest to the child.

Where is your father? What does he do? Why does he work? Who is it who helps your father that you may have these things? What does mother do? From this point lead them farther to the thought that many other people help father and mother, and make it possible for them to enjoy the many things they eat and wear, etc. When so many people help us what can we do to help?

There are many songs and rest exercises which you have already used which will fit in nicely with this lesson.

Memory Gem.

"No matter what you try to do,
At home or at your school,
Always do your very best,
That is no better rule."

SECOND GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text: Character, by Smiles, chapter 4.

Other Materials.

Memory Gem.
Poems.
Games.
Songs.
Pictures.

Aim.

Work well and honestly done brings satisfaction to ourselves and blessings from the Lord.

Illustration.

"Tommy's Share." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 5, page 442; or

"Mother Nature's House Cleaning," THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 5, page 174.

Suggestions for the Teacher. The recitation of the memory gems is an important part of the review. This exercise may be varied by having one gem recited by the boys, another by the girls, and others by individual members.

In the review lead up to and impress the thought that each child is an important part of the family circle. Lead him still farther into the school and the associations and help him to feel that he is also a part of a larger family circle where others minister to him in many ways, and where he can with others give back some of the things which he enjoys. By stories, suggestions or questions lead him to thank the kindly hands who do so much for him. This feeling of strengthened gratitude must show itself in action. Many people have done for me, what can I do to help? Impress, too, the truth that he cannot do for others without doing for himself also.

Let your songs and rest exercises be related to the truth in your lesson.

"Tommy's Share" is an especially strong story for this lesson, but if this one cannot be had another may be substituted.

Memory Gem.

"Find out what God would have you do,
And do that little well;
For what is great and what is small
'Tis only He can tell."

Poem. "A Little Sermon."

"Never a day is lost, dear,
If at night you can truly say
You've done one kindly deed, dear,
Or smoothed some rugged way.

"Never a day is dark, dear,
Where the sunshine of home may fall,
And where the sweet home voices
May answer when you call.

"Never a day is sad, dear,
If it brings at set of sun
A kiss from mother's lips, dear,
And a thought of work well done."

THIRD GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text. Character, by Smiles, chapter 4.

Other Materials.

Memory Gem.
Poem.
Songs.
Pictures.

Aim.

Work well and honestly done brings satisfaction to ourselves and blessings from the Lord.

Illustration.

"A Manly Boy." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 5, page 143.

Suggestions for the Teacher. Deepen the impressions you made in last month's work by reviewing briefly. Have the memory gems repeated but do not kill the interest of the class by too much drill.

The subject for the month relates itself very closely to the lives of the children and should inspire them to more and better effort.

Many good suggestions and much inspiration may be had from the chapter on "Work." The stories also will enrich the lesson.

Help the children to feel strongly the benefit derived from the "together" spirit in work in the home, at school and in the community in which they live.

Take up some of the industries and in this way show our interdependence. Bread, for instance, how many people work that we may enjoy that blessing. Then our clothing, etc.

When the children are prepared, use some questions, such as: What would you like to do to help yourself and others? If you would do big things when you are older what should you do now? What can you do now? Help them to appreciate the thought that people who do not work are not happy.

Memory Gem.

"Whene'er a task is put to you,
Don't idly sit and view it;
Nor be content and wish it done—
Begin at once and do it."

Poem. "My Question."

I asked a bee that was flitting by
To tell me its story, and say to me why
It seemed as happy at work as at play;

For it hummed its song the livelong day,
Yet it worked, and worked, and worked, for aye;
Now into the lily's perfumed bell,
Now into the cup of the campanel,
Now at the mouth of the trumpet-flower
That twined around our garden bower;
Anon to the bloom of the almond-tree,
Then down to the honey-ball close to me.
"O, tell me thy secret, blithe, happy bee,
What gives thy work such a zest to thee?"
Its answer was brief: "I may not stay
To talk with you, for the wearing day
Admonishes that my work is not done,—
See how yon mountain is nearing the sun!
But if you would wish to be happy and gay,
Always do your work first, and then, afterwards play."

FOURTH GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text. Character, by Smiles, chapter 4. Bible: Occupations of Cain and Abel.

Other Materials.

Questions.
Memory Gem.
Poem.
Reading.
Quotations.

Aim.

Work well and honestly done brings satisfaction to ourselves and blessings from the Lord.

Illustration.

"The End of the Minute Hand." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 5, page 129.

Suggestions for the Teacher. Get all the lessons that have been given for this year and look them over carefully. Notice how closely the things which have been used to make them are related to your own life and to the lives of the children. Homes, relatives, friends, and surroundings have been considered with the thought of impressing upon the minds of the children feelings of appreciation and respect for them, and to arouse desires to help in sharing the every-day responsibility of life. The thought for this month is the value of work. It is our privilege to consider how the homes, relatives, friends and comforts which are part of our daily life can only be created and maintained by

work. Use your own surroundings to make plain this fact. Buildings, roads, manufactories, farms, etc., may be used as illustrations. The history of the pioneers would also be a good subject to use as illustrating the value of persistent hard work. Help the children to understand that all must work, but that it is the kind of work one does which makes the difference in the results worked for. Notice what Smiles says about the results of work on the body and on the mind. Some people think that work came to us as a result of the fall in the Garden of Eden. But it was before the fall that we read that the Lord rested on the seventh day and hallowed it. What did He rest from? Then in the Garden of Eden, Adam was given charge over all things upon the earth and it was given him to name all the forms of life which had been created. There was one tremendous task. Work is given as a blessing, just as much as resting or playing. Too much work or rest or play is not good. To show that the Lord meant all to work tell of the labors of Cain and Abel who were the first children.

Questions. What part of your body grows stronger when you walk or run or jump?

What games do you play that make your arms strong?

What is the use of being strong?

Is it right to always use your strength for playing?

The Bible says if you do not work you may not eat. What do you think about that?

If everybody should stop working what would happen to our food and clothes? Go into some details on this question.

What is the Golden Rule?

What does the memory gem mean?

Memory Gem.

"You will find that luck
Is only pluck
To try things over and over;
Patience and skill,
Courage and will,
Are the four leaves of luck's clover."

Reading. "Our Work Is Never in Vain."

A few years ago a little girl, daughter of the janitress of a schoolhouse in Sweden, used to help her mother with her work, and while she worked she sang. A lady passing in her carriage one day heard the singer and was attracted by the sweetness of her voice. She descended from her carriage, hunted up the little girl and persuaded the mother to let her carry the child to Craelius, the great music master. When this master heard her sing he was delighted and said she should sing before Count Puche, who was a fine judge of music. That gentleman received the little visitor rather coldly at first, but when she had sung for him he declared that she should have all the advantages of the

Stockholm Academy. The fame of the little nightingale spread until the concerts where she was to appear attracted great numbers of people.

One night, when she was to try a more difficult song than she had tried before, the house was packed. The little girl was nervous and excited, and when she attempted to sing she found her voice was gone. Everybody was grieved and the poor girl was overwhelmed with sorrow. Her voice did not come back the next day nor the next, and she felt sorrowful, indeed. She felt that all the years she had spent in work and study had been in vain, and she grieved for a long time over her misfortune. But she went about humming little tunes to herself.

About four years after that terrible night an entertainment was to be given where the principal part in one of the songs was more difficult than any of the singers under the music master's training could handle. He thought of his former pupil, and wondered if she could ever help him any more. He spoke to her about it, and anxious to do him any favor she could, she consented to try. While practicing the part, suddenly her voice returned with all its former richness and beauty. She was delighted, as was also the music master. This little girl was Jenny Lind.

Now, the moral we wish to point in this bit of history is that no good work is ever a waste. Circumstances may arise that would seem to nullify the efforts we have put forth and utterly destroy what we have accomplished, but when we find ourselves again our former good works remain to our credit. Jenny Lind, when her voice returned to her, found that she had not studied nor worked in vain, but her knowledge of music was just as valuable to her as if no misfortune had intervened.—Selected.

Poem. "The Boy That Can."

I wonder who will take the time
  To do the extra things,
The little in-between-ities,
  Which all the big work brings?

The boy who fills his measure full,
  And works by rule and plan—
When one must give an extra lift,
  He's just the boy that can.

When life's occasions loudly call
  For effort strange and new,
Who then will have the courage wise
  The untried things to do?

The boy who sticks to common tasks,
  Who's always in the van—
When one must meet emergencies,
  He's just the boy that can.

—Julia H. Johnston.

Quotations. Genesis 2:2-3; Genesis 2:15; II Thessalonians 3:10; Ecclesiastes 5:12; Matthew 5:48.

FIFTH GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text. Character, by Smiles, chapter 4. Bible: Noah and the Ark.

Other Materials.

Questions.
Memory Gem.
Poem.
Readings.
Quotations.

Aim.

Work well and honestly done brings satisfaction to one's self and blessings from the Lord.

Illustration.

Learning Sweet Old Fashions, THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 5, page 260.

Suggestions for the Teacher. For review consider the advantages of good homes, relatives and friends, use some of the memory gems to illustrate your review. Let the children tell you how these things exist as the result of work. Read suggestions for the Fourth Grade and tell how work came as a blessing to all mankind. Explain the necessity of work, how it is needed for strength of body and mind. Why rest is so sweet after labor. Use some of the incidents in Smiles to illustrate how to work to get the best results. The story suggested for illustration is a good one to show the value of working now to be ready for positions in the future.

Questions. Who created the earth?

What does the Bible tell us about the number of days the Lord took to create the earth?

What happened on the seventh day?

From what did the Lord rest?

Why should he need rest?

Who was put in charge of the Garden of Eden?

What were the names of Adam's first two children?

How do we know that they worked? Genesis 4: 2.

What great thing did Noah make?

What was the ark to be used for?

How do we know that the ark was well made? It withstood the great storm and landed all its occupants in safety.

Name some things which we enjoy that are the results of hard work performed by others.

What special kind of work would you like to do?
How will your work help others?

Memory Gem.

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

Reading. "The boy Lucius bent over his stitching, for he was learning tent-making. His shoulders ached, his head ached, his back ached, and it seemed to him that his very feet ached with the longing to run out of doors, but he continued to work.

"What makes you work so hard, Lucius?" cried Alcibiades, flinging open the door. "A lot of us Christians are not going to work any more. They say that Christ is coming again very soon, possibly to-day or to-morrow, then we shall be caught up in the clouds and all the world will be destroyed. So it is not necessary for us to work. Let us go out and look for signs, and listen to what people are saying. It is wonderful."

Lucius looked up wearily. He would have liked nothing better than to leave his work and go, but he shook his head.

"No it would not be right," he said. "Paul, who told us about the Christ and taught us the right way to do, worked day and night. He told us that by working we should help the world and the cause of Christ. He never idled, although he was sick and sometimes grew very tired."

"Nonsense! They have a letter from Paul himself saying that Christ is coming very soon, and that nobody needs to work any more."

"I don't believe it," answered Lucius. "Paul would not say such a thing. He would say that Christ wanted to find us working when He came." And he would not go, but kept on with his work.

"I don't believe it is a real letter," he said to himself." I believe it is only a letter somebody made up and signed with Paul's name."

He was right. By and by there came a real letter from Paul. Lucius heard it read, and it said just what he thought it would say.

He reproved the idle Thessalonians who left their daily work to run about and stare and wonder. "If any would not work, neither should he eat," he said. He wanted all to work and support themselves.

They were mistaken about thinking that the second coming of Christ was so near. It has not yet come, two thousand years after. But whenever He comes, He wants to find His people working not idling. That does not mean He does not want us to play. He wants us to play and rest as well as work; but not to be aimless and idle.

He works Himself, and He provided great things for us to do. He made the whole creation; and it is all full of provision for wonderful things that we can accomplish.

Poem. "The Two Seekers."

Two men went seeking happiness.
  One walked the roadside way
And looked with all his longing eyes
  Within each garden gay.
Where'er he saw it growing
  He tried to grasp its flower;
But always in his clutching hand,
  It died before an hour.
Till, angry and despairing,
  In bitterness he cried:
"Others are given happiness,
  To me it is denied!"

The other one looked round him.
  "Since happiness is found
In other people's gardens,
  Why not within my ground?"
He dug and plowed and planted,
  And with a careful toil
Where it was rough and stony,
  Enriched each inch of soil.
Until with crowded blossoms
  The little plot o'erran—
"How simple 'tis," the owner cried,
  "To be a happy man!"

—Youth's Companion.

Quotations. Genesis 2:2-3; 2:15; Proverbs 10:4; I Corinthians 3:14. Ecclesiastes 5:12. 2 Thessalonians 3:10-12. Matthew 5:48.

LESSON EIGHTEEN.

THE BUSY HOUR.

SPRING CLEANING.

Suggestions for the Teacher. The subject for the month is one that is very evident at this season of the year, mother nature is putting forth her leaves and blossoms making things appear new, fresh, and beautiful. The spirit of the spring gets into the home and manifests itself in the desire to open doors and windows and let the sunshine and fresh air into every nook and cranny, to sweep out all the cobwebs and dust of the winter, to scrub and scour and polish until the interior of the home may compare in sweetness and beauty with the perfume and radiance of the earth in the springtime of the year. Talk to your children about the beauty which is all around you, notice the activity in all directions, the birds, and the bees, as well as the leaves and grasses

and flowers all telling of the work of which goes steadily on and bears to us the message of God's love who created and controls all the forces of nature for the blessing of man.

The desire to have spring cleaning in the home is a good thing and we should take advantage of this opportunity to teach the value of work which has the spirit of spring and of loving service in the task.

A number of suggestions will be given and the teachers are asked to choose the ones which are best suited to the conditions which exist in the ward. If it is considered best to do all the work in the meeting house the children should meet as usual, have the regular opening exercises and proceed as arranged in your preparation meeting. If group work in other places be planned for the children should be notified where to meet. The lesson *must* begin and end with the regular sacred exercises and proper order be observed. The plan must be so arranged that no group of children will be kept longer than the one hour.

As always the consent of the Bishopric must be obtained if any unusual work is to be done in the meeting house.

In the meetinghouse.

Sweeping—Dusting—Cleaning of book-cases or cuboards or sacrament sets or lamps or shades or electric lights etc.

Outside the Meetinghouse.

Continue work begun last month or if not done work may be planned as suggested for April.

Vacant lots.

Secure permission from owners. Then clean of weeds or other rubbish and prepare for a playground for the summer.

House-cleaning in a home.

If there be some persons who would be glad of help, poor or aged, or a family that is willing to permit a group of children to come in and clean one room.

Whichever plan is used the work must be carefully arranged and divided so that each one will know what part they are expected to do.

LESSON NINETEEN.

THE STORY HOUR.

Suggestions for the Teacher. After the opening exercises a little time should be taken to consider the results of the last lesson and to inspire them to continued efforts in working for others. In selecting your story for the period choose one that emphasizes the thought for the month: That work is a blessing and that working to bless others is a privilege. Do not forget to plan for the songs and rest exercises.

FIRST GRADE

Stories. Picture books or Baby Finger Plays or The Little Red Hen, in Household Stories, page 12; or:

The Old Woman and Her Pig, in Household Stories, page 30; or:

A Little Girl of Long Ago, in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

SECOND GRADE.

Stories. Amy Stuart, in the Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories, page 11; or:

Not a Busy Bee, in the Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories, page, 85; or:

A Little Girl of Long Ago, in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

THIRD GRADE.

Stories. The Larks in The Cornfield, in Stories to Tell, page 80; or:

A True Story About a Girl, in Stories to Tell, page 88; or:

Not Naughty, Only Foolish; or:

How May Used Her Strength, both in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

FOURTH GRADE.

Stories. The Widow O'Callagahan's Boys; or:

The New Fangled Notion; or:

Dave's Experiment; or:

Try First, in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

FIFTH GRADE.

Stories. Hans Brinker; or:

Reuben's Industry, in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND; or:

George Fisher's New Year's Gift in Vol. 5, of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, pages 1 and 41.

THE SOCIAL HOUR.

LESSON TWENTY.

Suggestions for the Teachers.

The games for this period have been selected to fit the thought of the month, and most of them represent the working activities. As you play the games with the children help them to feel that the joy and happiness felt in playing should be carried into the work which needs to be done. Play and work are the activities which help to make people strong and when the spirit of joy is in the work and play, happiness comes into our lives.

Preliminary Music.
Prayer.
Singing.
Story.
Singing Games "Today is the First of May," Swedish Song Plays.
Song Plays, "Oats, Peas, Beans and Barley Grow." Games for the Playground, page 287, or Old and New Singing Games.
"Nuts in May." Games for the Playground, page 285.
"Do This, Do That." Games for the Playground, page 75.
"Squirrel in Trees." Games for the Playground, page 185.
"Buzz." Games for the Playground, page 216.
(Especially good for Fourth and Fifth grades.)
"Single Relay Race." Games for the Playground, page 175.
Memory Gems.
Folk Dance. "The Shoemaker Dance." Folk Dance Book, by Crampton.
Song.
Benediction.

A FOREST HYMN.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences
Which, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless power
And inaccessible majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised? Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn,—thrice happy if it find
Acceptance in his ear.

—William Cullen Bryant.

He Sprang Upon The Bed With Joyful, Frantic Barks.

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LITTLE PRINCESS WISLA.

CHAPTER V.—STUMPY.

By Sophie Swett.

"Old Winne-Lackee's own little meadow-lark!" said the old Squaw again in her soft silky Indian voice. "Been sick long and dreamed strange dreams! Now very soon be well! Strong, brave little Indian girl not easy to kill!"

"Little Indian girl!" murmured Peggy. It seemed strange, she thought, scarcely strong enough as yet to think at all. Perhaps, after all, it was only the dreams that were strange, as Winne-Lackee said, and she might feel quite natural as soon as she was well.

"Been sick very long time," the old Squaw repeated anxiously. "Good doctor will cure!" She pointed to the old Indian doctor who was quitely watching every movement that Peggy made and listening to every word she said.

He smiled kindly down at her, and Peggy smiled a little in response. They were kind to her—this Indian man and woman—and when she was well once more perhaps all her puzzled feeling would go away.

Old Dr. Sockabesin nodded at Winne-Lackee. The nod meant, "She will forget entirely, and you can make of her a little Indian Princess, to be a joy in your old age and she will more than make up to you for the granddaughter you have lost—*more* than make up;" for the old doctor knew that a white granddaughter would be a great satisfaction to Winne-Lackee's proud old heart.

The old Squaw nodded back at him with grim satisfaction.

She meant to make a real little Indian girl of Peggy, but not as the Indians did in the old times when they made captives of white children. Peggy should be like a little Indian princess. Winne-Lackee had been in Washington and seen a President's daughter; far finer should her little granddaughter be. She had been in foreign countries and seen more than one princess; far finer than any of them should her little white captive be!

She saw Peggy look wonderingly around the queer room, which was Winne-Lackee's own chamber, and she wished that she had taken away the skins and left only the silken draperies. And she hoped that Peggy would find the odors of the sweet grass mats stronger than the

lingering scent of the pipes that she still smoked in the privacy of her own room!

She saw Peggy looking wonderingly at the doctor and she motioned to him with a sharp frown to cast aside the blanket that he wore over his shoulders. It was a Mexican blanket of woven silk, but he wore it as only an Indian wears a blanket. Under the blanket Doctor Scockabesin wore just such clothes as a doctor who comes to *your* house might wear. It was only on the island that the doctor wore a blanket.

He took off the blanket at Winne-Lackee's frown. He did more than that. He stepped to the fire-place, where a little fire of boughs had been kindled because the summer day was cool, to throw the blanket upon it.

"Never a blanket or a pipe again if they will hurt the little granddaughter!' he said in the Indian tongue.

But Winne-Lackee caught the beautiful blanket and drew it safely from the flames. "She must be Indian—she shall be Indian when she is well!" she said in low tones. "But first her heart must be at home here!"

Peggy looked and heard and wondered. She did not in the least understand why the old Indian doctor had wished to burn his blanket. They meant to be kind to her; it was easy to understand that. Of course it was only natural, since she was the old Indian woman's grandchild. But she had dreamed—oh, she must have dreamed for a long time that she was a little white girl! She could not remember where—not a face, not a name would come back to her out of that past that they told her was a dream! A dream—yet it seemed more real than this Indian chamber.

But she smiled when Winne-Lackee folded the gay silk blanket like a scarf and drew it over her own shoulders, pinning it with a sparkling pin.

The old Squaw wore now a trailing skirt of black silk, glittering with jet, and she looked stately and almost handsome as she led the old doctor in a kind of slow dance about the great room for Peggy's amusement.

This was something like a fairy-book, thought Peggy. If this was only a dream it was a pleasant one.

The old doctor nodded again at Winne-Lackee as he saw Peggy's bewildered smile.

"She will be contented to be your granddaughter in a very little while," was what the nod meant to Winne-Lackee. And Winne-Lackee's face was full of triumph.

But just at that moment there was heard outside the door the rushing and scampering, the barking and whining of a dog.

The door was burst open and in rushed a little terrier.

He was a draggled and travel-stained little dog. His tongue hung from his mouth, he was panting, and he quivered all over.

He sprang upon the bed with joyful, frantic barks. He licked

Peggy's face and hands. He wagged his small stump of a tail as if he would wag it off!

Peggy, suddenly aroused and awake, threw her arms around the little dog and her eyes filled with tears.

"He is my own, own doggie, isn't he?" she cried in a puzzled, wistful way. "Isn't he?" she cried anxiously.

"Why no, no!" cried the Indian woman, and her soft voice was sharp now. "Bad dog will bite Medwisla! Bring sickness and bad dreams back to her!"

She seized the dog by the broken rope that hung from his collar.

"Tell Jo Mattawam to shoot him at once!" she called sharply as she tried to thrust the excited little dog out of the door.

She was so disturbed by the fear that the dog would bring friends to Peggy's rescue that she forgot to be cautious.

Perhaps, too, being an old squaw she did not quite understand how a little white girl might feel about her own pet dog.

Peggy was sitting up now against her pillows, her eyes wide with horror, a lump in her throat that would not let her cry out.

"Get out, you stumpy-tailed cur!" cried the old Indian doctor, coming to Winne-Lackee's help, and he used the toe of his boot to help to get the little dog out of Peggy's sight.

Peggy's ears caught one of the words he had said and it startled her so that the kick the little dog had received hurt her less.

"Stumpy! Oh, that's it!" she cried out and the strangling lump in her throat gave way. "My own dear, precious, old Stumpy! Oh, I didn't dream *him!*"

Doctor Sockabesin looked startled and a good deal troubled. He had not expected that a name from her old life would come back to Peggy so soon.

If only he had not noticed the queer, wagging stump-tail of the poor little beast!

Winne-Lackee returned in a moment repeating, "bad dog would bite Medwisla," so fast and loud that Peggy could not make her listen to her piteous cry for her "precious old Stumpy."

The old doctor stopped Winne-Lackee's loud tones by a question in Indian.

"How could the dog have followed the trail when you came by water!' he asked.

Winne-Lackee's voice trembled as she answered in Indian. "I landed once," she said. "And a dog like that will always find the one he loves!"

"My dear old Stumpy! Oh, I want him! I didn't dream *him!*" cried Peggy, turning her weak head from side to side on the pillow.

But the only answer that came to her was the sound of a rifle shot very near at hand.

(To be continued.)

THE HERO OF THE TENEMENTS.

BY COE HAYNE.

"Whew, but it is cold!" muttered Mat, the little Hungarian newsboy, as he jumped up and down at the corner of the street. The wide, rickety boards of the sidewalk, covered white with frost, creaked shrilly with every movement of his feet.

"Morning's papers, here!" shouted Mat.

It was yet too early for very many people to be astir. Across the street the sidewalk was squeaking under the clumsy shoes of a night messenger boy upon his way home.

"Hello, Billy!" Mat accosted.

"Hello, Mat! How's the family?" returned Billy. "Come over here!"

Mat ran across the street and landed with a bound upon the walk beside his friend, the night messenger.

"Ain't it cold though!" chattered Mat, as he thrust his hands down into one of the pockets of Billy's big overcoat.

"I asked how your family was getting along," said the older boy, not unkindly.

'They're all right 'long as it's summer," answered the newsboy. "But this morning Heddy is worse, 'cause it's cold-d-d."

Mat pressed up closer to Billy and shivered. Two big tears were rolling down his cheeks, but he was too much of a man to notice them or even wipe them away.

"I've found a chance for you, Mat," continued Billy. "They want an office boy up in a fine place on Fourth avenue. I saw the sign in the window this morning. Come along and see it."

The boys walked along the street for a little distance, then turning a corner were soon upon the magnificent Fourth avenue.

"Here's the sign, Mat,' said the messenger boy, stepping up in front of a handsome office building.

"Boy wanted for lawyer's office. Must have good recommendations. Apply in person Tuesday morning,'" read Mat, slowly repeating each word.

"You'd get a pile out of such a place as that. Why don't you try for it? I would if I was out of a job and had your schooling,'" prompted Billy.

Mat shook his head soberly.

"No, there's no chance for me. Don't you see it says you've got to have recommends—and where could I get any?"

"That's so," assented the other. "Didn't think of that. But say, it wouldn't do any harm to try anyway, would it? May be there's such a thing as your getting in without recommends."

During the day Mat thought about his "chance." He decided that Billy was right. It would do no harm to try, anyway. So next morn-

ing he presented himself at the office of one of the prominent lawyers of the great city in which he lived, and waited his turn to be examined as an applicant for the position in question.

Mat had not always lived in America. A few years before, when he was but a mere lad, he had come from Hungary, away across the rolling Atlantic, with his parents and his baby sister Hedwig, a wee, sweet-faced cripple. This little family was just beginning to get accustomed to the new life when misfortune, hard and sudden, came to it. The father became stricken with a mysterious disease and died. The poor mother, now prostrated with grief, longed for the dear old rural home in her native land. Here she was in a strange country with few friends and a family for which she must provide. What could she do? Little Mat, however, now came manfully to the front and showed that he was born of sturdy stock. He realized that he must now take his place at the head of the house. Leaving his school, which he loved more than he chose to confess, and in which he was fast forging to the head of his class, he went out upon the streets as a newsboy.

For several years Mat's family prospered very well. The mother was able to earn a good deal by her needle, and Mat helped out with the pennies which he gained by selling papers. All of the other boys of the streets, whether newsboys or messengers, whenever they became acquainted with Mat, liked him. He was "straight goods," as they put it, and never sold papers on the street corners already occupied by other boys. He was good to the little weak newsboy, too.

Indeed, there seemed to be bred in this humble child of the tenements, a Christ-like love for humanity. In his own small way he tried to help others whenever possible. From his parents he had early received careful instruction in the Bible, and in a bright little mission Sunday school within two blocks of his new home in the big American city, he was a constant attendant. In his Sundayschool class were boys whom he met upon the streets selling papers like himself, and whom he had invited to come to the mission.

But a time came when mother's eyes, already weakened by too close work with the needle, gave out completely, and she found that she could make no more garments for the big, wholesale clothing house that employed her. This had happened but a short time before that morning upon which Mat was shown the sign in the lawyer's office.

With the stern winter staring them in the face, Mat was ready to make almost any attempt to secure some honorable employment that would bring him a bigger income than he made by selling papers. But now he stood in the lawyer's office awaiting his turn in the line of eager young applicants, he wished that he had not been so ready to take Billy's advice. For what chance had he against all of these better dressed boys, who doubtless had their pockets full of recommendations?

"Next!" called out a spry young man; and Mat found himself being ushered into the mysterious back room from which all of the

boys ahead of him had come away, some of them with disappointment written plainly upon their faces.

Mat walked bravely into the room and met the gaze of the great lawyer who was seated at a desk covered with many papers.

"Well, what is your name?" asked the lawyer, briskly.

"Mattias Boeskay, sir. They calls me 'Mat' for short," answered the little Hungarian.

"What recommendations have you?"

"None, sir; but I thought that maybe you'd take me without any," faltered Mat, his throat choking up with some sort of a lump which he could not swallow.

"Without any!" exclaimed the lawyer as his keen, searching eyes wandered over Mat from head to foot, making the boy painfully conscious of his shabby and ill-fitting clothes, his grimy, chapped hands and tattered shoes.

For a moment Mat wavered under the attack of those critical eye and was just upon the point of fleeing from the room when a picture of his mother as she had vainly tried to see to patch his trousers the night before, appeared to him and made him straighten up and feel once more like a man.

"Well, what have you to say for yourself?" the lawyer asked abruptly. "What made you think that I would take you without recommendations?"

"Well, sir, it's just this way," answered Mat in an honest and open manner. "Billy, my chum, was kind enough to tell me about this place. I know it isn't business to take a fellow without recommends, but if you'll just give me a chance once I'll make a big try to suit you. There's a lot depending on me, and I couldn't afford to do poor work for anybody. You see since father died I'm the main fellow at our house. I sell papers, but as long as I've got to buy better stuff for my sister Heddy to eat, I can't depend on that sort of work. I've got to hustle now more'n ever, 'cause mother's eyes have given out. I didn't want to let any chance slip by to get work, so I came here."

There was silence in the comfortable office. The lawyer had turned away and was looking out of the window with a far-away expression in his eyes. Perhaps he was thinking of the time, many years before, when he himself was a boy with a future scarcely less discouraging than that of this ragged, anxious-looking lad. Perhaps he was thinking also of the kind old gentleman who had given him a start in life when no one else would notice him. At any rate, he suddenly aroused himself and looked at Mat with eyes altogether softened.

"Where did you say you lived?" he asked; and as the boy told him, he wrote the address in a note-book, adding aloud: "Come tomorrow at this time and I'll let you know."

With this Mat was dismissed, and the next waiting boy was shown into the private room, and then the next one, until finally all had been examined and had departed.

"Charles," said the lawyer to his clerk, "did you notice the little fellow who claimed that he had a family to support?"

"Yes, sir," answered Charles.

"I want you to go to his home and find out, if possible, whether he told us the truth. Inquire of his neighbors—any way to find out. Here is his address."

A street-car ride of twenty minutes took Charles to the poor tenement district where Mat, the newsboy, lived with his mother and sister.

"Will you tell me, please, whether a boy by the name of Matthias Boeskay lives, with his mother and crippled sister, next door to you?" asked Charles of a pleasant-faced old woman who had answered his knock.

"'Yes he does; and a right good boy he is, too, as everybody will tell you," answered the woman. "He reminds me every day of my own son who got lost at sea. I tell you there never was a better son nor—"

But just at this minute Charles caught sight of Mat carrying home a little basket of coal for his "family," and not wishing to be noticed by the boy, he started up the street, leaving the good old mother still speaking her praises of Mat and her own dead sailor boy. Charles immediately turned back, however, and stood by a street corner near at hand. Presently he saw Mat come out upon the street, drawing in a shaky little cart his invalid sister. The wind blew somewhat cold, yet the sun was bright and warm, and no doubt Mat thought that this would be one of the last chances for "Heddy" to enjoy the out-of-doors. He made his way directly toward Charles.

"I'm getting cold," the lawyer's clerk heard the little girl complain.

"Oh, well, I'll fix that," assured Mat. Whereupon he whisked off his coat and wrapped it about the tiny shoulders of his passenger.

"That boy is all right," thought Charles as he started for the nearest street-car.

When he returned to the office he told his employer all that he had seen and heard.

When Mat left the office of the great lawyer that Tuesday morning it was with a mingled feeling of hope and despair. Would he really get the place or not? Perhaps the lawyer was merely trying to get rid of him without hurting his feelings. He resolved to speak nothing concerning the matter to his mother, but to wait and see what fortune the morrow had in store for him. During all the long night he tossed to and fro upon the bed.

After a frugal breakfast, Mat started away next morning to secure his usual supply of papers. But before he could gain courage to go to the crowded thoroughfares, he felt that he must return home to bid his mother and Heddy good-by once more. He was troubled at heart, for his mother had told him that the little sister whom he loved so much was growing thin and frail for want of more nurishing food.

"Things are going to pick up, mamma, just you see; for you must remember that I am a man now," said Mat as he stood for a moment in the doorway.

His mother looked down at him with love and pride revealed in her face, though she found it hard to hide her anxiety.

"I must get that place!" vowed Mat to himself as he sped away.

At exactly the hour mentioned by the lawyer, Mat again stood waiting his turn to be called into a private room. Three or four other boys who had been asked to call again, were already there waiting and hoping like himself. But one after another they were dismissed, and Mat again stood before the lawyer.

"This is Matthias Boeskay, is it? Well sir, we've decided that you are the boy for this place. No, no,—never mind about thanking me. All we want is good service. See if that suit over there upon that chair fits you. That all comes with the position, you know. I have also made an engagement for you with Dr. Warwick of the Grant Medical Institute. You are to meet him at his office this morning to talk about your invalid sister. He is a good man and will be able to help her if anyone can. I will tell you later what your duties in this office will be."

With his eyes almost popping out of his head with glee, Mat listened to the words of the lawyer. During all that day while he was becoming accostomed to his new duties he could hardly keep from shouting. For had not Dr. Warwick told him that he thought that he could cure Heddy? She was going to get stronger and stronger each day, he knew, for he was able to buy for her everything in the world which she needed.

And that night God heard from the lips of Mat and his family the thanks which the lawyer had not taken for himself.

MAY

Merry rollicking, frolicking May
Into the woods came skipping one day:
She teased the brook till he laughed outright,
And gurgled and scolded with all his might;
She chirped to the birds and bade them sing
A chorus of welcome to Lady Spring;
And the bees and butterflies she set
To waking the flowers that were sleeping yet.
She shook the trees till the buds looked out
To see what the trouble was all about
And nothing in nature escaped that day
The touch of the life-giving bright young May.

—MacDonald.

THE DISCOVERY OF MUD'S "PECULIARITY."

MUD'S PECULIARITY.

THE TRUE STORY OF A FAMOUS EDITOR'S PET.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

Time passed on—as time has a way of doing—and it must be that I lived through that night, and the next, and the next; and then things began to calm down a little.

It was time when to make a retrospect, to philosophize, and try to find out the reason of things. So one day along in June, when I was stirring hay in the mowing lot, I got to thinking it all over. I'd thought already some parts of it over many times. I had wondered why those lambs should run away—all of a sudden. But that June day, like a flash there occured to me what I had previously forgotten. All had gone well till I put that girth around Mud! The collar on his neck and even the bridle had gone on without trouble—but the girth, that was what did it.

Here was a discovery of Mud's peculiarity. I proved it that evening by winding a short rope three or four times loosely around Mud's body. He bounded frantically into the air, as if he had become crazy, as soon as I drew it snug so that he felt it completely encircling him. It took all my strength to hold him.

And then, when I let him go, or rather when he broke away, he ran, and ran, and ran, as I never saw a lamb run—as only Mud could run; not only in speed but in an indescribable, rolly, waddly, ludicrous

manner. It was cruel, I know now, but I laughed till I cried, and the lamb ran until the rope was shaken off.

I never dared fasten the girth rope, or what was more often used—the reigns from the harness. I just slip noosed it double around the body, and then wound the ends around lightly. I didn't do it at all times. I just watched my opportunities, when the women were in the house and the men in the hay field. I experimented. I tried different things, and different modes of winding—not all at once, but day after day, now and then about twice a day. And the queerest thing about it was that Mud really seemed to enjoy it—that is, if the strap came off after he had run a reasonable distance. Sometimes Mud would run around the barn, or the barn lot, and right back to me, after the reigns had dropped off, sometimes even before.

Farmer boys with no playmates living nearer than a half-mile have to make the most of their own resources of entertainment, and I made the most of this, and laughed till I had to tell some one. I was confident that the way in which the lamb ran was so extremely funny that my father would appreciate it, and so would forgive me for the caper, and especially for the use of the reins.

One day about a week later, I ventured to speak out in the hay-field:

"Say, father, I've discovered why Mud ran away. He'll run away any time, and will never be broke in to harness, if you just put something around his body."

Father didn't say a word. I saw he was absent-mindedly thinking of the cow-trade he had made with Joe Crocker, that forenoon. So

MUD RAN THE FUNNIEST I EVER SAW.

I waited a few minutes, and repeated my remark with variations and emphasis. This time it woke him up. "Mud," "harness," caught his attention, and the reply was not very encouraging.

But I kept at him, and brought up the question again, when he was milking the new cow out in the barn-yard that very evening.

"Good milker, isn't she, Ed?" said he. "There is not another cow on the premises that will give a pail of milk like that." So I praised the cow, and asked father how much he thought he made on the trade. He explained how he put the matter so as to make $10 and get a better cow than the one he had—at least he thought so. He laughed as he explained a certain point of the transaction, and then I saw my opportunity.

"Say, father," said I, "set down your pail of milk, and let me get the reins and show you Mud's peculiarity. I've found out the funniest thing you ever saw, and the reason why he ran away."

"Well all right," said he; "but just wait a minute until John comes out of the stable, and then we'll see what you've got."

Just then John stepped down from the stable door, with a full pail of milk.

"Beat you, Sherm," he said, as he held up the full pail of milk.

"Yes, but you've got two cows' milk" said father; "mine alone filled this."

Then I left them talking cows, and the trade, while I ran to the horse stable for the reins.

The lambs had followed after me to the barn, for they sometimes were given some of the milk fresh from the cows, though more frequently they got only the skimmed milk from the house.

As I returned, father said: "Ed's got something to show about Mud. Let's put our pails up in the door, and sit down here, and see what he's been up to."

So they lifted their pails up into the open door, and each sat down on a stone in front of his pail.

Then I got out into the yard, and fixed Mud—a little firmer than usual. I was determined to give him the run of his life. And I said to my lamb, "Here's our first exhibition. Now you run as you never run before!"

Mud bounded, as I held him firmly and drew the reins very taut. It was a success. He ran the funniest I ever saw. Out between the cows, under the bars he went, making the hens fly in every direction, straight around the south end of the new barn.

Father and John just laughed and laughed, and roared and lay back till their heads almost touched the pails up in the door. Just then there was a slam bang in the main part of the barn, as if something had fallen, or one of the horses had broken out of the stable. Father and John quickly turned their heads to see—just in time for father to get his pail of milk inverted squarely over his head. John's pail was struck sidewise somewhat, and landed inverted in his lap—

Father Stopped Laughing. John Didn't Feel Like Laughing.

while Mud landed in father's lap and the loose ends of the reins wound around his neck like a wisp-lash.

Father stopped laughing instantly. You can't laugh with your head submerged in a deluge of milk; and John didn't feel like laughing, because the force of the pail landing in his lap knocked him over from the stone on which he was sitting, and he rolled down the hill, white with milk, looking like a snow man with a pail.

And I? Well, I didn't dare laugh! And as to saying anything, there wasn't any need of it. Father and John a little later said it all.

I've waited several years before I've dared say much about this reminiscence.

I hope that the participants will, after this lapse of years, forgive "the boy" for thus exhibiting "Mud's peculiarity!"

—Edward F. Bigelow.

HOW THEY KEPT STILL.

"Please let us go to church with you to-morrow, Uncle Thad," begged the children. "We'll be still, truly we will."

Uncle Thad had come to make a visit to the five little cousins who lived, not all in one house, but in three houses built side by side in the same big yard. The next day was Sunday, and Uncle Thad was to sing a solo at church, and of course, all five wanted to go.

"I'm afraid it would hardly do," said Rob's mother—Rob was the oldest of the cousins—"for there isn't one of you that sit still a minute."

"I'm sure I can," cried Rob; "I can sit still five minutes. You just try me and see."

"I'll give you all a trial," said Uncle Thad. "If all of you will sit still here on the steps for one minute, without moving or speaking, I'll take you to church with me."

So they all sat down, and Uncle Thad took out his watch and the minute began. They were sitting very still, when all at once there was the sound of wheels on the driveway and Rob jumped up to see who was coming. "It wasn't so easy after all, was it?" laughed Uncle Thad, and then they began over again.

The next time it was Betty who spoiled the minute by seeing a kite above the tree tops and calling to the others to look at it. They tried and tried, but every time something happened before the minute was up, until the children were almost ready to cry, and Uncle Thad looked dreadfully disappointed, for after they had tried so hard he wanted them to win.

Just then some one called him. "I'll just put the watch here on the step, and you can count your own minute," he said. From where he stood, down by the gate, he could see the five heads bent over the watch, and nobody moved.

"Time's up!" he called at last as he hurried back to the little group.

"Was it really a whole minute that time?" asked Ralph.

"Indeed it was," cried Uncle Thad. "It was two minutes!"

"Goody, goody!" cried the children. "We can go, can't we?"

So the next morning all of them went to church, and Uncle Thad declared that the reason he sang so well was because five such good, quiet, little children sat listening to him.

—L. P. McAroy.

WANTED: AN OSTRICH PLUME.

BY FRANCES MARGARET FOX.

"I know ostrich plumes will be the souvenirs," declared the prettiest of five girls, who were dressing in Elizabeth's bedroom. Elizabeth lived in southern California, and the four were her cousins from Boston.

"Oh, scarcely ostrich plumes," Elizabeth protested. "That is too much to expect!"

"You don't know Uncle Henry, when you say so," observed Nancy, the cousin with blue eyes and bright, gold hair. "When he invited us all to go with him to the ostrich farm and promised us souvenirs worth having, that means plumes, dear girls, and cousins, it means long, beautiful plumes, the best in Pasadena. If he gives us a choice of colors I shall say pale blue, thank you."

"Mine shall be pink," added Margery, gazing critically at her brown hair. "Uncle Henry has loads and loads of money, and he loves to spend it."

"If he thinks any of us intended to decline his invitation, he's mistaken," laughed Jane Anne. "The idea of telling us that whoever refuses to come need not expect a souvenir! What a day we will have. I know, because sister and mother and I were in Europe once with Uncle Henry. It wasn't safe to admire anything but cathedrals and sunsets. Everything that money could buy he bought, if one of us said, 'Isn't it pretty!' Didn't he, sister?"

"That's the truth," laughed Olive. "I had scarcely looked at this necklace I am just putting on, before it was mine."

"How jolly!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "I really need an ostrich plume. I've wanted one for ages, but no one in the family ever has had the money for such an extravagance—I mean, for such a necessity."

While the girls were laughing and chattering Elizabeth's mother was reading a note. There was trouble in her face.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, "how can I tell the child? Elizabeth," she called, "will you come downstairs a minute?"

'Certainly, mother dear," was the answer. Turning to her cousins Elizabeth said, "Mother is just like another girl. She has to have some one button her waist in the back, and tell her how pretty she looks, and that her hat is on straight and everything. I am sorry we can't go with her to Mt. Lowe, but she has to go to-day because she promised

Aunt Janet to go with her party. Their souvenirs will be snowballs I suppose."

When Elizabeth ran down stairs she was laughing. When she returned, her steps were slow, and big tears were rolling down her cheeks.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed the four. "Anybody dead?"

"Might as well be," grumbled Elizabeth, hiding her face in her handkerchief.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"I can't go," said Elizabeth.

"Can't go? Why not?"

"Well, grandmother's fussy about entertaining old ladies who are usually left out of things. You know grandmother has a dear little bungalow, and once in two weeks, sometimes every week, she invites two, three, four, or five old ladies from the Old Ladies' Home, or from the highways and byways, to come to dinner, bring their knitting and stay all the afternoon. This happens to be one of her d-days!"

Elizabeth broke down and sobbed, while the puzzled cousins did their best to comfort her.

"Well, what of it?" Olive inquired. "What has that to do with you?"

"Everything," was the sobbing reply. "Grandmother's Jap fell down and broke his old arm and I have to go over and be B-B-Bridget!"

"I should think you had to be Japan," ventured Nancy, and Elizabeth laughed with her cousins.

"You see," she continued, "it leaves grandmother to get dinner all alone. The Jap's brother is coming at two o'clock to stay as long as grandmother needs him; but grandmother has to have help about dinner, don't you see? And there goes my ostrich plume."

"Did she know Uucle Henry had invited us to Pasadena today?"

"Dear me, no, or maybe she would have served sandwiches on the front porch to the poor old ladies."

"Then why don't you tell her you can't come," suggested Margery. "Just say that you need an ostrich plume worse than the old ladies need a big dinner, that will ruin their digestion and make them cross for a week."

"Or," put in Jane Anne, "just ask her to please excuse you."

"Get some one else," persisted Margery. "Why can't she hire some one for a few hours?"

As the girls talked there came to Elizabeth's memory the vision of a sweet-faced grandmother, and the sound of a dear voice saying, "I knew you would come, child. I don't know what I should do without you."

"Well, girls," she said at last, "I don't know Uncle Henry, and you don't happen to know father's only mother, so I think we'll have to stay with the ones we're best acquainted with today."

"That's not grammatical," corrected Nancy, giving Elizabeth a regular bear hug.

,"No, but it's the Golden Rule minus an ostrich plume," was the reply. "You please tell Uncle Henry I'm sorry, and, girls, if you expect to meet him at the Pacific electric station on time, you must start. If Uncle Henry is as good as you say he is he'll bring me a souvenir, too."

"Now, see here," interrupted Olive. "I can't bear to have you disappointed, honey, and so I must tell you Uncle Henry is queer. He does exactly as he says he will. If you don't go, you must give up the souvenir idea, now. Honestly, he will think you are silly to help your grandmother get dinner."

"It can't be avoided," Elizabeth declared. "I can't be a heathen, if I am going to take the place of one. Do have a good time, girls, and if Uncle Henry should ask you my favorite color in ostrich plumes, tell him white."

Mother and the cousins left together, leaving Elizabeth the loneliness of closing the house. On the street her cheerfulness returned. "I won't let grandmother know how disappointed I am," she argued, as she breathed the perfume of roses, and rejoiced in the glorious day.

"Oh, you dear child, I knew you would come," exclaimed grandmother. "I don't know what I should do without you."

"I was sure you would say that," answered Elizabeth. "I'm delighted to be here!" She told the truth.

The old ladies that day were five lonely strangers from the east. Grandmother had sought them out one by one. Elizabeth forgot her lost plume in the joy of waiting upon the smiling, happy guests, until grandmother asked where the four cousins were passing the day.

"They went to the ostrich farm with Uncle Henry," was the reply.

A curious expression rested for a minute upon grandmother's face, but she said nothing further until the old ladies, after thanking her for the pleasant day, and thanking Elizabeth for entertaining them with songs they loved, went home.

Then grandmother surprised Elizabeth. "Your grandfather was a Knight Templar," said she, "and I am going to give you his white ostrich plume. It's an unusually beautiful plume, and I wish you to have it."

Uncle Henry did bring Elizabeth one of the souvenirs. It was an ostrich-egg shell—a good one.

THE LION'S TOOTH.

Who could guess that the dandelion was the *dent de lion*, or lion's tooth?—and the tulip so called because it looks like a turban, and that tulip was another name for turban? The beautiful gladiolus is a sword lily; gladiolus (Latin) means "a little sword." It is so called from the shape of its leaves. The asphodel is from the Greek word meaning "king's spear." The name daffodil comes from "aphodel," and so means the same thing.—St. Nicholas.

THE WRONG DINNER PAIL.

When it came to the question of either losing their old-fashioned country home or earning money to pay off the mortgage, which Mr. Gilbert's long sickness had unfortunately necessitated, Mrs. Gilbert and Winthrop faced the situation with the oft-repeated inquiry, "What can we do?"

In the dual conference—and more than one had been held—composed of Winthrop and his mother, many plans were talked over; but for some reason or other very few appeared feasible. One scheme after another was discussed, and there were objections to each—nothing which either could help. At last the matter reduced itself to the simple alternative—it must be the taking of summer boarders, or lose the home.

"You know, mother, your cooking always takes first prize at the county fairs," suggested Winthrop, meaningly. "If we once get started," he continued, "it wouldn't be long before we'd have to put up signs, 'No room for More Boarders!' I'm almost confident of it. And with what I can save each month at Chandler & Hartzells we can pay off the mortgage in time; I know we can, mother. I saw Thomas Eastman stop in front of the house yesterday morning, and look critically around the place. I could guess of what he was thinking. But his greed will never be satisfied—never! He'll never get the house that Grandfather Gilbert built, not while we can help it, will he, mother?"

"The trouble will be, Winthrop, to get the boarders," anxiously replied his mother. "I wouldn't be afraid of not getting all we could care for were we once all started. You know Mrs. Willis advertised all last summer, and part of the season before, and she got only one application, and that from a dressmaker who couldn't afford to stay in the country longer than two weeks."

"I know," replied Winthrop, drumming on the table for a moment, "but perhaps Mrs. Willis didn't go at it the right way; there might be something in that. Anyway, I'm sure you would succeed where she couldn't."

"It's well enough to say so, dear," and Mrs. Gilbert met Winthrop's earnest gaze with a sweet, motherly smile. "It's another thing to prove it."

But "Mrs. Gilbert & Son," as they playfully called themselves, decided to try the summer-boarder scheme, and very early in the spring their advertisement appeared in several of the large city dailies, and then they waited anxiously for developments.

The old-fashioned Gilbert homestead had been built long years ago. The house contained large, sunny rooms, each with a fireplace, deep, roomy closets, and wide windows—rooms about which everything connected with them suggested rest and comfort. If one wanted to get away from the noise and bustle of the city life for a while, nowhere could be found a more comfortable retreat.

But the weeks slipped rapidly by, and no letters of inquiry came in answer to the concisely-worded advertisements, setting forth the attractions that awaited the guests who wished to install themselves in the country home of Mrs. Jonathan Gilbert.

"I think, Winthrop, we'll have to give it up," said his mother with evident discouragement, after a month had gone by without anyone's desiring board with them. "It takes something more than advertising I am convinced—one has to be known!"

"But it isn't too late yet, mother," replied Winthrop. "Spring has hardly begun even in the city, and it's still cold in the country, too much so for boarders even to think of coming this soon."

"However, they made preparations before this, or most people do," responded Mrs. Gilbert, lowering the window to keep out the draught. "But we won't quite give up—yet," she added with something of new courage in her tone.

"When does the interest come due?" asked Winthrop.

"The fifth of October; and if we don't have it then, we'll—"

"O, but we will," interrupted Winthrop, quietly. "I shall have a good deal saved by that time."

"But not enough to meet the interest payment, dear. "It's more than you think it is."

June came and the four large airy rooms in the old Gilbert house were still vacant—and they had been so attractively arranged for the hoped-for guests!

"It's too bad," thought Mrs. Gilbert, with but little expectation that any summer boarders would now apply, so late was it getting to be. "But we've done all we could, spending more for advertising than we could really afford. I don't see why we should have failed."

Beginning with the tenth of June, all the stores in the village were to be closed each Wednesday afternoon, at twelve-thirty, thus giving those employed as clerks a half holiday. On the afternoon of the ninth of June Chandler & Hartzell decided not to open their place of business the next day, not even in the morning, as they wished an opportunity to make some necessary repairs in the store floor.

"You needn't come to the store tomorrow," announced Mr. Chandler to Winthrop as, just before closing, the boy entered the office of the firm on an errand. "You may have the entire day off. But be sure to be on hand early Thursday morning, there'll be quite a bit of clearing up to do."

"I'll be here any time you say," replied Winthrop, delighted with the prospect of a whole day to himself.

If his mother didn't want him for anything especial, Winthrop planned to take the time for a day's fishing on Whitney Lake. Bass were biting splendidly there, and he hadn't had a line in his hand all the spring.

"Put me up a pail, heaping full, of dinner," he cautioned his mother, going into the kitchen early the next morning. "I shall be

hungry as a bear by noon! And your food—well, a little tastes like some more to a fellow; that's my experience."

Winthrop, on reaching the lake, decided to leave the pail of dinner snugly hidden in a clump of bushes on the shore.

"There's no place in the boat," he said to himself, hastily, "where I can keep it out of the sun, and I don't want all the good things spoiled. My! I could eat half that's in there now," taking off the cover and peeping in. "But I won't; I'll catch my fish first. Hope I'll get enough to give Aunt Sally Volk a mess."

After leaving the pail behind a clump of alders, Winthrop got into the low, narrow boat, and eagerly pushed off.

"Ah, this is fun!" he said, drawing a deep breath.

Winthrop had been fishing perhaps an hour when he noticed a boat belonging to the Spring Hill House, a small hotel in the village, coming toward him. It contained two men, one a young fellow about his own age, the other much older. They were both strangers to Winthrop.

"Probably they're boarders," thought the boy, a trifle longingly.

Just at that moment he felt the line "twitch."

"It's a big one," he exclaimed, and began slowly "to play" the big gamy bass toward the boat. "My! it's a three-pounder, if it's an ounce," he cried as he landed the "catch" in the bottom of the boat. "He'll make a meal all right!"

In his excitement Winthrop paid no more attention to the boat from the hotel. Before noon the men had "worked" their way back toward the place where Winthrop had started out in the morning.

On landing, the older man began to look about him in the bushes, as though hunting for something.

"Didn't they say at the hotel, Dan," he said; turning to the boy, "that they'd leave our dinner near here—close to the big oak? That's the tree, sure!" and he pointed to a giant oak.

"Perhaps they haven't sent it yet," suggested Dan, looking at his watch. "They're not overswift at the Spring Hill House."

"But it's time it was here," replied his father, for such the older man was. Presently he started over toward the clump of alders.

"Here it is—here!" he called back. "I thought they'd have it here by this time!"

Laying down a newspaper for a table-cloth, the two strangers soon had the dinner spread out before them; and it looked good to the hungry men.

"It's better'n we get at the hotel," reclared Dan, between the bites of a delicious egg sandwich. "We never get bread like this there!"

"I was just thinking the same thing," replied his father. "And these tarts—I haven't seen the like since I was a boy! We'll have to see about this when we get back to the Spring Hill House! I wouldn't mind staying all summer, and having your mother and sisters here, if we were sure of this kind of cooking. Say, Dan, it's splendid!"

"You bet!" was the reply as Dan took a bite of a spicy brown doughnut.

"I wonder if they've found my dinner!" Winthrop was coming up from the shore of the lake, and saw in front of the strangers what looked strangely like his own dinner pail, now lying empty at Dan's feet. "It—it's really mine."

"Looking for something?" inquired Mr. Harmon, politely.

"Yes—my dinner pail! And that looks like it there," he answered, nodding to the pail on the ground just in front of him.

"Did you leave it—"

"In that clump of alder bushes—there," broke in the boy, pointing to the place where Mr. Harmon had found his dinner.

"Ex-excuse me. We thought it was from the hotel—the Spring Hill House—where we are stopping for a few days," explained the stranger, with much embarrassment. "They had agreed to send our dinner to this place, and we thought that under the bushes was it."

"Never mind," replied Winthrop, generously. "This catch," exhibiting his string of white perch and bass, "is worth the loss of a dinner."

"Say," suddenly exclaimed Mr. Harmon, "did your mother cook what was in that pail?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you live near here?"

"In the big square house, the other side of Welchville brook."

"Do you suppose—"

The gentleman turned abruptly from Winthrop to Dan, and then back again.

"Do you suppose she'd be willing to take some boarders for the summer? Have enough accommodations for—eight?"

"I think so," stammered Winthrop, completely taken back by the suddenness of the man's inquiry. Then quickly: "I'm sure we have!"

"I can supply that number. I wonder if your mother could find it convenient to take us next week?" in a half doubtful tone.

"Yes, sir. Our advertisement's in that paper you've just thrown down—'Rooms and Board now Ready.' You'll find it under 'Maine Summer Resorts.' "

"It isn't the first time one's home has been saved by a dinner pail," remarked Mrs. Gilbert to Winthrop, early in the fall, as she counted over the interest money due Mr. Willis the next day.

"It wasn't the pail that did it," replied Winthrop, shyly. " 'Twas the splendid cooking inside the pail. I knew if that got out, we'd get all the boarders we wanted."

THE LOST HOUR.

"Coax your auntie to let you stay home this time," urged Frank, as he sat in the sand pile with Lester. "Sunday school is only one hour anyway, so it don't matter for once. I have this sore foot and can't go, so you might stay with me. It's awful lonesome alone."

"I haven't missed a Sunday yet," said Lester, thinking of Miss Ethel and all the boys and girls. "I know my golden text and every thing."

"Well, then, it don't make any difference whether you go or not," said the little boy with his foot tied up in a bandage. "Your auntie will let you stay if you just ask her."

"Want to stay at home from Sunday school?" said Auntie Belle when Lester asked her. "Why, isn't this a sudden notion? You told me you hadn't missed a day. I am afraid your mamma won't like it."

But both boys coaxed until she said Lester might stay with his lame friend. Mamma had been called away suddenly on Saturday evening, so Aunt Belle came over to stay with Lester and little Nell until Mamma and Papa came home.

"I guess you didn't go to Sunday school yesterday, did you Lester?" asked old Mrs. Brown. "I missed my paper and have been lonesome for it ever since."

"No—I—that is, I stayed at home with Frank. He has a sore foot, you know," said Lester, remembering that he always brought a Sunday school paper to the dear old lady who could not go herself. "I'm sorry about the paper."

"So am I, but it isn't often you miss," said Miss Ethel, meeting him on the street as he was going to the store for Mamma. "I was just on my way to see if you were sick, for you are one of my most faithful scholars."

"I wish I hadn't stayed at home," thought Lester, as he hurried on after seeing Miss Ethel's grieved look. "I guess it don't pay to lose even one Sunday."

And when the end of the year came, what do you suppose happened? Why, the minister read a list of the names of the boys and girls who had not been absent a single Sunday from Sunday school, and gave them nice books and prizes. There were little boys and big boys, little girls and big girls, and some grown people, but Lester's name was not among them.

"For just one hour that day, Mamma, I missed a prize," said Lester, when he told his mamma all about it. "And that isn't all, either. All the time I wanted to be in Sunday school. I'm going to do better next year."

—Sunday School Messenger.

"I HAVE TO STAY,
SEWING MY PATCHWORK BEFORE I PLAY."

THE PATCHWORK QUILT.

It's a long way to the end of a bedquilt,
Over and over so.
Oh, the flowers and the birds never sew in the shunshine—
Never—they only grow!
But here in the hammock I have to stay,
Sewing my patchwork before I play.

Robin dear, high up in the apple-tree,
Calling "Cheer up! cheer ye!"
How do you think I can go to the orchard?
Here I am sewing—see!
Over and over I have to go
Way down the seam, so long and slow.

Away in the orchard, the honey bees drowsily
Droning so far away,
Tell of the clovers that want me to gather them,
Calling, "Come out and play!"
But over and over, and through and through,
No clovers or play with a seam to do!

Oh, it's one crooked stitch, and then two crooked stitches,
And one crooked stitch makes three!
With the sunshine, or the honey bees droning so,
Somehow it's hard to see.
Robin, I'm shutting my eyes to dream—
I've sewed to the end of my patchwork seam!

—Carolyn S. Bailey.

THE MONTH OF MAY.

It comes just after April,
And right before 'tis June;
And every bird that's singing
Has this same lovely tune:
"You need to ask your mother
To let you go and play!"
The very breezes whisper,
"You may! You may! You may!"

There are no frosts to freeze you,
And no fierce winds to blow,
But winds that seem like kisses,
So soft and sweet and slow.
The lovely sun is shining
'Most every single day.
"Of course you may go out, dears—
It is the month of 'May'!"

Anna B. Bryant, in The Mayflower.

HOW PETER NAMED HIMSELF.

BY ROSE THORN.

Percy Morgan's aunty, going to Europe, presented her pet cat to her nephew. Since this aunty had lived just next door, it was not a hard matter to induce her "Peter" to change homes, although at first he winked indifferently at Percy's coaxing, and refused to budge an inch from the top of the post by the veranda steps.

But night fell cold, and Peter was hungry; so he rose, stretched himself, and walked solemnly over to the next house.

After his hunger was appeased at Percy's eager hands, he was persuaded to sit in front of the open fire in the library and be stroked and petted by his new master. He even deigned to sing a low song in his deep bass voice.

With this he seemed to consider himself completely installed in his new home.

Percy was delighted with his new pet. It was "so nice to have something to play with which was alive!"

One day he suddenly exclaimed, "What a horrid name Peter is for my nice cat! I don't see what did make aunty call him Peter!"

"Rechristen him," suggested papa. Papa was laid up on the sofa for a few days with a sprained ankle, and was, therefore, ready to be useful mentally to any one.

Percy gladly caught at the suggestion. "May I, papa? Do you think he'd learn a new name?"

"Certainly."

Percy sat lost in thought for several minutes, and seemed to be intently watching a stick of wood burn in two and fall apart. "Papa," he finally said, "I can't think of any name nice enough."

Papa had also been thinking. "Suppose we let him choose his own name," he said.

"Oh, how? how?"

"I'll show you. Bring me a newspaper and the shears."

Then he showed his son how to trim off the margins and cut them into lengths of about six inches. "Now," said he, taking out his pencil, "we'll write a name on each one. Let me see—" and he scribbled busily until every strip was marked. Then he read the list to Percy:

"Jerry, Tony, Ginger, Tom, Grimalkin, Tiger, Cato, Plato, Otto, Mustafa, Cæsar, Rene."

The boy laughed. "Why, papa, I think some are very queer. What is that Grim—Grim—"

"Grimalkin means an old cat."

"But my cat isn't old."

Papa smiled. "No, that's true, dear; but he will be if he lives long enough, and just while he's young you might call him 'Grim' for short."

"All right," and Percy's face was perfectly contented.

"Now, then, tie the cord across the room and then pin the papers upon it as Bridget pins her clothes upon the line. Good! Now stand here by me and jar the line so that the papers will flutter, and see if Peter won't try to catch them. The one he succeeds in pulling off will have his name on it."

Percy quickly started them dancing like veritable sprites, and Peter was all attention in a twinkling. He ran along under the line, looking up curiously at each quivering paper.

Back and forth several times he went. He mounted a chair, and putting his head very knowingly on one side, reached out his paw toward an end paper. No; it was too far off. To the other end he ran, where, springing to Percy's shoulder, he attempted to walk from it down the string, but fell to the floor.

"Peter thought he could walk a tight rope without any practice, didn't he?" said papa. But Percy was laughing too hard to reply, or even to wonder what a tight rope was.

There was an ottoman on the floor with a fur rug thrown over it. Peter went over to it and threw himself upon it, but still closely watched the tantalizing papers. Finally he fixed his eyes brightly on one, while his tail thrashed back into the fur and twitched excitedly, sometimes only the tip, and sometimes with a quiver that ran its whole length. Suddenly his claws gripped the edge of the ottoman, his eyes dilated, and with a mighty spring he brought down a paper. Percy fairly shrieked with delight. In fact, he was so excited that he forgot all about the name.

"Run and get the paper!" cried papa. "He'll tear it up, and then you'll never know what his name is."

Percy quickly secured the precious paper then, which the cat was tossing wildly about the room. He slowly spelled out the name thereon. "O papa, he's called himself Cæsar! That's like a king, isn't it?"

"Yes; and the old Cæsars were great conquerors, so it is a very fitting name for such a conquering hero as your cat has proved himself to be."—The Youth's Companion.

Oh, the pretty, brave things! through the coldest days,
  Imprisoned in walls of brown,
They never lost heart though the blast shrieked loud,
  And the sleet and the hail came down;
But patiently each wrought her beautiful dress,
  Or fashioned her beautiful crown;
And now they are coming to brighten the world,
  Still shadowed by winter's frown;
And well may they cheerily laugh, "Ha! ha!"
  In a chorus soft and low,
The millions of flowers hid under the ground—
  Yes—millions—beginning to grow.

—Selected.

LOOSE ENDS.

In the days when stockings and mittens were knit by hand the marked difference between a good knitter and a poor one was the way the loose ends were fastened.

A dropped stitch could be seen and picked up, a poorly shaped mitten could be worn, but careless fastening of the yarn at the thumb and hand was inexcusable. For at the most inconvenient time the end would come loose and the mitten be raveled.

How many loose ends we find! Loose ends in business, in housekeeping, in church, in state. All of them the result of loose ends in character.

One of the peculiar things about loose ends is they do not ravel and annoy until there is some wear and tear upon the garment.

How many young men fail because of some defect, some streak of laziness that did not show until put to the test. Defects that might have been a veritable defense.

Girls by the hundred are not attaining the highest things because of the loose ends.

Martha always disliked to spell. She liked other studies better. "I do not like spelling," she said, "and it will not show if I do not know it. There is the dictionary."

She was capable and obliging and was offered a responsible position. But there were many letters to write. So many, in fact, that there was no time to learn spelling from the dictionary. She could not accept it.

Mary aspired to be a great music teacher. It was not her great desire to play, but to teach.

She read music easily, rapidly, but how she disliked scales and exercises.

"How can I teach successfully unless I know?" she asked herself. And she worked unceasingly on technique.

Mary had many pupils. One showed such great promise that Mary insisted she be sent to a conservatory.

When she took her first lesson the teacher wanted to know where she had learned her technique.

The faculty decided that one who could so teach scales and exercises must come to their school to teach.

Mary is there today, has a large salary, and is happy in the thought that there were no loose ends in her training.—*Young People.*

FOR THE LITTLE INVALID.

To the many "shut-in people" whose view of the outdoor world is confined within the narrow limits of a single window-frame here is an idea that may give pleasure. One early spring day it came to me, as I sat at my sunny east window looking out at the green lawn and the shaded village street beyond. "How lovely this view would be," I thought, "seen through a frame of flowers and leaves."

My window is an ordinary one, about eighteen inches from the floor inside, and two feet six inches above the ground on the outside. I had the ground beneath the window spaded and put in order, and on each side, even with the casing, I had planted wild cucumbers and flowering beans, with cords placed for the vines to run on. Between these vines, in the ground below the window, were placed cream and scarlet dahlia bulbs.

The cucumber and bean vines were chosen because of their rapid growth, and it seemed but a few days before the tips of the vines were looking in at my window. From this time on it was an exquisite hourly pleasure to watch their growth, and when the flowers appeared the feathery white of the cucumber and the pink of the flowering beans made a beautiful harmony of color and filled my room with a delightful fragrance; and later, when the dahlia blossoms' scarlet and cream formed a stately row across the window, the effect was gorgeous. As my window was sheltered from the first frosts by the house my flower-frame retained its beauty all through the summer and until late in the autumn.

As to the selection of plants, any favorite vines or flowers may be combined; though I chose the common, homely, easily grown vines and flowers, and they gave me a summer full of beauty and fragrance and happiness, as they may to anyone who will take a little trouble.—Ladies' Home Journal.

MAIDEN MAY

The maiden May, all fresh and fair,
  Comes smiling coyly from the south,
With apple-blossoms in her hair
  And mossy rosebuds in her mouth.

The birds with song her coming greet,
  The tulips wave their banners wide,
While o'er her path the lilac sweet
  Pours "love's young dream" in flowing tide.

The children hail her from afar,
  And clap their tiny hands in glee,
As blushing bud or blossom star
  She hangs on every shrub and tree. —Sel.

THE GREAT CIRCUS PARADE.

Going to see the circus parade, Hillary?" sang out Russel Hyde, as he halted for a minute at the door of the store where Hillary worked before and after school, and Saturdays.

Hillary was busy filling some cracker boxes from a barrel that stood close by, and stopped only long enough to answer, "I guess not; Saturday is a busy day in the store."

"Oh, come on!" It's going to be a big parade. I heard it come into town early this morning. I've just come from the circus grounds. They have a tent that covers the whole of that big field on High Street on which we used to play ball. It's fine, I tell you! My father is going to take me to the show this afternoon."

Russell paused to take breath, while Hillary Bygrave answered quietly, but firmly, "I'd like to see the parade first-rate, Russell; but it's no use wishing when you have work to do." Then he quietly went on with his cracker sorting.

"I don't believe you know what a parade it's going to be," Russell insisting still lingering. "It's going to be headed by a band of wild Indians; and there's going to be an old mail coach full of squaws, a squad of heavy artillery, two of the largest lions in the world, camels, leopards, wild cats, and four large trained elephants!" Russell had the whole program at his tongue's end.

Hillery's eyes gleamed, but he still returned the same quiet answer, "I'd like to see it first-rate; but it's no use wishing,—I cannot go."

"It's only just round the corner," persisted Russell starting as the sound of music caught his ear.

Just then Hillery's employer who had been an interested listener to the boys' conversation spoke up: "Don't urge the lad, boy. He'll have time enough to see another circus before he grows up. He is right in sticking to his work. It is the only way to get on in life. I'm glad to see he has so much common sense."

Then he gave Hillary an encouraging pat on the shoulder, and passed on; while Russell, finding it useless to urge his friend any longer, followed the enticing music.

Left alone Hillary kept steadily on setting his boxes in neat rows upon the shelf, just wishing, boy fashion, that the circus would take a notion to pass by the store. But it did not, although an occasional shriek of the calliope told him that it was on its way.

"I would like to see those lions, and the trained elephants," he mused. "And I never saw any heavy artillery—but then, as Mr. Cutting says, there will be other circuses; and I'm not going to let thinking about this one make a lazy boy of me."

This ended circus thoughts for Hillary. And the rest of the morning, clear up to the noon hour, found him a very busy boy.

When he took his cap to go to dinner, Mr. Cutting looked up from his desk and remarked pleasantly: "I am sorry it happened that you

could not see the circus parade this morning. If work hadn't been so rushing I'd have let you off."

"Oh, that's all right; I didn't mind it much. I forgot all about it as soon as the music stopped," replied Hillary starting on.

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Cutting. "How would you like to go to the circus with me, this evening?"

"You mean to the real show?" Hillary's eyes were sparkling, and he drew in a long, deep breath of anticipation.

"Yes, the real show! An old codger like me doesn't forget that he was once a boy. And I reckon a troop of wild Indians with their war whoops will make me feel young again."

"I didn't think it would be this circus!" Hillary ejaculated, as he raced home to tell his mother the joyful news. "I thought I should see a circus sometime, but I didn't think it would be this one!"

ANIMALS AND FIRE.

Most animals are afraid of fire and will flee from it in terror. To others there is a fascination about a flame, and they will walk into it, even though tortured by the heat. Some firemen were talking the other day about the conduct of animals during a fire. A horse in a burning stable, they agreed, was wild with fear, but a dog was as cool in a fire as at any other time. A dog, they said, keeps his nose down to the floor, where the air is purest, and sets himself calmly to finding his way out. Cats in fires howl piteously. They hide their faces from the light and crouch in corners. When their rescuer lifts them they are, as a rule, quite docile and subdued, never biting or scratching. Birds seem to be hypnotized by fire and keep perfectly still. Even the loquacious parrot in a fire has nothing to say. Cows, like dogs, do not show alarm. They are easy to lead forth and often find their way out themselves. Rodents seem never to have any difficulty in escaping from fires. The men said that in their experience they had never come upon the burned skeleton of a rat or mouse.—Golden Days.

SONG OF THE GRASS BLADES

Peeping, peeping, here and there,
In lawns and meadows everywhere,
Coming up to find the spring,
And hear the robin rebreast sing.
Creeping under children's feet,
Glancing at the violets sweet;
Growing into tiny bowers,
For the dainty meadow flowers.
We are small, but think a minute
Of a world with no grass in it. —Selected.

THE COWARD OF THE SCHOOL.

By J. S. Ellis.

"Spartacus" Bangs—the name had stuck from that day in the history class when they were discussing the men in history one most admires. The name, given by Harold in a moment of self-forgetting, was received with a burst of laughter. Even the teacher smiled, for it was a standing joke Harold Bangs was the most timid boy in school.

Even the girls could do things from which Harold shrank in horror. He could not cross the foot-log over the creek, which they skipped lightly along. When they stumbled upon a harmless striped snake in the grass the girls merely screamed, but Harold ran wildly away, and hated himself while he did it.

For no one realized his shortcomings, more than the boy himself. He looked wistfully on while boys ventured on dizzy heights, scaled barn roofs, climbed windmill towers. He knew that if he were to attempt these things his head would be whirling before he was ten feet from the ground.

Not a week after Harold had announced Spartacus as his hero, Fred Farnley's nose began to bleed in school. He waved his hand for some time before attracting the teacher's attention, and the handkerchief became saturated with blood. Harold was at the board with the arithmetic class and turned to see what was the cause of the disturbance. Then when the school was watching Fred walk out of the room, they heard a moan and saw Harold tumble in a heap on the floor. The teacher had to carry him out of the room and bathe his temples with cold water before he recovered. At recess Harold remained at his seat, but he could hear the boys shouting: "Did you see Spartacus?" "Fainted."

"Well I never did!" And when he went home that night three girls from the grade below his walked behind him calling; "Spartacus, Spartacus, what makes you so brave?"

Harold had one friend who was somewhat of a personage in the little prairie town. Peter Mocket had been a sailor during the best years of his life, but in old age he had drifted far from the sea and settled down to the peaceful occupation of mending shoes. His shop was a favorite resort of the boys. Marvelous were the tales he told of storms at sea, and the countries upon which he had *not* set foot were insignificant.

The stories which Harold loved best to hear were of the dark, stormy nights at sea, when the wind was lashing the waves, and the sailors were sent aloft to trim the sails. He listened to the tales, thrilled by the dangers which the men faced, and could forget, for the moment, that he was a coward.

"Weren't you afraid to climb the masts when the wind was blowing?" he would ask at the close of these recitals.

"There was no time to be afraid," Peter would growl, without

looking up from his work. "When the captain or the mate spoke up it was jump and be lively lads, or a ropes end for you."

Harold usually had his lessons well prepared, but sometimes the lash of the waves, the hoarse voice of the captain shouting orders to the men aloft clinging to the spars, and the roll of the ship, come between him and the pages of the book. Sometime, some day, he would show these people that he was not at heart a coward.

No one despised his cowardice more than he himself did.

They were deep in their lessons one day, when the electric bells all over the building began to ring. C-r-r-r-r-n-g, c-r-r-r-r-n-g, c-rr-r-r-n-g. Three rings, repeated three times—the fire-alarm! Instantly work stopped. Classes passed swiftly to their seats. Books were caught under one arm and, without stopping, the lines filed through the wardrobes, snatching at coats and caps. Without confusion, without haste—though more than one face paled at the black cloud of smoke that filled the lower halls—they passed out in double columns, obedient to the sharp words of command. The drills had been practiced faithfully; the result was perfect; there was no failure.

It was an excited throng that faced about, when the last pupil was out, and beheld black clouds of smoke pouring from the windows of their beautiful school building. Some of the teachers began to cry hysterically, now that all danger was over. Harold had been terribly frightened. Indeed, his limbs still trembled so that he could hardly conceal his agitation. But when he looked up at the face of Mr. Shafer the principal, he saw that his face, too, was pale.

Amid the clatter of the pupils the volunteer fire company rattled up and the crowd fell back. Volunteer fire companies do not work with the accuracy of the organized fire departments of the cities. The hose cart was on the ground, but the hook and ladder company did not come. Streams of water had begun to play through the windows of the first floor and basement, but there was crying need for water on the second floor. The ladders, the ladders! Why didn't they come? A crowd of boys started fleet-footed down the street to find the cause of the delay. Then Miss Arnold, the teacher of the eighth grade, ran screaming to Mr. Shafer and caught him by the arm.

"Lissy and Hazel, Lissy and Hazel!" she screamed in his ear. "O, they're up in the garret room. They went up there to work arithmetic."

Harold, who was standing near, saw the principal stagger back, as though struck a heavy blow, and throw his hands to his face. In a moment there was such a screaming and crying around him and Miss Arnold that the noise was deafening. Mr. Shafer broke suddenly away from the group and ran to the schoolhouse door and disappeared in the smoke.

The "garret" room was a large room fitted up in the attic and lighted only by skylights. There had been some intention, when the building was constructed, of using it for a classroom, but this plan had been abandoned, because of its inaccessibility. Occasionally, by special per-

mission, pupils were allowed to go to this room to study, and here it was that Lissy Means and Hazel Eriscon had gone.

Breathlessly they waited, talking in whispers. The tragedy of the burning schoolhouse had become as nothing compared to the struggle for life hidden by the black smoke.

After ages of waiting, a boy farthest out began to shout and point upward. Out on the roof of the schoolhouse was Mr. Shafer, and beside him, clinging to him and crying, were Lissy and Hazel.

"The ladders!" a man shouted. "We must have the ladders quick, before the roof falls."

Feverishly they looked in the direction from which the ladder cart was expected, but it was not in sight. Others started to find what mishap was delaying the ladder company.

Meanwhile one of the firemen was coiling a long rope for a throw. He whirled it about his head, but it fell far short of the fifty feet to the roof. Others tried with no better success.

The heat bursting from doors and windows was intense, and the crowd was forced back. If help was to come, it must come soon. The children saw this in the faces of the elders and were terrified. They could not understand how much the grave faces meant, but there was deadly fear in the heart of everyone.

The men had given up trying to throw the rope and were standing helplessly by. The principal was kneeling on the side of the roof nearest them, with an arm about each of the children. Suddenly Harold Bangs darted out from the crowd and ran to the men with the rope.

"Give it to me!' he cried.

Seizing the rope he ran to the corner of the schoolhouse, with all eyes following. For ornamental purposes lighter colored bricks had been used on the corners, at intervals of six or eight inches, which projected a half inch from the surface. Using the projections for footing and fingerholds, the boy began to climb slowly up the corner.

When it became evident what he was attempting a murmur of surprise ran through the crowd, mixed with pity and even contempt. It seemed so certain that it was but a boy's foolish whim that all confidently expected to see him drop down, after a few feet. Boys had attempted to climb these corners, in a spirit of fun, but none had ventured over ten feet from the ground.

Slowly, but steadily, he was rising from the ground. Now he was even with the windows on the first floor, now he was above them. When he reached a point higher than any boy had climbed a shock of interest ran through the crowd. They could see how painfully he clutched the sharp corners, how he flattened his body against the wall to keep from falling backward.

When his hands rose above the sill of the second story windows the excitement burst like a flame over the crowd. They cheered and shouted, and danced wildly about. Harold heard them and for a dangerous moment looked down. Those nearest saw his face grow white and body quiver as he turned quickly back.

It was Miss Arnold who thought of singing: "Bring the good old bugle, boys we'll sing a joyful song." And from every throat rang out the chorus: "Hurrah! hurrah! We'll sing the jubilee."

There was no doubt that it helped him. Slowly, with frequent stops he was coming nearer to the edge of the roof. Here the most dangerous part of the attempt confronted him. He would have to support himself with one hand, while he reached up and out to the tiled eaves-spout, which projected over his head. Once he attempted it, hesitatingly, then grasped the bricks again with both hands. They could not see his face—he dared not look down—but they knew he was trying to nerve himself for another trial.

"Cheer, cheer!" cried Miss Arnold, and a ringing shout went up. boldly Harold reached out and grasped the tile. The next instant he was swinging above them. Then he wriggled his body over into the rain gutter.

With the aid of the rope the descent from the roof was comparatively easy. First Mr. Shafer lowered the frightened girls over the edge, then Harold followed, almost in a stupor from exhaustion. Lastly the principal himself came down, hand over hand.

In the joy and excitement that followed the fire was forgotten. As Harold looked around it struck him that everyone was laughing and crying at the same time. So many people wanted to shake hands that they joggled him all about.

Best of all came Peter Mocket, his hands black from the bench, and his face in black streaks from wiping his eyes.

"I never seen a braver thing on salt water, lad," he roared in his seaman's voice and gave Harold's fingers a mighty squeeze.

Then came to Harold, what he had not thought of before, that he had conquered, and would never again be the coward of the school.

CONCERT RECITATION.

Who likes the rain?
"I," said the duck, "I call it fun,
For I have my little rubbers on;
They make a cunning three-toed track
In the soft, cool mud; quack! quack?"

"I hope 'twill pour, I hope 'twill pour,"
Croaked the tree-toad from his gray bark door;
"For with a broad leaf for a roof
I'm perfectly weatherproof."

Sang the brook, "I laugh at every drop,
And wish it would never need to stop
Until a broad river I grow to be,
And could find my way out to the sea." —Selected.

MARJORIE AND MAJOR.

Now Marjorie is trim and sweet,
And also very, very neat;
Major, her doggie wee—well, *he*
Is not as neat as he might be,
For he is running every day
About the dusty street at play.
So Marjorie an apron keeps
For doggie Major when he sleeps;
And when he wants to take a nap,
Curled snugly up in Marjorie's lap,
He shakes himself, and rubs his nose,
And off for his "sleeping-apron" goes!
Now don't you think some day he'll be
Almost as neat as Majorie?

—Isla May Mullins.

DONALD'S VACATION.

Jette Margaret Phelps.

"Donald! Donald! Donald!" Mrs. Turner stood in the hall a moment, and then, with a queer little smile on her face, turned and went out on the side veranda. A white-bearded, jolly-faced old man looked up expectantly as she came out. They talked a few minutes in low tones.

"I expect you're right," the old man said. "He probably needs the lesson." The smile gone from his face, he took up the lines and drove the fat white horse out of the yard.

Mrs. Turner went back to her baking.

Up-stairs in his bedroom Donald was making a kite. It was the first day of the Easter vacation, and he intended to have it ready should he want to fly it. He had just finished the frame when he heard his mother's first call.

"She just wants me to bring in an armful of wood," he said to himself. "Sarah can do it just as well's not. "'Sides, I've got to keep at it if I ever get it done. Shouldn't wonder if the wind'd come up so's we fellows can fly'em this afternoon," and he spread out the stiff paper and prepared to cut it out.

Donald had got into a bad habit of not starting as soon as he was told to do a thing, and sometimes of not answering when called, but he was not disturbed again.

An hour later he went down-stairs after a drink of water.

"I am sorry you didn't hear me call, Donald," said his mother. "Grandpa was here, and wanted you to go out to Uncle Charlie's with him to stay the rest of the week. Uncle Charlie tapped his sugar-bush Saturday, and he thought you would enjoy spending your whole vacation out on the farm."

"O mamma, why didn't you call—" and then he stopped. He remembered. She had called. "I didn't s'pose you wanted anything much!" he wailed. "Oh, oh, oh!"

Tht night Mamma Turner had a long talk with him, but nevertheless it was a very sorry-faced little boy who got up Tuesday morning.

Wednesday morning Mamma Turner told him he must not let his mistake spoil his whole week's vacation, and finally he went off upstairs to finish his kite. He had worked half an hour, perhaps, when he heard his mother in the hall below.

"Donald!" she cried.

Donald waited no second call. His lesson had been bitter, and now he started at once.

"What is it, mamma?" he asked, from over the banisters.

"Grandpa is here," said Mamma Turner. "He had to come in for new buckets, and he would like to know if you care—" but Donald

waited no longer. He was down-stairs and out on the porch in a twinkling.

"Here, young man, get your rubber boots and your old clothes," said grandpa, laughing. "We want a hired man about your size to help in the sugar-bush that is if his hearing is good," he added, his eyes twinkling; and mamma assured him that Donald's had improved since Monday.

WHAT ARE THE DANDELIONS.

"Mamma, what are the dandelions?" asked little Susy, as she saw them for the first time in her life."

"They are flowers, Susy."

"I know that, mamma; but they are something more than—than—" but Susy could think of no other flower which was only a flower to her. So she asked another question.

"Do their roots go down, down, very deep, mamma?"

"Deeper than the roots of most small flowers; but why do you ask that, Susy?"

"Oh. I thought they must go down to the gold, and draw it up into the sunshine that would make the gold happy, and that is the reason the dandelions laugh."

Susy walked on without speaking again until she and her mother reached one of the pleasant parlors on Beacon Street, which overlooks the Commons, and then she clasped her hands, and cried, "I see it now; I see it now! Mamma, why didn't you tell me it was God's spatter-work?"

"I did not think of that."

"What did you think?"

"Nothing so beautiful as you thought, my child, but I will tell you. I thought of the beautiful myth of Freya, in whom the Goths believed. They tell that she was forsaken by her husband, and in her grief wandered all over the earth shedding golden tears."

"And the dandelions grew up where the golden tears fell, didn't they, mamma?"

"Perhaps they did; for the Goths tell that before her there was winter, but as soon as she passed, flowers sprang up, until the whole earth blossomed."—*Kindergarten Stories.*

"MAKING UP."

The Baby's Page

TWIN GIRLS are babies Bell and Nell. As they played they pushed and fell Hurt them both and made them cry. Bell said, "It was you, not I." Nell said, "No, Bell, it was you!" Then they both cried, "Boo-hoo-hoo!" Poor dears, their tears fell fast, like April rain; but like May sunshine, smiles cured all their pain. At first they laid and cried and cried, and then, got up and kissed and made all up again. That is how we all should do, you with me and I with you, love and kiss not try to drive. In the year months May counts five. Father in Heaven, like babies Bell and Nell, when babies fall and hurt, please make them well.

—Lula Greene Richards.

JUST FOR FUN.

MAKING USE OF HIS LEARNING.

A small boy known to the New York *Sun* was introduced by his teacher to the ditto mark. Its labor-saving possibilities appealed to him, and he soon found occasion to turn his knowledge to account.

While away on a short visit he wrote to his father. The letter ran:

Dear father.
I hope you are well.
" " mother is "
" " sister " "
" " Dick " "
" wish mother was here.
" " grandmother was here.
" " you would send me some money. Your aff. son, Tom.

A small boy at the dinner table made the following request: "Please papa, let me ask the blessing to-day." As permission was given him, he very reverently returned thanks as follows: "Dear Lord, we thank Thee for the meat, we thank Thee for the 'tatoes [a moment's thoughtful pause]" we thank Thee for the *whole business*. Amen.

Little Girl: I want a cake of soap.
Chemist: Have it scented?
Little girl: No, I won't have it scented. I'll take it with me; we only live around the corner.—*Scraps*.

"Spell ferment and give its definition," requested the teacher.
"F-e-r-m-e-n-t, to work," responded a diminutive maiden.
"Now place it in a sentence, so that I may be sure you under-stand its meaning," said the teacher.
"In the summer, I would rather play out-of-doors than ferment in the schoolhouse," returned the small scholar.

Doctor: Now, my boy, show me your tongue. That's not enough. Put it right out.
Small Boy: I can't—'cos it's fastened at the back!—*Punch*.

"Willie," said the teacher, "form a sentence in which you use the first person."
"Adam lived in the Garden of Eden," replied Willie, promptly.—*Exchange*.

"What are pauses?" the teacher asked the second class in grammar.
"Things that grow on cats and dogs," answered the smallest girl.—*The King's Own*.

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

RECEPTION.

An informal reception will be held for Primary Officers on Saturday, April 5th, 1913, from four to six p. m. in the Bishop's Building, Sald Lake City, Utah.

All Primary Officers, visitors and local, and interested friends are cordially invited.

The object of the reception is to give an opportunity for getting better acquainted, to discuss personally the topics of interest to the work and to inspect the books and other supplies recommended for the use of Primary Officers.

THE JUNE CONVENTION.

The date for this year will be the sixth, seventh and eighth of June.

A very interesting program is being prepared and it is the hope of the General Board that the success of previous years will be repeated and increased. The attendance of officers last year was very encouraging, but it can be improved in 1913. Elsewhere in this issue will be found the words and music of a song composed for the June convention, the words were written by Miss Nora Kotter, one of the blind pupils in the State School for the Deaf and Blind, Miss Kotter is a talented young lady and the General Board of Primary Associations appreciate her kindness and her willingness to contribute to the pleasure and success of the Primary cause. The music has been set to the words by our gifted brother Joseph Ballantyne and for this and other favors received our grateful thanks are extended. All the Primary Officers are requested to learn this song and be ready to sing it at the big convention in June.

THE SOCIAL FOR THE JUNE CONVENTION.

Arrangements are being made to have an old-fashioned costume party on Saturday night, June 7th in the Deseret Gymnasium. This opportunity is taken to invite all who expect to attend the convention to make preparations and come with your own or a borrowed costume, of out of date style, to wear and help to make a success of the entertianment.

RECORD CARDS.

The Record Cards issued during the year 1912 were used as a beginning to a more thorough system of reports than has hitherto been in vogue in the Primary Associations. We hope, by calling for a monthly report, to facilitate the work of record keeping in the local associations, and to encourage promptness and accuracy among secretaries. In keeping the statistical records of the organization up to date, every secretary will be enabled to sense the responsibility of her position as historian of the Primary Association, and Stake Boards as well as the General Board, will be promptly informed regarding any change in the officers' corps.

In sending out the new monthly report blanks for Stake and Local Boards, we urge upon all secretaries unfailing promptness, as, owing to an unavoidable delay in the printing of these forms, reports for the months of January and February, as well as March, will have to be compiled.

Monthly reports from stakes and wards will be the order for the year 1913, and we are confident that every stake will realize the benefit of the new system. Local Presidents, especially, should attend personally to this matter, and where a secretary is negligent, it may be advisable to request from the Bishop her release.

In reporting the number of visits made to the children, telephone calls may be counted as visits. An unsought, accidental meeting of a boy or girl, however, is but a reminder.

Anybody can be a trailer, but it takes superior intelligence and indefatigable zeal to be a leader. Read the tabulated form on page 162, March issue of the Children's Friend, and decide your position in the next compilation.

Every STAKE SECRETARY, upon receipt of report blanks, is requested to send to the Secretary of the General Board at once, a statement of the number of Local and Stake forms received. This is important.

GENERAL BOARD PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS.
Frances Thommasen, Secretary.

OFFICERS' SONG.

WORDS BY NORA COTTER. MUSIC BY JOSEPH BALLANTYNE.

Moderato.

1. We are a band of workers true, We've come from far and near; In
2. Yes, children small we all will be Up-on this fes-tal day; We'll
3. Then when we to our homes return A goodly store we'll have, Of

rit.

this con-ven-tion ev - 'ry year, We meet with love and cheer. With
march and dance and join in drills, With hearts most light and gay, We'll
precious truths, with songs and games, To give to those we love. Yes

joyous glee we all will sing The songs of children small; We'll
en-ter in their games with vim—Their stories we will tell; And
joyous workers all are we; Our hearts are light and gay, We

Ritard.

make the air with gladness ring, And childhood days re - call.
say the lit - tle nursery rhymes That children love so well.
love to sing as chil - dren sing, And play as chil - dren play.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Subject for the Month: Self-Control.

LESSON TWENTY-ONE.

THE LESSON HOUR.

SUGGESTIONS FOR ALL THE TEACHERS.

The response of the Primary workers to the suggestions of The General Board is very much appreciated and indicates an earnest desire to do all that is required for the onward movement of the work. We desire to thank those who have taken the extra time to report the development of the new lesson plans. In considering the results reported there seems to be a necessity for a few more suggestions. The book on Character by Smiles is intended for the officers only, who will find a great many beautiful thoughts and interesting incidents on the subject which are to be adapted to the children in the grades. The memory work is to be used at each session to keep very clearly in the minds of the children the spiritual thought of the month. The work for each hour should be carefully planned so that the children will get the thought that the lesson aims to teach. Remember that it is our privilege to teach practical religion, truth, honor, courtesy, etc. and the lesson is the means to be used.

The opening and closing exercises should be so arranged that the children will be impressed with their sacredness and form habits of attention and reverence when sacred songs and prayers are observed. This sacred part of the program should be in perfect order, but time should not be wasted, begin promptly so that every minute possible be given to each division of the work.

Do not announce the coming programs to the children, except for special occasions, let each session be a little of a surprise. The children will enjoy the variety.

FIRST GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text. Character, by Smiles, chapter 6. Bible: Luke 15:11-32.

Other Materials.

Memory Gem.
Games.
Songs.
Pictures.
Rest Exercises.

Aim.

The Lord blesses and helps His children when they try to control their faults.

Illustration.

"The Real Culprit." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, Vol. 10, page 89; or "A Birthday Breeze." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, Vol. 10, page 72.

Suggestions for the Teachers. New teachers will find many helpful suggestions for a program for the lesson period in any number of Vol. 11, of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND—you will also find many rest exercises and songs suggested which you can use with profit and which the little ones will enjoy.

Let your review be brief in this grade but encourage each child to recite the memory gems which have been learned.

It is not intended that you will give the material given in the chapter on "Self-control" to the children but its careful study will give you many helpful suggestions for the development of this subject.

The illustrations used to make plain the spiritual truth which you wish to teach should center in the home for the child's experiences does not reach much farther.

Let the children tell of work they have enjoyed doing during the month. But we don't have to work always, what else do we like to do? Here give an experience, or story which will lead up to the place where you will give the new memory gem. This may be followed with the thought in the poem, stories, etc.

Be sure to make the lesson simple and concrete keeping always in mind the spiritual truth you are aiming to teach.

Poem.

FIVE YEARS OLD.

I know a curly, fair haired boy,
  His age is just five years;
You'd s'pose that such a little chap
  Would cry a lot of tears.

If he fell down and bumped his knee;
  But, no sir, not a bit!
He chokes them back, and is so brave,
  You wouldn't dream he's hit.

Now, if you think he's rough and coarse,
  Mistaken you will be;
For when he goes in front of one
  He always says, "Scuse me!"

Of this one thing I am very sure,
  He's cut out on the plan
  That cannot fail, when he grows up,
  To make a gentleman.

—Selected.

Memory Gem.

If there's a cross word that tries to be said,
Don't let it, my dear, don't let it!
Just speak two pleasant ones, quick instead,
And that will make you forget it.

—Selected.

SECOND GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text. Character, by Smiles, chapter 6. Bible: Luke 4:1-13; Matthew 4:1-11.

Other Materials.

Memory Gem.
Poems.
Games.
Songs.
Pictures.

Aim.

The Lord blesses and helps His children when they try to control their faults.

Illustration.

"The Broken Vase." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 10, page 250; or, "Grandma's Disobedience," THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 10, page 17.

Suggestions for the Teacher. Notice how a review of the points you made last month will prepare the minds of the children for the spiritual truth you are going to develop.

You will find it helpful to plan a program for the Lesson Hour period. The one given for the First Grade in any number of Vol. II, of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, is suggestive, as it gives opportunity for the variety which is so much needed in a class of little children. In choosing your songs, etc., have them relate as nearly as possible to the spiritual truth suggested for the month.

After studying the chapter on "Self-control" you will be impressed with the importance of this subject, for it is in youth that habits of control are formed. There are a number of phases suggested which can be nicely adapted to the children in this grade. Let your talk be a

heart to heart one. Get close to them and win their sympathy and confidence and the impressions you make will be lasting.

When we reach the point in the review where the children appreciate the fact that we all have a share of work to do, it might be well to ask them to name their favorite work. Perhaps your sister likes to wash the dishes better than to wipe them, too. What should you do then? Use other illustrations of how we should overcome selfishness.

If John doesn't like to bring in the coal how does it make him act sometimes? Who knows a good remedy for that fault? Let these suggest other phases of control. Give the memory gem where it best fits in with your talk and impress the thought that through effort and the help of Our Heavenly Father we can grow better. Tell "The Temptation of Jesus" to show what great self-control He had and how He was helped and blessed.

Memory Gem.

"Not the things that I like to do,
But the things that are right to do;
Not everything that I want to do,
But whatever I ought to do."

Poem.

"We are building every day,
In a good or evil way;
And the structure, as it grows,
Will our inmost self disclose.

Build it well, whate'er you do;
Build it straight, and strong, and true;
Build it clean, and high, and broad,
Build it for the eye of God."

THIRD GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text. Character, by Smiles, chapter 6. Bible: Daniel 1:21; Doc. and Cov. sec. 89.

Other Materials.

Memory Gem.
Poem.
Songs.
Pictures.

Aim.

The Lord blesses and helps His children when they try to control their faults.

Illustration.

"The Will Muscle." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 10, page 95.

Suggestions for the Teacher. Keep in mind that the review does these things: It is your test of how well your last work has been done; it gives an opportunity to correct wrong impressions; it enforces the correct ones and prepares the minds of the children for the new lesson.

In preparing your work plan your review just as carefully as you do your lesson and you will be surprised and pleased with the result.

The chapter on "Self-control" will open up a field of thought which you will be able to adapt very nicely to the capacity of your class.

Help the children to feel strongly, through this lesson and those that follow this month, the great need of controlling thought, speech and acts while young, that purity of heart and mind may become habits and good character built up.

The thoughts suggested in the memory gem may form a good basis for the introduction of the new lesson. Let the children hear it as a whole. It is always better for the teacher to have it memorized. Discuss it with the class and have them appreciate its meaning. The poem will enforce one phase of the thought it contains.

Lead the children to name other faults we should try to control. Talk about how we can overcome them. Who will help us if we try ourselves? No doubt, some one will suggest the appetite. Then comes the splendid opportunity to teach the "Word of Wisdom." Tell them what the Lord has said to us on this subject. Encourage the class to make special effort along these lines. The story of Daniel will teach the same truth.

Memory Gem.

Cherish what is good, and drive
Evil thoughts and feelings far;
For, as sure as you're alive,
You will show for what you are.

—Alice Cary.

Poem.

"A homeless Bad Thought went a-searching one day
For a spot where it snugly could settle and stay;
It hung round Fred's door for three hours by the clock,
But never found courage to step up and knock.

"The place was too busy and crowded, you see;
There was really no spot that seemed to be free;
There were thoughts of his home, lessons, books to be read,
And no time to be idle from breakfast to bed.

" 'I might push my way in,' said the Bad Thought, 'but then
Every corner is filled; I'd be turned out again.
It's no use to hang round; this is no place for me!'
And it went off as downcast as downcast could be.

"But Jim's door stood open, not far down the road;
No crowd was about it, no bustle it showed;
The hall was deserted,. the study was bare,
And Bad Thought stepped in with a satisfied air.

"'Ah, here's what I want,' it remarked with a grin,
I can settle in peace, and grow into a sin.
Jim's life is so idle, no good thoughts I see,
That's just the right home for an inmate like me.'

"So it stayed and it grew till it filled the whole place,
And owned Jim in the bargain, and brought him disgrace,
Poor Jim! Other boys, too, should keep a look-out,
For many a bad thought goes searching about."

—Selected.

FOURTH GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text. Character, by Smiles, chapter 6. Bible: David and Saul.

Other Materials.

Questions.
Memory Gem.
Poem.
Quotations.

Aim.

The Lord blesses His children when they try to control their faults.

Illustration.

"Which Did You Win?" THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 10, page 103.

Suggestions for the Teacher. Review with the children the value of work well done, use incidents from last month's lessons to illustrate your point. If work was done by the children help them to see the results. Tell how order and cleanliness help to make people comfortable and happy. Have the poem recited and use it to introduce thought of this lesson. Give some of the suggestions about self-control as explained by Smiles. Use the memory gem, then tell how David was greater than a king in having strength to control himself and show honor and respect to King Saul even though he knew the king to be his enemy. For story of David use the account "David Spares Saul's Life." The quotations should be read, questions asked, and lesson completed with the story, "Which Did You Win?"

Questions. How are we helped to know what is good for us to eat? Use similar questions about clothes, when to go to bed, how to

play, work, etc., in all of them emphasizing the love of parents in caring for and teaching their children to be strong and wise.

How do we usually know when we have eaten too much candy or food that is too rich?

What should this teach us?

What happens if we play when we should be getting our lessons?

Who helps us to gain knowledge in school?

When we are young we have parents and teachers who tell us these things and help us to form good habits. Why is it necessary for us to learn the lesson of self-control? Help the children to understand the meaning of the term "self-control." Use some of the points explained by Smiles.

Bible Incident. David Spares Saul's Life.
I Samuel 26.

Saul lay fast asleep. The ground was his bed. The dark blue sky bending over him was his tent. Beside him lay a water bottle in which was water for him to drink. In the ground beyond his head was his spear. His spear was the sign that at this place the king lay asleep.

Not far from Saul lay Abner, who was captain over all Saul's soldiers. He was the man before all others whose work it was to guard Saul and keep him from danger. He, too, lay fast asleep.

In a circle around Saul and Abner, lay three thousand sleeping soldiers. In a circle beyond the sleeping soldiers was the baggage. The baggage was piled up like a wall. Saul, Abner and the soldiers believed that no one would dare climb over this wall and that inside it they were safe.

Saul and his men were hunting, here, there and everywhere for David. First, Saul was told that David was in one place. When he reached this place, David was not there. Next, Saul was told that David was in another place. When he reached that place, David was not there.

It seemed to Saul that no one was his friend and told him the truth. He cried, "I have no one to be sorry for me and tell me truly where David is." People did tell Saul truly where David was but David did not let Saul find him.

Among the men who followed David instead of Saul were some whom he called his spies. When he knew which way Saul was coming he went by some other way to a new hiding place. This was the reason Saul missed David and never found him where he went to look for him.

As Saul and his soldiers lay fast asleep, two men climbed over the wall made of baggage. Then they moved slowly and stepped softly between the rows of sleeping soldiers. They made their way to the place where Saul lay. Not a soldier heard these men, not even Abner.

One of the two men who stood beside Saul was David. He had been hiding not very far from the place where Saul and his men were. As David stood beside Saul, he knew he was able to do Saul harm. He

had it within his power to kill Saul. Saul's spear seemed waiting to help him do it.

David knew that if he killed Saul it would be doing what Saul wanted to do to him. He knew that if he killed Saul, many of his troubles would be over. His friend wanted to kill Saul for him and said, "God hath delivered up thine enemy into thy hand this day: now therefore let me smite him, I pray thee, with this spear to the earth at one stroke."

"Destroy him not," answered David. "Jehovah forbid that I should put forth my hand against the one whom he made king: but now take, I pray thee, the spear that is at his head, and the cruse of water and let us go."

Stepping softly and slowly, David and his friend passed back between the sleeping soldiers. Then they climbed the wall of baggage and made their way to the top of a high mountain. From the top of this mountain David cried, "And now see where the king's spear is, and the cruse of water that was at his head."

Saul, Abner, and all the soldiers awoke. They heard David's voice and what he said. They saw that the king's spear and cruse of water were gone. They knew that David must have been within their camp. They knew he might have killed them.

They knew that David had done good to them that hated him. Even Saul grew ashamed of himself and of what he and his soldiers had meant to do. He cried, "Is this thy voice, my son David? I have sinned. I have done you great wrong. Come back; for I will no more do thee harm."—Selected.

Memory Gem.

I do not ask for any crown,
But that which all may win;
Nor try to conquer any world,
Except the one within.

Poem. "My Business."

"It is everybody's business,
In this old world of ours,
To root up all the weeds he finds,
And cultivate the flowers."

It is everybody's business.
As he walks earth's weary miles,
To keep back all the frowns he can,
And bring out all the smiles.

It is everybody's business,
I'm sure you've always heard,
To hold in check the harsh one and
To speak the kindly word.

It is everybody's business—
  It is our old world's need—
To keep the hand from unkind act,
  And do the loving deed.

And since 'tis everybody's work
  To be thus kind and true,
I'm sure it is not hard to see
  It means both me and you.

—Our Children.

Quotations. Proverbs 15:18: James 3:17; I Peter 3:10; Matthew 5:48.

FIFTH GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text. Character by Smiles, chapter 6.
The Bible: Jacob and Esau.
Other Materials.
Questions.
Memory Gem.
Poem.
Reading.
Quotations.

Aim.

The Lord blesses His children when they try to control their faults.

Illustration.

A Double Lesson. THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, Vol. 10. page 156.

Suggestions for the Teacher. Review the last month's work being careful to notice any special efforts made by members of the class to use the suggestions given for improvement. Some of the material used for the last Lesson Hour may be reviewed as it suggests the thought of Self-control.

Have the reading "Training For What?" Then relate the instance of Jacob and Esau when Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage (Genesis 25:27-34.) because he was hungry and could not control himself. Explain how much Esau lost because he lacked self-control. Use some of Smiles' arguments which he uses about the principle in regard to control of speech, anger etc.

The poem illustrates how the Great Teacher used self-control and by His actions taught us the value of it.

Questions. What is anger?

How do you feel when you are angry?

Do you always know what is the best thing to do when angry?

What are some good things to do when you feel angry? Swallow hard; count ten; go some place where you are alone; best of all, prayer for strength to be just to the one that makes you angry.

What does this mean: "He is a fool who cannot be angry; but he is a wise man who will not."

Memory Gem.

He who reigns within himself is more than a king.—Milton.

Reading, Training For What?

He let little things annoy him. He gave way to outbursts of anger, when a moment or two of firm self-control would have carried him safely past the crisis. He rather prided himself upon his "quick temper," so unruly, so easily roused, and so hard soothed. Then came the climax, when one day he flew into a passion, and almost before he realized it, he had committed a crime which by a narrow margin escaped being murder.

His neighbor was a quiet, pleasant young fellow whom everybody liked and respected. He was never even suspected of owning the naturally quick temper which he kept as sternly under control. He made it a point to be master, and he succeeded. When the first young man went to prison for his attempt upon the life of another, the second accepted a position of trust, of honor, of large responsibility where his self-control and calm poise of spirit amid vexations was invaluable to himself and his employers.

Neither of the young men would have believed, years before, that they were in training then for the positions each came to occupy. Yet so it was in truth; for had not things gone before which fitted the one for honor, the other for crime and disgrace, the results would not have been what they were.

Juvenal says: "No man becomes a villain all at once." Equally true is it that no man becomes a saint all at once. Training goes before both; and that training is a matter of individual choice. Your temper, your taste, your faults and your virtues, all are your own, to train as no one can train them for you. For what are you training then?—Cora S. Day, in "The King's Own."

Poem. "A Prayer for Strength."

When, for some little insult given, my angry passions rise,
I'll think, how Jesus came from heaven, and bore His injuries.
He was insulted every day, though all His words were kind;
But nothing men could do or say disturbed His heavenly mind.

Not all the wicked scoffs He heard against the truths He taught
Excited one reviling word, or one revengeful thought.
And when upon the cross He bled, with all His foes in view,
"Father, forgive their sins." He said: "they know not what they do."

Dear Jesus, may I learn of Thee my temper to amend;
And speak the pardoning word for me, whenever I offend.

—Jane Taylor.

Quotations. Psalms 37:8; James 1:19; James 3:2; Matthew 5:48.

LESSON TWENTY-TWO.

THE BUSY HOUR.

SUMMER PICNIC.

Suggestions for the Teacher. The work for this period and the busy hour for the next month will be the preparation for a Primary picnic. The lesson of self-control may be taught by helping the children to see the value of making preparations for a happy time that is to happen some time, to learn to work and wait, to be patient in learning how to do things well. If there be any difficulties in following out the suggestions given encourage the cultivation of the virtue so that each one will try to control themselves and the circumstances in each case that the picnic may be successful.

Next month instructions will be given for the preparation of the refreshments, the work for this period will be the getting ready of materials which will help to serve the refreshments in the cleanest and daintiest way possible. Be careful to plan the work so that there will be enough to do in the time allowed and yet be completed. The children should not be permitted to stay overtime. The materials needed will be waxed or tissue paper and toothpicks for wrapping boiled eggs, sandwiches, cakes, etc. Paper napkins to be folded. Heavy paper and cardboard for boxes to hold the supplies. The patterns given in the February number of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND will do very well for the boxes.

The First and Second Grades could fold the napkins for everybody. The value of the lesson will be in having very clean hands and folding a simple fold neatly and accurately.

The Third Grade may be taught how to wrap cleanly and neatly. Use paper as suggested with pieces of wood of suitable size instead of sandwiches, cake, etc. Show how the paper may be fastened with a toothpick.

The Fourth and Fifth Grades should make the boxes. The heavy manila paper used in stores will be very satisfactory for the occasion. The necessity of keeping each kind of food by itself should be explained. Emphasize the need of absolute cleanliness. Larger boxes may be made of cardboard to hold a number of the paper boxes. With this plan the luncheon may be conveyed to the place appointed, served, and boxes, napkins, etc., burned or destroyed, so that there are no burdens for tired children to carry home.

LESSON TWENTY-THREE.

THE STORY HOUR.

Suggestions for the Teacher. This will be a good opportunity to discuss the value of self-control, for many find it difficult to control themselves when reading an interesting story, the desire is so strong to finish it, and unless there is self-control, duties will be overlooked and perhaps opportunities for showing love and kindness will be missed. Whichever story is chosen for this hour be sure to have one that impresses the power of self-control. It will be better for the children if the story tells the lesson. If you find it advisable to discuss the principle do it before the story and not after. The story-hour should be very interesting but *must not* come more than once a month.

Books suggested will be found listed on back pages of this magazine.

FIRST GRADE.

Stories. The Three Bears, in Household Stories, page 26; or:

Picture Books which tell the story desired, such as Goldilocks or Little Red Riding Hood in the Tomb Thumb Picture Books; or:

Donald's Vacation in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

Note. The Three Bears should be adapted to the thought of the month, for instance: The little girl should have remembered that if she ran away into the woods she would make her mother unhappy. When she came to the door of the little house it would be polite to knock before entering and if nobody answered to go home and so forth.

SECOND GRADE.

Stories. The Little Rooster, in Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories, page 25; or:

The Oriole's Nest, in The Story Hour, page 29; or:

How They Kept Still, in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

THIRD GRADE.

Stories. A True Story About A Girl and My Kingdom, in Stories To Tell To Children, page 82; or:

Dickey Smiley's Birthday, in The Story Hour, page 38; or:

The Lost Hour, in this issue of THE CHILDREN.S FRIEND.

FOURTH GRADE.

Stories. The Man Without A Country; or:

Eight Cousins by Louise M. Alcott; or:

The Great Circus Parade, in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

FIFTH GRADE.

Stories. Rick Dale; or:
Helen Over The Wall; or:
The Boy Scouts of Woodcraft Camp; or:
The Hero of the Tenements, in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

LESSON TWENTY-FOUR.

THE SOCIAL HOUR.

Suggestions for the Teachers. As the weather grows warmer much of this period may be enjoyed out-doors. The Children may be more easily controlled if kept in groups. Try to have plenty of directors. Invite the parents, fathers and mothers, to join with you and assist in making this an especially happy hour.

Preliminary Music.
Prayer.
Singing.
Story.
Singing Game. "Kull Danzen." Popular Folk Dances, page 13.

Song Plays. "The Jolly Miller," "The Social Game" both in Old and New Singing Games.

Games. "Going to Jerusalem." in Games for the Playground, page 98, or Games for all Occasions, page 39.

"Still Pond; No More Moving!" in Games for the Playground, page 189.

"Steps" in Games for the Playground, page 188.

Memory Gems.
Folk Dance. "Hungarian Folk Dance."
Song.
Benediction.

Tact is but another name for good sense, which is often called gumption. Whether sense is a born quality or an acquired one is aside from the point just now. Certain it is that there are many teachers who have such tactful ways of doing things that we naturally think this quality innate. They never take hold of the hot end of the poker, and, besides, they take hold of the cold end so unaffectedly that they impress you as thinking that there is no hot end at all. They say the right things, too, in just the right way, as if there were no other way. They come when it is time to come, and go when it is time to go. They put everybody at ease, children and grown-ups alike.—Selected.

THE DOG HAD PUT HIS NOSE TO THE GROUND.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

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LITTLE PRINCESS WISLA.

CHAPTER VI.—REX.

By Sophie Swett.

"Stumpy! Stumpy! Stumpy!"

Phi was calling and whistling and so were half the other Pollywhoppet boys and girls; so were Papa Piper and Grandpapa Piper, who had come home from journeys in different directions in search of Peggy—come home without finding the least sign of what had become of the child.

For it was discovered that Peggy's dog had disappeared, and people were looking in one another's faces, and wondering whether it were possible that Stumpy could have gone away in search of Peggy!

"He is just that kind of a dog," Phi had said to his great friend Sidney Brooks.

And Sidney had answered, in a voice that was almost solemn it was so earnest, "I believe if we could find Stumpy we should find Peggy!"

But poor Phi, whose round freckled face had grown thin and pale in the two weeks since Peggy was lost, shook his head at that.

Phi had that red hair-ribbon, found in the river, in his pocket. It was a worn and frayed thing, now, and a boy's hot tears had stained it. But Phi had never shown it to anyone.

The ribbon and the over-turned boat had seemed from the first to Phi proof that Peggy had been drowned.

He had thought it just as well that his mother should not know about that ribbon.

Not even Sid or Betty Brooks knew that he had found it.

"I wish we hadn't given Rex away. He would find Stumpy!" Sid said, after he had stopped to think a minute more.

Rex Brooks had been the champion and friend of Stumpy Piper, as a big dog often is of a little one. He had been given away because he would follow Dr. Brooks on his professional visits and had a habit of barking which annoyed some of the doctor's patients.

"He was only given to Aunt Laura, out at Holdfast," Sid went on, after thinking for another minute or two. "I'll tell you what, Phi! We'd better go and borrow Rex and set him to hunting for Stumpy! When we find Stumpy!——" His breathless pause meant "we shall find

Peggy, too." Phi shook his head sadly again, but he agreed to the plan. Of course they must find Stumpy if possible, even if Peggy were drowned in the river.

The two boys went out to Holdfast on their bicycles that very afternoon, and brought Rex home with them. Rex went in search of his friend Stumpy all over the Piper grounds and the ship-yard that very night, and the next morning he started off eagerly when the boys, standing in the highway, spoke to him earnestly: *"Find Stumpy!"*

The boys had planned to keep their expedition a secret. Every clew that had been followed, ending in failure, had seemed to Phi to make his father's face whiter, and his mother's step more feeble.

They were only going to find Stumpy, this time, and he did not want a word said about that—not a word, Phi declared.

Half the town was now hunting for Stumpy, on one trail or another. Phi and Sidney just went to see, quite by themselves, what Rex would do!

The dog rushed down through the ship-yard, to the water's edge. Phi remembered a story he had read of a little dog that drowned himself because his master was dead! Had Peggy's dog drowned himself?

But Rex did not drown himself. He turned along the river bank, straight along the bank, up the river. The boys, upon their bicycles, found it difficult to follow him.

They were obliged, after a while, to take to the highway which followed the course of the river.

But Rex kept to the river bank, and he held his nose to the ground. The boys upon their bicycles followed closely. Suddenly, at a pretty mossy shaded spot upon the bank, Rex sniffed and sniffed the ground and then raised his head and barked and whined. Then he walked to the water's edge and raised his voice again in a piteous howl that echoed far and wide.

"There is sure some scent here that Rex knows!" said Sid.

The dog had put his nose to the ground again and was hurrying once more along the river bank.

Phi bent his head over the clayey soil.

"A canoe has landed here not very many days ago," he said. "And here are small dog tracks."

"There are a good many canoes up and down the river," said Sid carelessly. "And every Indian has a little dog! Sid did not think it was likely that either Peggy or Stumpy had been carried away in a canoe.

He whistled sharply to Rex but the dog, usually obedient, was too intent upon following the trail he had found to return.

"I tell you we shall have to hurry back into the road to keep track of that dog!" called Sid.

Phi had stooped to pick up a tiny red bit of something from the clay. There were tracks of Indian moccasins. Some of them that the

women wore were embroidered with beads. This might be a little red bead from one of them.

But no; it was a coral bead broken from a string. Phi's heart gave a great leap.

Since coral beads had come into fashion again Grandma had brought hers out from an old trunk and given them to Peggy.

Had Peggy worn her coral beads on the day when she disappeared? Phi thought there had been no mention of them in the notices that had been sent to newspapers far and wide.

Perhaps no one had thought of them!

Phi decided that Betty Brooks would be likely to know whether Peggy had worn them.

His impulse was to go directly home, see Betty, and find out. But Sid was halloo-ing. There really was nothing to be done now but to follow that dog!

Phi dropped the broken bead into his pocket, the same pocket where lay the water-soaked hair-ribbon.

Some way the hair-ribbon did not mean quite so much heartache now that the broken bead was there to keep it company!

On and on they went, over the highway, while Rex dashed along the bank, now through thickets, then in clearings, stopping here to sniff the ground, capering and frisking there as if overjoyed at what he found. And always keeping up the loud barking that told the boys where he was!

"That dog's habit of barking is of some use, after all!" said Sid.

Both boys felt almost certain that Rex was on Stumpy's track.

But it began to look as if Stumpy had gone a great ways.

"I can't see what would send a dog away up here!" said Sid at length, halting doubtfully upon his wheel. "We are almost up to the Indian island!"

"I am going as far as that if Rex goes," said Phi positively. "And I am going to try to get across to the island if Rex seems to want to go there!"

"They say that the rich old squaw who rules and reigns there doesn't much like white boys," said Sidney doubtfully.

"She has no right to say that white boys shan't go there and I am certainly going!" repeated Phi.

Phi had been thinking of that place where he had found the coral bead—broken as if some one had pulled at the string in haste—and of the small dog-tracks and the imprint of a canoe upon the clay.

Almost no one except Indians used canoes upon that river!

"Yes, *sir,* I am certainly going to that Indian island if Rex behaves as if he wanted to go!" said Phi again with strong emphasis. "I believe that dog knows what he is about!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

MANY LIVES AT STAKE.

By Helen T. Montfort; Age 15.

"Mother, dear how is the pain now?"

"A trifle easier, Kenneth."

"Hadn't I better go for Dr. Booth? You might have something worse than just a cold?"

"No, dear; I'll be better soon," sighed the sick woman, as she turned over in her bed to go to sleep.

Mrs. Osborne had been sick for two days, and owing to the fact that she and her thirteen-year-old son, Kenneth, lived two miles away from the village and that for the last week there had been a continuous storm, none of their friends had yet heard of her illness. Her husband, who had been an engineer, was killed in a wreck, and the shock of his death had left her delicate in health.

The odd jobs that Kenneth did after school hours and the sewing his mother took in supported them, for they lived inexpensively and the rent of the cottage was small. But, unfortunately, this Winter had been unusually cold, and as fuel had been scarce the little pile of money had gone rapidly down toward the toe of the old stocking.

Mrs. Osborne had caught a hard cold, and as it grew rapidly worse Kenneth grew alarmed, for now her racking cough came from the lungs. The boy had not been able to go to school because of the poor condition of the roads during the storm, so had ample time to serve his mother. As dusk came on he lighted the lamps and walked softly into his mother's room. She being asleep, he went back to the kitchen and began reading.

Presently he was aroused by a call of "Kenneth, Kenneth!" Hastily he put down his book and went to his mother. She was lying down, breathing hard, and with great effort she gasped, "Go for Dr. Brown —quick!"

Before she could get further than "Doctor" the boy was off like a flash. He hurriedly put another stick in the stove and wrapped a muffler around his throat. Then hastily he tied a long cord around the collar of his great St. Bernard and, catching up a lantern, started off for the village.

Outside the wind was raw and cold, and the snow blew in fitful gusts. But this night of darkness and cold held no terrors for the boy of the plains. As he went hurriedly over the snow-beaten path, his faithful dog, not understanding the master's gravity, suddenly gave a loud bark, followed by others of a sharper variety, and bounded off before the boy. But Kenneth called him back and patted the animal on the head, saying: "No, Jack; no barking nor whistling till mother is well again." And the good dog seemingly comprehending, walked sedately by the boy.

Soon the lone pair neared the railroad track and, with his lantern

swinging along at his side, the boy started to cross it when something glittering caught his eye. He kneeled down and was closely inspecting it when a cry of horror arose from his lips. What! Could it possibly be! Yes, it was! A rail had broken and was projecting out on the other side of the track, meaning a wreck for the 7:30 limited.

What was he to do? If he waited for the train, which would probably be late, owing to the storm, his mother's condition might grow worse. If he ran on for the doctor, the lives of the passengers on the limited would be endangered to a great extent.

Duty and love! Which should he choose?

While his mind was revolving these thoughts his eye lighted on the faithful Jack. Suddenly an idea occurred to him. He gave a cry of joy, and in a twinkling had wired the lantern to the collar of the bewildered animal. Then, allowing but a few feet of cord, he fastened one end to the rail, the other being securely tied to the dog's collar.

He patted the animal affectionately and then started off. Jack did not understand these maneuvers, and tried to follow his master, but the commanding presence of the rope compelled him to retreat, which produced a long series of barks. And Kenneth strode on, his mind filled with perplexity as to whether he had done right.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"Forty minutes late! 'Guess she'll stand more speed." The speaker turned to his companion, who grunted acquiescence.

"Chilly weather, this!" The speaker was not rewarded this time by either a grunt or a nod from his companion, for that worthy person was otherwise engaged, being at that moment leaning far out of the cab window of the limited.

Suddenly an exclamation burst from his lips, and with one bound he had drawn his head from the window and, rushing over to a long lever, pulled it with such force that the long train came to an almost abrupt standstill.

"Heaven, man! Why did you do that?" exclaimed the first speaker, Robbins by name.

Without replying to his query the fireman jumped to the ground just as the train ceased motion. Simultaneously several other officials did so, and they advanced to the spot where a light shone, as a solitary star, on the track. Here they found a huge St. Bernard, none other than our friend Jack, sitting in the middle of the track, trembling and shivering in the cold, with a lantern wired to his collar. The dog jumped up joyfully when freed, but his tail, stiffened from the cold, could not wag with its usual velocity.

"What in thunder did anyone want to tie a dog to a railroad track this cold night, and with a lighted lantern!" It was the fireman who spoke. Then suddenly his eye caught the gleam of the broken rail, and with an exclamation he called to his companions to look. They did, and their faces grew grave as they thought of the danger that had been so imminent.

But who had tied the dog to the track? Here was a mystery. There were footprints in the snow. Faint tracks, which led to the village, could be seen, but that was all. As they stood, gesticulating and wondering who their benefactor might be, the sound of an approaching horse was heard. It grew nearer and nearer and finally stopped a few feet away, and a boy climbed down from a light business buggy. Then a crack of a whip and the hoof beats continued, this time receding in the distance.

Running up to the dog, around which the men were circled, the boy threw his arm around the neck of his beloved pet, who in his turn barked in recognition.

"What does this mean?" "Is this your dog?" "Did you tie him here?" were the various questions from the men.

"Yes, yes," cried Kenneth, for it was he. "I did."

And he told them the whole story—of his fear of his mother's condition and his perplexity as to what he should do on the discovery of the broken rail. Then suddenly he jumped up from his leaning posture over the dog, saying that he must now return and see what the doctor, who had driven him to the train, said of his mother's condition.

But he was gently detained by the crowd of excited passengers, who realized what the boy had done and how much they owed him, also the dog. Question after question was poured upon him with such rapidity that the boy's mind was bewildered.

Who was his father? What did he do? An engineer? Why, they knew him well!

Today Kenneth Osborne is one of the most trusted engineers in the company, in which his father had been employed and which he himself had aided when a boy.

His mother fully recovered her health and loves to tell the story of her boy and his faithful dog, Jack.

VACATION.

Hail, that long-awaited day
When the school books laid away,
All the thoughts of merry youngsters turn from pages back to play!
Done with lesson and with rule,
Done with teacher and with school,
Stray the vagrant hearts of childhood to the tempting wood and pool!

Hear the green woods cry and call,
Through the summer to the fall,
"We are waiting, waiting, waiting, with a welcome for you all!"
Hear the lads take up the cry,
With an echo, shrill and high:
"We are coming, coming, coming, for vacation time is nigh!"

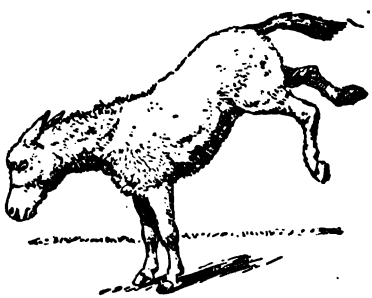
—Selected.

The Donkey's Ears

EMILIE POULSSON

Whenever a drive with the donkey I take,
I see the big **V** that his slanting ears make,
And words that begin with a **V** come to mind,
Describing his conduct, no matter what kind.

If Barney is sulky and stubborn and slow,
Goes poking along or refuses to go,
Or if he is frisky and capers and kicks,
Or upsets the cart, or does other bad tricks,
I say 'tis no wonder he wears a big **V**,
So **V**exing and **V**icious a **V**illian is he!



But when the dear fellow, so pretty and strong,
In meek or gay humor trots nimbly along,
The **V** seems to stand for the **V**irtues he shows,
The **V**im and **V**elocity with which he goes—
Our **V**eteran donkey, more **V**alued each year—
The **V**igorus, **V**aliant, **V**ivacious old dear!

SEVENTY PER CENT.

"What do you think of my chum, Uncle Horace?" asked James, almost as soon as the door closed behind Ralph Walton. "Of course you have seen him only once, but I am sure you think he is a splendid fellow."

"Then it's evident you wish me to say that," said Mr. Lawton laughingly. "Is'nt it odd that we prefer to have our opinions seconded, rather than have the real thoughts of other people?"

"I suppose that means you were not favorably impressed with Ralph," said his nephew. "Well, tell me your real, candid opinion, whatever it is. Mother says I like Ralph so well that I imagine he hasn't any faults."

"I don't know about that," said Mr. Lawton, "but your friend strikes me as about a seventy-per-cent boy. I may be mistaken, but I think not."

"How in the world did you find that out?" asked James in surprise. "Ralph is a bright fellow, but he is satisfied with seventy per cent, as you say. He can get that grade without much work, and as long as he doesn't fail, he is satisfied. You don't think that's a serious fault, do you?"

"I would not have that kind of boy in my store or office," said Mr. Lawton promptly. "If I pay a man a dollar, and he gives me only seventy cents' worth of work, I would very soon fail in business."

"Oh, that's a different thing," said James. "I don't believe Ralph would shirk if he worked in a store or office. He will have to stop going to school this term because his mother needs him, so he thinks it doesn't matter very much so long as he cannot graduate and go to college."

"All the more reason why he should work harder. I noticed this afternoon that he said several times he must start home to do the evening chores for his mother, and it was dark before he left. Will he do the chores after he gets home, or will his mother leave her sewing and have them done for him when he gets there?"

"Why—why, I guess she does them when Ralph is late. He intends to support her just as soon as he gets good wages, and she will not have to sew any more. Ralph is the best-hearted boy in the world, uncle."

"I suppose the thought that after a while he will do great things is sufficient reason for neglecting the small ones now. You see, James, you asked for my real opinion, and now you don't like to hear it."

"I am sorry to hear it," said James frankly, "but it is hardly fair for you to be prejudiced. Mother is always saying those things about Ralph, but I didn't know she had told you so soon after you came today."

"Your mother didn't tell me. Ralph told all this, and more, too, by his ways and conversation, this afternoon. I cannot understand why boys are content to be just average, and no more, since the world needs

sturdy, active, young people, more now than ever before in its history."

"I wish you would tell me how you discovered all this about Ralph in such a short time," said James. "Maybe you could tell me some interesting things about myself that wouldn't sound well. Are you a mind reader?"

"Not a bit of it. You see we have a great many applicants for positions, and we make it a point to have a long conversation with each boy, if possible. The old gentleman who took me into the store as office boy years ago taught me that, and I never have forgotten his wise counsel. A boy can tell most of his past history in the course of an afternoon, and an employer can tell whether or not it will be profitable to employ him. I learned this afternoon that your friend is the eldest of a large family of small means. I also found out that he is making no effort to do work out of school hours to help support the family, but is dreaming of the time when he will do his duty. He told me that it was not worth while to work hard in his classes and that his education is to come to a close when he leaves school. Now what could be easier than to discover that he is only a seventy-per-cent youth? It isn't possible for every boy to have one hundred per cent in all his studies, but he can try for it."

"I never dreamed that men had a sort of mental measure by which to judge boys," said James in great astonishment. "I wish you would tell me all about myself."

"You don't need anyone to tell you, do you?"

"No, I think not," said the boy slowly. "I suppose I know what I ought to do, but somehow, I let playtime intefere with my work just as Ralph does."

"Ralph wouldn't always be talking about what he intends to do after a while if his conscience were clear," said Mr. Lawton. "In time the warning voice will cease to speak unless he heeds it, and he will fall below even seventy per cent. The world is full of failures brought about, not by misfortune, but by laziness. To be contented with anything less than the best that is in you means ultimate failure."

"I'm going right out to do my own chores," said James promptly. "I hope whenever I have a contented spell I'll remember that some one is taking my measure."—Hilda Richmond.

MINISTRY OF FLOWERS.

Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers,
  Each cup a pulpit, every leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
  From loneliest nook.

Not useless are ye, flowers! though made for pleasure;
  Blooming each year in Nature's widespread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
  Of love to all. —Horace Smith.

A LITTLE GERMAN BOY.

BY MARION C. CUTLER.

Franz was a German boy, and a noble fellow, though he was very poor. One day a ranch owner stopped him by the wayside, and said, "Franz, I want you to watch a flock of sheep tomorrow. Will you do it?"

Franz, only too eager to earn a little money in order to help his mother, responded readily, "Yes, any time."

The next morning found Franz, with two hundred sheep, in a small valley. As he was talking low to the lambs a traveler came by and asked, "How far is it to the next ranch?"

"Fifteen miles, sir," replied the boy. "There are many cross-roads, and the way is easily missed."

The traveler was tired and hungry and said, "My boy, if you will leave your sheep and show me the way, I will pay you well for doing so."

"Oh!" said Franz, "I cannot leave my sheep, they would get lost."

"What if they do?" answered the traveler. "They are not yours and money is worth more than sheep. For how long are you working?"

"A day, sir."

"Huh!" grunted the man. "A day! I will give you enough for a year."

"No, sir," replied Franz; "they have been entrusted to my care and I cannot leave them for any money."

"Well, my lad, you know the way in this part of the country better than I do. I will watch your sheep, if you will go back to your master's house and tell him that there is a traveler who cannot find the way to the next ranch, and ask him to let you go with him, and to send some one to care for the sheep."

"No, sir, I cannot," said Franz, shaking his head.

"Do you think," said the man angrily, "that I will run off with your sheep?"

"I don't know, sir—but—the sheep don't belong to you—neither do I—and you have tried to tempt me with money. I—I—"stammered Franz, "if you will take luncheon with me and wait until sundown when I return with the sheep, I am sure my master, and perhaps, I can help you on your way to the next ranch."

"I can't wait so long."

"I'm sorry, but I cannot go, sir."

The traveler sat by the wayside. Presently, he said: "You are a noble youth, and you have done right. You shall be rewarded for your honesty and faithfulness to your duty."

That night, the ranch-owner made Franz keeper of the folds; and the traveler gave the boy money enough to keep mother from worrying, for many months.

ROLLY-POLY.

No, Rolly-poly wasn't a puppy. or a pussy cat, or even a pudding with blackberries in it. He was just a chubby, little baby, and his four-year-old brother Donald gave him his name. It was a good name for him, too, for his real name was Roland Marsh, and he was just as fat as he could be.

Instead of creeping, Rolly-poly, true to his name, always rolled. Sometimes he helped the roll along with a sort of side motion, using his right hand to push with; but generally he just rolled over and over, laughing and crowing with great delight.

One day Rolly-poly's mother went to market and left Donald in charge. A big blanket was spread on the grass in the back yard, and here the boy and the baby were expected to stay until mother's return. They had been there about fifteen minutes when Bobby Green appeared. Bobby Green was the little boy next door.

"Come on over and play croquet," said Bobby.

"Can't leave Rolly," Donald answered.

"Oh, yes, you can," urged the older boy. We will watch Rolly from our yard."

It was too inviting, and Donald yielded. Bobby's house was separated from the Marsh cottage only by a sort of terrace. Donald and Bobby ran down the bank, and were soon absorbed in croquet. Rolly-poly, left to himself, didn't have anything to do, so, after playing with his toes for a while, he put his thumb into his mouth and went to sleep.

"I smell ginger cookies!" announced Donald, after they had been playing a few minutes. "Let's go in my house and get some."

It didn't take long for two pairs of stout legs to carry two hungry boys in the direction of the smell, I can tell you; and it didn't take long for the two hungry boys to devour about six cookies each; but it did take almost half an hour for Donald to show Bobby the new engine that his father had brought home from Boston. When the two boys came out of the house, Rolly-poly was nowhere in sight. They looked at each other, very much scared, then Donald began to cry.

"Oh, dear, Rolly's been kidnaped, and it's all my fault!" he wailed.

As the boys approached the blanket they heard something that sounded like a gurgle, but not a sign of a baby could they see. They followed the sound, just the same, and what do you think? There was Rolly-poly in the Green's yard, under a blackberry bush. He had rolled down the bank and was now lying all unhurt, talking to himself.

"He's trying to make a blackberry Rolly-poly out of himself," said Bobby Green. But Donald only gave a sigh of relief and wiped away a grimy tear with his coat sleeve.—Selected.

DUTY FIRST.

The midnight ride of Paul Revere may have been a dazzling historical episode, but little Jimmy Overtree, a Western Union messenger of Indianapolis, Indiana, is somewhat of a thriller himself. Only Jimmy rode a bicycle.

The other day Jimmy was sent to answer a call to the State House. He mounted his wheel and swung rapidly around the Circle into Market Street. On he went until he came to Capitol Avenue. He slowed down to stop at the Capitol Avenue entrance to the Capitol. Just then a big automobile bore down upon him and Jimmy and his wheel went into the air. The boy was picked up unconscious. A woman who had been a passenger in the car, knelt beside him and fanned him while the driver went to call the City Dispensary ambulance.

While they waited for the ambulance Jimmy began showing signs of returning consciousness. He opened his eyes and looked around him.

"Lie still, dear," the woman said sympathetically. "Lie still and wait for the ambulance."

The mention of ambulance brought the messenger boy to his feet.

"Ambulance!" he said disgustedly. "The governor wants me!"

And before she could restrain him he was off and into the State House. The ambulance came, the automobilists explained, and the ambulance returned to the dispensary without a patient.

The horses had hardly been out of their harness a moment before a call came for it to go to the Western Union office. Jimmy had got his message and, weak and sick, stumbled into the office with it. He fell just as he handed it to the receiving clerk. The ambulance took him home. He remained there three or four days and then returned to his job.

THE TENNIS NET.

ONE DAY OF FUN.

BY MAY G. MOOAR.

Things were going hard in the little white cottage under the hill, for last winter the father had gone on a journey from which he never would come back, and there was very little money to provide food and clothes for the five hungry boys and girls. So, one night when old Mr. Hunt, who lived on the farm on top of the hill, sent word for Mrs. Benson and John to come up, and offered to give John his board and clothes, and send him to school, and, during the summer when there was no school, to give him two dollars a week besides, John's mother thought she must accept the offer.

"You see," Mr. Hunt explained rather gruffly, "I shouldn't need no help if 'twan't for my rheumatism; but I have to have a boy to step round spry in my place, and I cal'late John ain't afraid o' work; be ye, boy?"

"No, sir," John answered sturdily, and so the bargain was closed and Mrs. Benson went home down the hill trying to keep the tears out of her eyes.

"I know Mr. Hunt will treat him better than most folks would," she said to herself, "even if he does have to work hard, but it seems as if I couldn't put him out to work when he's only twelve."

Play days evidently were not part of the bargain in Mr. Hunt's mind, for every morning at six all through the cold, dark winter days the sleepy John would hear: "Time to get up, John. Cows to be milked and hens fed 'fore school, yer know." And by the time the last dumb animal had been carefully attended to at night, and the wood box filled, John was too tired to care to do anything else but go to bed.

When summer came, two boys about John's age came to board at the next farm, and one evening during his weekly visit home, John exclaimed in a burst of confidence to his younger sister Nan: "It's harder than ever to keep right on working every minute, when those boys have nothing to do from morning till night but have fun. I thought when they came they'd just feel stuck up and think I wasn't fit to associate with, but they invite me to go everywhere with them, and I don't know but what it's worse always to have to say I can't go, than if they didn't think I was fit for anything but to wipe their feet on."

Nan's sympathetic face clouded, for John very rarely complained.

"It's a shame, John; it seems as if Mr. Hunt might let you go once in a while, doesn't it?"

"Wish he would, but I know I'm paid to work, and I have mother and all the rest of you to look out for," and John squared his shoulders manfully. "They've asked me to go canoeing with them next Monday, but I don't dare ask Mr. Hunt to let me off, for I know he wants to get the hay in then."

John's courage rose high enough Sunday night to allow him to

mention the proposed expedition to Mr. Hunt, only to be met with a rather curt response:

"Want to go, I s'pose. Well, hay's spoiling now, so much damp weather. If the sun shines, we must work all day on the Moody lot, and if it rains, you and I must tackle the wood pile. Them birch sticks most all used up now."

The next day was bright and sunny, and as the canoeing party passed the Moody lot, swinging their paddles and luncheon baskets, John couldn't help swallowing hard, as he waved his rake in response to the Reed boy's greetings; and through the hot summer day he wondered how far up the river the canoe had gone that Mr. Hunt twice asked him sharply if his wits were wool-gathering.

It was this same way all summer. The boys, at first, asked him to join in all their expeditions, but as he always had to refuse, they stopped after a while; and only the memory of how much the two dollars helped the tired little mother at home kept John happy with the gruff old farmer, and his wife, and the endless round of farm work.

But under the brusque manners a more kindly heart was beating than some of Mr. Hunt's neighbors suspected, and a few days before the Reed boys went home the old man said:—

"Well, John, you've worked hard all summer, and I'll give you one day off for a holiday before school opens. When shall it be?"

"Oh, sir," the boy explained, his face flushed with pleasure, "could I go tomorrow? Dave and Rob are going fishing over to Hood's pond and they've asked me to go, too."

"All right ,go ahead as early as you want to, and stay as late," he added generously.

It was easy to get up that morning at six o'clock, and before seven, with fishing rod over his shoulder and a tomato can for bait, John joined the other boys at the wooded path leading to Hood's Pond.

It must have been a good day for fishing, for never was better success met with by three boys, and before noon, hungry and happy, they came back to the sheltered little beach where they had left their luncheon baskets that morning.

"There must be a party camping there for the day," John said as they came in sight of the spot; "let's go somewhere else. We don't want to make a fire in that crowd. See all those folks!"

But Dave and Rob pushed on without replying, and in a minute John saw familiar faces—Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, mother, Nan, and all the Benson family.

"Why, what are you doing here?" John exclaimed in astonishment. It seemed beyond belief that Mr. Hunt should be on a picnic.

"We thought we would come down here and get dinner for a friend of ours," Mr. Hunt said with a chuckle; "won't you stay and have some with us?'

"Why, who is he? Anyone I know, mother?" he asked in bewilderment, and then he stopped and grew red from ear to ear, and stood first on one foot and then on the other.

"Guess you've seen him," Mr. Hunt replied, shortly, "but this corn's most done now, and the fire needs feeding, so bring some more wood, John, and don't stand talking. The rest of you young fellers better clean yer fish if you want to have them cooked."

It was a wonderful dinner. Potatoes, and corn, and fish, cooked over the camp fire, and then cake, and pie, and watermelon, completed a feast such as the little Benson's rarely saw.

"Tell you what," John confided to Nan an hour later, as well as he could with his mouth full of watermelon, "it pays to work like a beaver all summer if you can have one day of fun like this at the end."

THE STARTING PLACE.

"Do you like to be a grocer's boy, Robert?" Sarah Elizabeth stood watching her brother as he wrestled with the kitchen fire in the early cool of a July morning. Their mother had not come out yet, and Mr. Dilworth had not even come in for his eggs and coffee.

"I hate to think of you," continued Sarah Elizabeth, with a tone of pride in her voice, "all day carrying cabbages and potatoes and onions and things around to people's kitchens. Of course there is no harm in it, but then you know Professor Jim said you had such a fine head it was a pity you had to quit school at seventeen.

"It's vacation now," said Robert, beginning to whistle softly.

"You know what I mean," said Sarah Elizabeth. "If you can't keep going to school I wish you could clerk in the Bee Hive or something like that. I know you could do it."

"Do you like to keep a boarding house?" asked Robert. "I hate to think of you and mother here in the kitchen these hot days."

"What makes you keep stirring it up? you know I feel bad enough about it." And Sarah Elizabeth began to cry.

"Now Sa'h Lizzie," said Robert, somewhat subdued. "I thought you were a girl of more back bone than that. You know I was just talking because you did."

"Well, you know you don't care as much as I do," said Sarah Elizabeth, as she wiped her face on the kitchen towel. "It seems like sometimes I can't stand it. I always did hate to cook and wash dishes. And then to have to stay away from school and not have time to make anything pretty. I guess I couldn't draw anything but pot-hooks now if I had time to try."

She tried to laugh, and Robert did, too. Then he went on seriously: "Yes, I did care as much at first. But something Professor Jim said to me the day I set in at Wade and Hamilton's has kept me boosted up ever since. I happened to meet him the morning I started out with my first wheelbarrow load. He seemed pretty glad that I had got a place, and I just up and told him it was far from being the kind of place I wanted. He said it would do first rate for starting place. Then

he laughed and said it was a fact that a boy could start in a grocery store and go to any place in the world."

"I believe that I will be proud of you someday, Robbie," said Sarah Elizabeth, looking up at her tall brother. "You are worth a dozen of me. There. I believe Mr. Dilworth is coming for his breakfast, and I haven't even ground the coffee."

Then their mother came out, and the little council gave way to the busy bustle of preparing a boarding house breakfast.

Robert was soon on his way to the grocery store, and Sarah Elizabeth was left in the thick of the dish-washing.

What Robert had said about the grocery being a starting place seemed to take hold of her in a peculiar way.

"This old kitchen is my starting place," she said to herself. "I don't ever get any farther than to the dining room and then I have to trot right back after something," she laughed.

"How pretty and clear that goblet looks. This new soap must be a better kind than we have been getting. I believe I'll wash up all the glasses."

She took them all down from the top shelf of the cupboard and scrubbed and rinsed until they sparkled almost like real cut glass in the sunshine.

She called her mother to see in childish enthusiasm. "Look at the glasses, mamma. We will never buy any other kind of soap, will we?"

"Are you sure it is the soap?" asked her mother, with almost her old time smile. "I'm so glad to see you taking an interest in the housekeeping, little girl. You don't know how proud I am of you and Robert, to see you so bravely taking up father's part of the burden with me. If father could have stayed with us just a little longer, everything would have been different. It seems such a strange, hard time for him to be called away—just starting in a new place, and you and Robert not grown up. As it is, you will both have to work out for yourselves a good many things we meant to do for you."

Sarah Elizabeth had not heard her mother speak so calmly and hopefully since they had begun alone to keep their home in the little western town whither the high school had attracted them from the prairie two years before.

"Robert is behaving like a hero, but I haven't done anything—only because I *must*," said Sarah Elizabeth, honestly. "If I could only do something I like to do, I'd work till I dropped. But there's no money in pen-and-ink drawings or water-color landscapes—not for me—at least, not yet. And I just hate keeping a boarding house. That is, I did hate it awfully till this morning Robert said something that made me think maybe I could get to liking it a little. It's been very good of you, mamma, to let me have all of Mr. Dilworth's breakfast money for my own. I haven't deserved a cent of it—such dreadful meals as I have been making him put up with. It's a wonder he hasn't changed his

boarding house. But he's too absent-minded to notice anything or complain."

As soon as Mrs. Cameron opened her boarding house the chief merchant of the town began taking his breakfast there because he liked it early, and Miss Tryphena, his self-willed sister, liked hers late. The little boarding house afforded an excellent means for a compromise.

Perhaps even her mother did not quite understand how much Sarah Elizabeth had given up. The school had opened a new world to her. How many things her little sun-browned fingers had learned to do in those two years! They had learned to embroider and to draw and to paint wonderful pictures. Somehow Sarah Elizabeth did not know it before, but it seemed that her fingers had just been aching all of their fifteen years to draw pictures and to embroider and make pretty things.

Miss DeLaney said she took to art like a young duck takes to water. And Sarah Elizabeth had begun to have dim dreams of a far-off time when she herself might be a teacher like Miss DeLaney. But that was before they begun keeping a boarding house. Now she had no time for dreaming.

"I have begun, Robert," said his little sister that evening when the day's work was over. "Don't you thinl the table looked nicer today? You understand—I'm going to take the table for my *starting place*. I'm going to make it look just as pretty as I can. I got along a lot better with my work today, and this afternoon I had a whole hour to do as I pleased and I commenced to embroider a centerpiece for the table—natural violets and green leaves."

Of course old Mr. Dilworth had his mind on his business and took no notice of the change in the style of his breakfasts. And the others—the men who worked out in the mines—were always in a hurry, and very often they forgot and put their elbows on the clean, white cloth. Sarah Elizabeth would not have minded if their elbows had always been clean. But she never gave up.

"I appreciate myself better since I have been doing my best," she said to Robert one day . "I can put the best of me into setting the table, and it kind of takes the place of the modeling and embroidering and drawing out at the schoolhouse. "I think about how pretty I'm going to fix the table all the time I'm working in the kitchen and I don't mind the work so much."

Autumn was beginning to come on. It was the day school opened. Sarah Elizabeth was trying not to think of Miss DeLaney and Professor Jim and the others, by putting her whole soul into Mr. Dilworth's breakfast. She was bending over the table arranging the things with extra care, when looking up she saw the old merchant standing in the doorway.

"I thought I'd slip in a little ahead of time this morning and see if I could find out who it is that manages the arrangement of this table," he began, humorously.

"I was pretty certain all the time it was you—now I've caught you at it," he laughed. "My new fall goods have come in, and I just happened to think that a girl who could fix up a table to look so fancy would be a good hand to fix up a show-window in the store. None of our firm is much artistic. I believe it would draw custom right along to have a catchy front window display. Ask your mother if you can't come over to the store this afternoon and boss the job."

"Oh!" exlaimed Sarah Elizabeth, "I'd like to do it."

She told her mother all about it, in broken snatches, as she went back and forth from the kitchen to the dining room.

"Who would have thought Mr. Dilworth ever took any notice of the way I fixed the table! Won't it be grand to work in the Bee Hive! I'd like to do that almost as well as to be a teacher."

Sarah Elizabeth never dreamed of having an opportunity to work in the store for a longer time than that one afternoon. But when the new things were arranged in the window with an artistic touch that had never distinguished the Bee Hive before, and she stood with Mr. Dilworth in the twilight, noting the effect from across the street, the old man said abruptly: "If you'd like steady work in the store, we could make a place for you."

"Oh! I'd like it," said Sarah Elizabeth at once. It was the thought of being free from the kitchen, not of earning money that made her eyes glow. "I'd like to do it," said Sarah Elizabeth, and then she caught her breath hard. "But I couldn't think of leaving mamma all the kitchen work to do." she added, seriously.

"Oh, Mr. Dilworth, wouldn't you take Robert? He'd do a great deal better than I and—and he'd like it."

"Might give the boy a trial," said Mr. Dliworth. "We'll need an extra hand when the fall rush comes on, and Robert's a peart young fellow. I'll speak to him about it."

"I do hope he won't tell Robert he offered me the place first," said Sarah Elizabeth, as she went hurrying home. "Robert is so proud, maybe he wouldn't take it. Oh, I'd so much rather he'd have it. I won't mind the kitchen work."

"Hi, Sa'h Lizzie!" he exclaimed, bursting into the kitchen one morning, with glowing eyes, "get your books ready! You're going to school in the morning."

"I believe you have gone crazy, Robert Cameron," said Sarah Elizabeth.

"No, I haven't," said Robert, "but I have been offered a place at the Bee Hive at three times as much as I've been getting, and you're going back to school, Sa'h Lizzie."

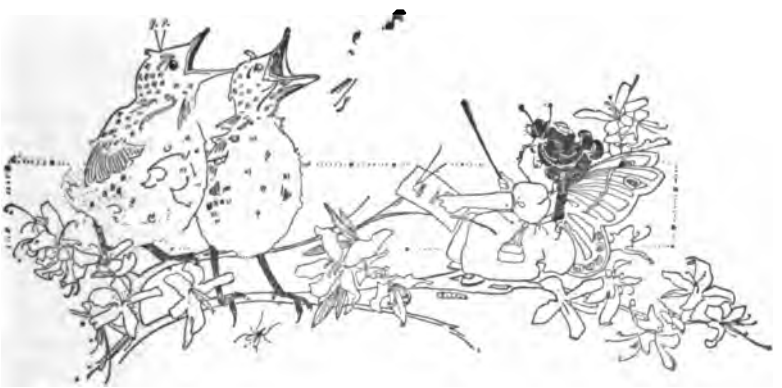
"Oh! Robert," said Sarah Elizabeth, "it was true what you said about the starting place."

SPRING AND SUMMER.

Spring is growing up,
  Is it not a pity?
She was such a little thing,
  And so very pretty.
Summer is extremely grand,
  We must pay her duty;
But it is to little Spring
  That she owes her beauty!

Spring is growing up,
  Leaving us so lonely;
In the place of little Spring
  We have Summer only!
Summer with her lofty airs,
  And her stately paces;
In the place of little Spring,
  With her childish graces.

—Selected.



A MAY-DAY MUSICALE.

WHAT THEY LOST.

(Original.)

"I'm sorry you lost it," said mother, one day,
As she sat in her corner chair, mending away;
And Richard and Percival looked in surprise,
But mother, still busy, did not raise her eyes.

"Have *you* lost anything, Richard, to-day?"
"No, Percival. Haven't you, either?—I say!"
Two little faces grew rosy with shame.
And mother said, "Yes, my dears! *temper's* its name."

IN CHLOE'S CHARIOT.

BY JULIA DARROW COWLES.

"Look, Jessie, Look!"

Jack pointed up the street and then doubled up with laughter.

Jessie looked, and then laughed, too. "Why, it's Chloe Johnson," she said, "but what has she in the—in the"—

"In the chariot," finished Jack, and then they both laughed again.

Chloe—a small girl whose kinky hair was braided in tight, little pigtails which stood straight out—came slowly down the street. She was carefully pushing before her, a queer, old baby buggy with swans-heads at the front, and scarred patches of gold and silver paint still decorating its sides.

"What have you in the chariot?" asked Jack, as Chloe came nearer.

At the same moment Jessie discovered that Chloe was crying, and so was Moses, the small brother at her heels.

"What's the matter, Chloe," she asked, tiptoeing up and peering over the edge of the buggy.

"The horses ran over Snip, and we're taking him to Doctor Lyford's," answered Chloe between sobs. And at that, Moses dug his fists into his eyes and cried harder than ever.

Jack and Jessie looked at each other as the funny procession passed on.

"What will Uncle Frank say?" exclaimed Jessie. Uncle Frank was Doctor Lyford.

"I guess he'll laugh, too," said Jack.

Then the two children looked at each other again.

"Chloe felt badly about it," said Jessie.

"Yes, and so did Moses," responded Jack. "Is'pose they think a lot of the dog if it is only a common cur." Jack's Bruno was a full-blooded Saint Bernard.

There was a moment's silence.

"S'pose it had been Bruno," said Jessie.

"Oh, my!" said Jack.

Once more the children looked into each other's eyes.

"Let's run down the alley to Uncle Frank's office and tell him how they feel about the dog," suggested Jack. "We can get there first."

"Let's," said Jessie, and taking hold of hands they sped away.

When Chloe reached Doctor Lyford's office she was very much surprised to see Jack and Jessie there ahead of her. But when Doctor Lyford began to ask her questions and to smile encouragingly at her, she forgot all about them in her interest in Snip.

Then Doctor Lyford gently took up the limp little dog in his hands and Chloe checked her sobs as she watched him.

"Well, the little fellow has a broken leg, all right," he said after a brief examination, "but I'll put it in a splint and he'll soon be as good as ever."

"Oh-h!" exclaimed Chloe with sparkling eyes, while Moses took down his fists and began to smile.

Then all four of the children watched anxiously, but eagerly, while Doctor Lyford set and bandaged the broken leg, and the poor little dog licked the doctor's hand in gratitude.

When it was all over, Chloe laid Snip tenderly back in the "chariot" and then, followed by Moses, she trundled him away.

"Oh, my, but you're good," she said fervently, as they reached the door; and Moses gave the doctor a dazzling smile.

The doctor felt a pull at his sleeve.

"I guess she didn't have any money to pay you, Uncle Frank," said Jack, "but Jessie and I have quite a lot in our banks and you may have it all."

"That's good of you," said the doctor, "but Chloe paid me in the only coin I want. You know, it always pays to be able to give cheer and happiness to others."

WHOSE FAULT WAS IT?

It was a beautiful June day. Not even a tiny cloud could be seen upon the broad expanse of blue sky that Mrs. Ward's eyes scanned as she glanced out of her wide-open kitchen window.

The little cottage yard was a pleasant sight to look upon this bright Summer day. Along the walk extended two long, narrow flower-beds, gay with many-tinted flowers, while beyond them stretched two broad squares of soft green that terminated at the edge of a well-kept vegetable garden.

On the shady porch, Duke, the children's dog, was stretched out with his head upon his paws, too comfortable and lazy to move, while under the lilac bush the big gray cat was taking its ease.

Everything seemed to be as peaceful and as cheerful as the day itself, that is, everything and everybody except the little girl swinging slowly back and forth in the hammock under the maple tree not far from the porch. There was nothing disagreeable to the eye in the little figure itself. The face was very fair to look upon. A mass of soft brown curls fell far below her shoulders, and shaded a delicately-featured face that would have been pretty if it had not been for the ugly pout that disfigured the red lips, and the disagreeable frown that marred her forehead.

Little Miss Eleanor Ward was not enjoying the day at all. She had felt quite independent when she had seen the party of children start off with their lunch-baskets without her. It was with quite an air that

Eleanor had told her cousin Tom when he had tried to coax her to join them that it was "lovely and cool" under the maple tree.

That was two hours ago. It was ten o'clock now, and although it was as cool and pleasant as ever in the comfortable hammock, Eleanor was not enjoying it very much. For one thing, it was rather lonesome. She could imagine what the children were doing. They were having a jolly time—no doubt of that—and soon they would be eating their lunch. Eleanor knew what a lot of good things her mother had packed into the lunch baskets. Her brother Rob had carried a big bag of fruit, and her cousin Tom had a fine box of candy. She had caught a glimpse of the chocolates that she was so fond of when Tom had given her a peep at the box, as an inducement to join the party.

Eleanor was thinking it over now. She knew how they would enjoy the day in the woods, and come home late in the afternoon, laden with flowers and beautiful ferns.

It was all Maud's fault that she was sitting at home alone, Eleanor decided, as she thought the matter over. What right had Maud to call her a "cross-patch," and, meaner still, to call her a "tattle-tale," just because she had told Tom how mean Maud was. Maud had said she was sorry, and had tried to coax her to join the rest of the children in the little trip, but Eleànor was not in the humor to make up the quarrel.

Of course she was not sorry that she had not gone with the rest. Still, it was rather lonesome sitting there alone.

The hammock stopped its slow swinging. A happy thought had come to Eleanor. She would take a walk by herself, and gather daises in the field down the road.

The little black-slippered feet trotted quickly up to the porch, and the curly brown head popped into the kitchen window, and an eager voice implored Mrs. Ward's permission to go to the daisy field.

Mrs. Ward smiled down into the small face lifted to hers. "Yes, you may go," she said, "but don't go near the brook and get wet."

Eleanor had caught sight of the cakes that her mother had baked. "Can't I have a cake, mamma?" she asked.

"Take a few of them and run along," said her mother; "that's a good girl."

Eleanor walked briskly along the road, until she reached the field of daises. She had a good time gathering the blossoms. Finally, seating herself on the ground, she began to weave a daisy chain. It was a very pleasant spot. The ground sloped gently away from her feet to the little brook at the bottom of the field.

Eleanor sat quite contentedly for a while. She decided that it was nicer than the hammock after all.

Everything was very fine indeed, until Eleanor spied a blue flower quite far down the field. She tossed aside the daises, and ran towards the flower. But before she reached the blossoms she found the ground quite wet. Eleanor paused a moment as she remembered that her mother had told her not to get wet. She knew that she ought to go

back, but the flower seemed such a beautiful blue, much prettier than the daises, she thought.

Eleanor lifted one foot, and felt her slipper. "It isn't real wet, just a little damp," she said to herself. The next moment she was running towards the flowers, her brown curls streaming in the air. She came to a standstill with a sudden jerk, one foot ankle deep in mud. She had almost landed in the brook, in the middle of which nodded the tall blue flower that she coveted. Eleanor looked sadly at the wet foot. "Dear me!" she said, "and mamma told me not to get wet!"

But as long as the mischief was done, Eleanor thought that she might as well get the flower. She looked about for some means of reaching it, though not without some qualms of conscience, as she remembered her mother's dislike to have her near the brook. The flower was very provoking, so near, and yet just out of reach.

On Eleanor's side of the brook there was nothing to which she could cling as she reached out for the flower, but on the other side a large branch of a tree hung down over the edge of the water.

Eleanor ran along the bank until she found a narrow place where someone had bridged the little stream with a plank. With a cry of delight, she crossed the plank, and made her way to the tree opposite the longed-for flower. Planting her feet firmly she grasped the branch, and leaned over the water to pluck the blossom.

Just as her fingers touched it there came a snap of breaking wood, as the rotten branch gave way, and plunged Eleanor headlong into the water below her.

It was a disconsolate enough little figure that emerged, spluttering and floundering, from her involuntary bath. The water was only waist-deep, but she had fallen in full length, and managed to drench herself from head to foot. She climbed up the bank with some difficulty, hindered by her wet clothing, and sadly started for home.

Mrs. Ward came quickly to the door as the sound of a distressed voice calling, "Mamma!" fell upon her ear. A look of utter astonishment came upon her face as she looked at the figure before her. The pink dress, heavy with its weight of mingled mud and water, clung limply to its forlorn wearer, while tiny streams of water trailed in the wake of her foot-steps. A splash of mud adorned one red cheek, and the whole countenance bore a grimy aspect, occasioned by the frequent application of small soiled hands to wipe away the trickling tears.

"She was a phantom of delight when first she burst upon my sight!" chanted papa wickedly as he glanced over mamma's shoulder at the small girl.

"Don't laugh at her, John," said Mrs. Ward. "She is too naughty! I'll have to strip her now, and put her to bed. Even if it is warm, she may take cold!"

Poor Eleanor! It was hard to lie in bed that bright afternoon. Mamma had rubbed her well, and tucked her into bed. Then she had made her appearance with a howl of steaming hot herb tea. In

vain Eleanor protested that she was not cold, and would not take any of the "stuff." She had to drink the bitter dose.

The little girl found it very tiresome lying there. The hours slipped slowly away. She checked them off, one by one. Five o'clock came, and she heard the picnic party come laughing into the hall. The sound of Maud's voice speaking cheerfully to her sister penetrated to Eleanor's room, and she heard Tom calling loudly for "Eleanor!" She could not catch her mother's quiet answer, but she could fancy the look on her cousin's face. Eleanor was very fond of her cousin Tom, but for all that she knew how he could tease.

The house became quiet as the children scattered. Eleanor's eyelids closed over the tired eyes, and the little girl soon forgot her troubles in sleep.

An hour or two later she opened her eyes to find her mother sitting by her side. She knew that mother had come for a talk with her. Eleanor dreaded these quiet talks; she didn't like to see the grieved look in mother's eyes.

"It's been a horrid day, mamma," she sobbed. "And it's all Maud's fault! If she had been nice to me I would have gone on the picnic, and then I wouldn't have fallen into the brook."

"If you had made friends with Maud when she told you that she was sorry you would have had a pleasant day with the rest," replied her mother. "Besides, Maud didn't make you disobey and go to the brook. My little girl is getting a mean fashion of putting her own naughtiness on someone else's shoulders."

"Well," said Eleanor, "she called me a 'cross-patch,' and a 'tattle-tale,' and I just wouldn't make up with her."

"Perhaps it was true," said Mrs. Ward, gently. "And even if it wasn't true, it takes two to make a quarrel, little girl. Don't you remember your golden text? What was it last Sunday, Eleanor?"

Eleanor's face flushed a little. " 'A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grevious words stir up anger,' " she finally quoted.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Ward. "Don't you think that if when Maud called you names you had said something kind in reply, she would have dropped the quarrel?"

No answer came from Eleanor.

"I think that she would have willingly done so," said Mrs. Ward. "Are you sure that it was not true, Eleanor? Why did Maud call you a 'cross-patch?' "

"Just because I snatched my big doll away from her and made her take my little one. Maud is awful selfish, I think," said Eleanor.

"Someone else is selfish, I think," said mamma. "You have your doll all the time, and were not willing to let Maud have her for a little while, even though Maud was your 'company.' Why, Eleanor! I fancy that you said something cross to Maud?"

"I told her that she was a hateful, greedy old thing," said Eleanor, reluctantly. "And just because I told Tom how mean she was, Maud called me a 'tattle-tale.' "

"What else was my little girl?" asked Mrs. Ward. "A 'tattle-tale' is one who carries a tale of one person to another. You carried a tale of Maud's meanness to Tom. Did you tell Tom what you called Maud?"

"No, mamma," said Eleanor slowly.

"Wasn't that rather mean, little woman?"

"I didn't think of it, mamma," replied Eleanor.

"That's just it," said Mrs. Ward. "You were too busy thinking of Maud's faults to spare time to think of your own.

"I think that the wrong-doing in this case belongs mostly to my little girl," added Mrs. Ward. "You were selfish and rude to Maud, and then, because she told you the truth about yourself, you got angry. Even to-day when she came and told you that she was sorry for what she said to you—which was only the truth—you refused to forgive her, and join them in the picnic, but decided to remain at home. Then when you disobeyed me and came to grief, you were unkind enough to blame Maud for your own wrong-doing. If you had not been unkind to her in the beginning there would have been no quarrel. Even this morning, if you had met Maud's advances pleasantly, all would have been well, and you would have had a happy day with the rest of the children."

"It doesn't sound nice the way that you say it, mamma," saio Eleanor. "But it didn't seem that way to me."

"Of course not," said her mother. "You see, little one, the devil has a strange sort of glass which he gets people to look through, and when one looks through that glass she sees her neighbor's faults as very big and ugly indeed, while her own appear as very small, scarcely worthy of notice. That glass of his deceives many people.

"There is a better Guide than that deceptive glass to go by—Jesus. Do you thing that when He was a little child He was selfish and unkind to the children about Him? He was a little child, you, know, Eleanor, growing up in His parent's home."

"Why, no, of course, He wasn't selfish," said Eleanor.

"Suppose that He had been a little girl like you, Eleanor, would He have treated Maud just as my little daughter did? Be honest little one. Do you think He would?"

"No, He would have been very different," said Eleanor. "But I hadn't thought about it."

"That is just the trouble with lots of people," said mother. "They forget to carry the thoughts of Sunday into the acts of Monday, Tuesday, and the other days of the week. Do you understand what I mean, Eleanor?"

"I think I do, mamma," Eleanor replied.

"I heard you singing 'Scatter blessed sunshine,' this morning," said Mrs. Ward. "It was only an idle song, wasn't it, Eleanor?"

"I'm afraid it was," said Eleanor, soberly. "I am sorry, and indeed I will try not to be selfish."

"That is right," said her mother, kissing her. "I am glad that you know where to go for help. He will always help us, Eleanor."

Eleanor kept her promise. She found it rather hard sometimes not to try to take all the best things for herself, and sometimes the cross words came out instead of the pleasant ones. She was in earnest, though, and she found that each victory gained seemed to make it a little easier to gain victory in the next battle with temptation.

MARJORIE'S LESSON.

Marjorie came rushing into her mother's room to tell her about the lovely time she had been having at Phylis' home all that afternoon.

"I'm glad you had a good time, dear," said her mother. "Now, I wonder if you can help me solve a mystery?"

"Marjorie's eyes opened wide at this.

"I think," went on her mother gravely, "that a very wicked and careless fairy has been in my room this afternoon. When I came in from calling I found that some little spirit had been rumpling up the ribbons in my bureau drawer, had been throwing your every-day dress and shoes all over the floor in my room, and had been playing havoc with my dressing table. Can you imagine who the culprit is?"

"Oh," said Marjorie, looking crestfallen, "I dressed in your room. I like your glass—and I forget to pick up after myself, I was in such a hurry."

"So it wasn't a fairy after all. Well, since I have been sitting here wondering what would be the most effectual punishment for the untidy fairy that left my room in disorder, I have had some suggestions from a good fairy, and I am wondering if the punishment this fairy mentioned would help you to be more tidy, since you are the culprit."

"What was it?" asked Marjorie. She and her mother often played make-believe with the fairies, but she was a little doubtful about its always being fun.

"This is her plan and I have decided to carry it out until you are cured of all your untidiness. Hereafter when you mislay a thing you will not be able to find it again unless you get it before the fairy does. If she finds it first she will keep it, and you may find it very inconvenient to do without that very particular thing."

Marjorie listened carefully to the plan, then she tossed her curls and said with decision, while her brown eyes flashed: "All right, but she'll have hard work to catch me mislaying things," and off she ran.

It was an interesting game to elude the fairy for a day or two, but after that her interest began to flag.

On Sunday morning as the children were getting ready for Sunday school Marjorie came into her mother's room.

"Mamma," said she, "did I leave my best gloves here last night?"

"If you did," said her mother quietly, "I fear the good fairy has found them."

Marjorie gave her mother a quick glance and then left the room without a word.

That day she wore her school gloves to church, and she fumed inwardly, for the gloves were shabby and did not look well with her new hat and new scarlet reefer. Marjorie was a vain little body and liked to be well-dressed. However, she kept her hands in her pockets as much as possible and vowed to herself that the fairy should get no more of her things.

It was only the next afternoon that Marjorie was coming out of her mother's room where she had been to have some buttons sewed on to the shoes which she carried in her hand.

The sound of the hand-organ came up from the street below. Marjorie dropped the shoes where she stood and ran down to the door. There was a monkey with the organ-grinder and Marjorie stayed a long time watching him, when she came back upstairs her shoes had disappeared. Marjorie searched for them, and failing to find them went to her room to think it over. It would not have mattered so much ordinarly, but now her other shoes had been taken to the cobbler's to be repaired and she had nothing except the pair of slippers she had on her feet.

The next morning, just before school time, Marjorie went to her mother. "Mamma, what shall I do? I can't find my best shoes."

"Wear your other ones," said her mother.

"They're at the cobbler's," explained Marjorie.

Mrs. Chesborough reflected a minute, then she said slowly, "Well, I don't see but you will have to stay home until they are mended."

Marjorie jumped for joy. A vacation right in the midst of school year was what she dearly loved. Whenever she had stayed home before it had been because she had been sick, but now she was well, what fun she would have! A sudden thought struck her.

"May I go outdoors, mamma?" she asked.

"Not in those slippers," said her mother, decidedly.

It was a subdued little girl that went alone into her room to play with her dolls till lunch time.

When Helen came home at noon it was to tell of an interesting visitor who had entertained the whole school in assembly with acounts of his wonderful adventures in Greenland. Marjorie thought sorrowfully of her solitary morning. The next day was even more lonely and on the third she went boldly to her mother and asked her for something to do. That lady gave her some silk rags to sew for a portiere she was to have woven, and gay little Marjorie sat and sewed very soberly for hours every day after that. Her cup of sorrow was filled to overflowing when Helen came home on Friday with a note from the mother of their most particular friend at school inviting children to go to the circus with her children and herself on the following afternoon.

"Oh, I can't go," she wailed in despair. "I have no shoes. Oh, can't Helen go over to the cobbler's to see if my other shoes are mended?"

Her mother gave her the permission, and while Helen was gone, Marjorie trembled between hope and despair.

"No, they aren't done," reported Helen when she came in. "He has been very busy and says that Marjorie said he needn't hurry."

"Oh, so I did," wailed Morjorie, and she dashed out of the room, slamming the door behind her.

For a whole week after that she was very careful not to mislay anything else, and though she was not entirely cured of her carelessness, just a word about the fairy would remind her of the discomfort of the time when the fairy seized her shoes.—

A DAUGHTER WORTH HAVING.

BY MRS. P. R. BINFORD.

Mary Martin danced along at Miss Ford's side. This teacher and pupil were very fond of each other, and Mary poured all her hopes and ambitions into Miss Ford's ears. This afternoon she said: "Miss Ford, I can hardly wait to be through school and go to teaching. Mamma works so hard now! When I get to teaching, she shall not work another day."

Miss Ford smiled at the girl's enthusiasm. Then the picture of Mary's tired little mother came into her mind. She sewed for a living, and Miss Ford remembered how weary and worn-out she always looked. The teacher wondered if the little mother would live until Mary's plans should be fulfilled. All at once she turned to Mary and said: "Do you have much time to help your mother, Mary?"

"No, Miss Ford. Mamma has me take an hour's recreation after school each day. Then I have my lessons to study," Mary answered.

Miss Ford was silent for a moment, and then she said softly: "Mary, suppose that when you finish school and begin teaching your little mother should not be here?"

Mary turned a startled face toward her teacher. "What do you mean, Miss Ford?" she asked.

"This dear. Your mother needs now some of the rest you want to give her in the future. We never know what the future has in store for us. Help her all you can in the present, and plan and wait for the future. Here we are at your gate. Good-bye, dear," she said. She put a hand on each side of the girl's sweet face and then kissed her.

When she had gone, Mary went slowly into the house. In the sitting room her mother bent over her sewing. She looked up with a smile when Mary entered the room. She looked so tired, and put her hand up to her forehead for a second.

"Are you feeling bad, mother?" Mary questioned.

"My head aches. I have bent over my sewing so constantly to-day. I am in a hurry to finish Mrs. Brown's dress. Put down your books, dear, and go for a walk. You need it after being in the house all day," Mrs. Martin answered.

Mary went over to her and put her hand gently on her mother's head. "What are you going to do, mother?" she asked.

"I will sew as long as I can. Then I must get in the coal and kindling and get supper. What do you want for supper?"

"Let me see," said Mary. The sweet face grew serious. Then she clapped her hands, and her face grew brighter. "Let's have chipped potatoes, broiled ham and toast!" she exclaimed. Now she had chosen the three things she could cook, and she had a very wise look on her face when she left the room a moment later. "By-by, mamma; I'll be back soon," she said, and closed the door carefully behind her.

Mrs. Martin thought she had gone for a walk, and leaned wearily over her sewing. After a little while she glanced at the clock and put down her work. "Mary is staying longer than usual. I will hurry supper and have it ready when she returns," she thought.

As she went through the house to the kitchen, she wondered how every door came to be closed. When she opened the kitchen door, an unusual sight met her eyes. The fire was roaring in the stove, and the scent of the cooking food filled the room. Mary stood by the stove. Her cheeks were as red as roses and her eyes were dancing. "Come in. I'll soon have supper ready. The coal and kindling are in," she said.

"Why, didn't you go for a walk?" gasped Mrs. Martin.

"No, mamma. I think you need me at home every day after school," Mary answered as she flipped over a piece of ham. She didn't mention her talk with Miss Ford. Some way she knew Miss Ford would rather she wouldn't.

Mrs. Martin hadn't enjoyed a supper for years as she did that one. What did it matter if the toast was burned and the potatoes not done? She knew that a loving little daughter had prepared them.

It astonished Mary when she saw how much needed doing in the little house. In the dining room a chair of clothes waited for ironing. In the sitting room a basket of stockings awaited darning. "Well, I can't do everything to-night, she sighed when she took up her books to begin studying. "I'll get up early in the morning and iron, and I'll tackle the darning Saturday," she thought.

She did both, and many other tasks she took off the little mother, who soon began to look less tired and careworn. Mary, too, profited by not putting off everything for the future.

THE PUMP-STATION FIRE.

Jimmy donned his rubber coat, lighted his candle, and stuck it in his cap peak. Then he sat down in the hoist-room, and waited for his working partner, Charlie Fields. It was time to go down and take the night shift on the pump-station, but Charlie was not in sight.

The hoist-cage came up with loaded ore on both decks. The cars were rolled off, and replaced with empty ones. The cage hesitated a moment, waiting for the head pumpman, but as he did not appear, dropped down the long dark shaft into the bowels of the mountain.

Presently Kirk, the big superintendent, appeared. "Where's Charlie?" he asked of the boy.

"Don't know," Jimmy answered.

Kirk opened his watch. He's five minutes late, and the pump-station is unmanned. Do you have any idea where he is?"

"Yes," Jimmy answered, hesitatingly. "This is pay-day, and you know where many of the men are."

"Oh, yes, at the Gray Goose, of course, drinking up their hard-earned money," the superintendent replied quickly.

Kirk started to walk away, then turned on his heel, and said: "Jimmy, run down and get Charley. Bring him up if he isn't too drunk. The pump-station must be manned at once."

Jimmy darted down the trail to obey. But when he drew near the door he hesitated. The Gray Goose was the one place in Gold Bug that the boy had never entered. The boisterous drinking-place possessed no attractions for him. His firm refusals to drink had made him all the more admired by the men.

For a moment the boy stood on the trail, and considered whether it was best for him to disobey the superintendent's command. "No, I'm on duty now," said the boy to himself. "Kirk said I must get Charlie, and I will get him."

The boy pushed open the swinging door and entered the saloon. On this night the place was unusually noisy. It swarmed with a crowd of red-shirted, heavy-booted men.

As he had expected, Jimmy found Charlie drinking heavily, and treating the miners, who were in constant line at the bar. Though a strong man physically, tall and straight as a young pine, Charlie was possessed of one great weakness, and that was his thirst for drink.

The boy walked up quietly and touched the drinking man lightly on the arm. 'Charlie," said he, "it is time to go down. Kirk sent me after——"

"Get out of this, you little rat!" the drunken man yelled angrily, turning suddenly on the boy. "Why didn't you ring the door-bell instead of sneaking in like a coyote?"

At this facetious remark the crowd laughed boisterously.

"Kirk wants you, Charlie," the boy repeated, paying no heed to the jeers and taunts, and taking a firmer hold on the man's arm.

"What does he want with me? He's got no strings on—".

"You're late. Our shift's on now," Jimmy interrupted. "There's no one on the pump-station."

"What do I care?" the drunken man roared. He turned again to the bar.

Just then a mucker rushed into the saloon, all out of breath, and yelled: "Where's Charlie and Jimmy?"

"Right here; what's the trouble?" the boy replied.

"Fire's broke out in the pump-station. The men are all out of the upper levels, and the whole mine will burn out unless the blaze is checked. Kirk wants two men to go down with him."

"The station's on fire, Charlie!" the boy urged loudly. "Come quick!" He pulled and tugged at the tall man's arm.

Then the daze of the liquor passed from him, and the big miner understood, "What's that?" he cried. "Fire in the pump-station! And I'm late! It's my fault." He charged out of the saloon and up the trail with Jimmy close at his heels.

The men of the night shift were standing in huddled groups about the hoist, their candles flickering from their cap-peaks. Smoke was pouring from the shaft in great black rolls. Kirk was running to and fro like a mad lion, angered to frenzy because none of the men would go down with him.

"It's sure death," they declared, and none of them would budge.

"You're a lot of cowards," he yelled, as he seized the hose coil and threw it on the cage deck.

"No, we're not," Charlie answered, reeling aboard the cage. Jimmy stepped on beside him.

"Don't let that man go down," the crowd protested, "he's drunk."

But Kirk did not hear. He pulled the bell-wire, and the cage cut a hole through the black smoke as it shot downward. At the pump-station, the cage stopped suddenly, bringing the three alongside the burning station.

The fire was roaring like a smelter-furnace. The heat stung like vitriol. All three would have been suffocated instantly had they not dropped quickly to their hands and knees, and pressed their faces to the floor.

Kirk attached the hose to the pump hydrant, and the water dashed through the nozzle into the flames. The whole station was oil-soaked, and the fire ate the wood greedily. The draft started up the shaft, sucking up fire and smoke in thick coils and twists.

In spite of their heroic work the flames gained headway.

"There's just one way to put it out," said Charlie, "and that's to crawl through and release the pump on the other side."

Crawl through! Who would dare? It was to wade through fire. Even the fearless superintendent protested. But Charlie dropped to the floor and squirmed under the flames toward the sump. Jimmy

also fell flat, and dragged through after him. It was the only chance of saving the mine. Kirk remained on the cage deck, and played the stream over them.

The floor was of steel, and burned their hands like an oven. Overhead roared the flames. Burning cinders and coals dropped on them as the two crawled through, and they reached the opposite side with their hats and jumpers aflame.

Both leaped into the sump-tank to extinguish their burning clothing, then released the water. Hissing wildly, an avalanche rushed down the sides and through the ceiling to the station.

For a moment the flames sputtered like a monster frying-pan. With long shrieks the fire left the timbers, and burned out wood fell in chunks from the roof. By the time the tank was half emptied the fire was quenched.

At last Charlie's whiskey-dazed brain was no longer controllable. When he attempted to step across the station floor he reeled backward, and would have fallen headlong into the sump had not Jimmy caught his arm. At the same moment a charred and burned-out timber dropped from the roof, and struck the boy a heavy blow on the head, carrying him down like a shot, and pinning him to the edge of the tank.

Once more Charlie gained control of himself. Kirk found him ducking Jimmy's head in the sump-tank. "He's just about gone," said Charlie. "He caught a timber that would have killed me. Say, but he's a brave boy. I wish I had his pluck."

The two men tottered through the wreck, carrying Jimmy between them. He was limp and unconscious. Blood flowed from his head and face. Kirk jerked the bell-drive and the cage shot up into the open air—the cool night air that soaked their parched lungs like nectar.

They laid Jimmy on a cot, and called the camp physician. An hour later the boy regained consciousness. Charlie and Kirk were stooping over the bunk when the boy first opened his eyes.

"Jimmy," said Charlie, "I wish I had your pluck. Let's be partners. Anyway, won't you forgive my bad talk down at the Gray Goose? I didn't mean it."

"You were drunk," said Jimmy, with a feeling of pity.

"I know it my boy. I know it," the tall man replied, tears dripping from his eyes. "If I will promise to quit drinking, will you forgive me?"

"Of course I will, Charlie," said Jimmy, like a real man, extending his hand, which the miner grasped eagerly.

"It's agreed, Jimmy, my boy. No more drinking for me. We're partners from this time on, you and I."

The Baby's Page

Baby Lu leads Baby May,
Lu holds a bunch of rose buds gay,
The white rose and the pink and red,
Smell sweet while we all sleep in bed.

The sunshine warms the stones and sticks,
In the year months, June counts six,
All the glad and sweet June day,
Father in Heaven bless Lu and May,

—*L. Lula Greene Richards*

JUST FOR FUN.

BEYOND HELP.

One of the street philanthropists who always has an eye and ear for childish troubles, stopped to comfort a stout little boy who was filling the air with lamentations.

"What is the matter, you little dear?" she asked, solicitoously.

"M-my b-brother's got a vacation and—and I haven't!" roared the afflicted one at last.

"What a shame!" said his comforter. "Then you don't go to the same school, of course?"

"I—Id-don't go to school an-anywhere yet!" came from the little fellow with a fresh burst of tears.

Little Fred was visiting his grandmother in the country, and was watching the turkey. "Look, grandma," he said, "the old gobbler has had his fan up for half an hour, and his face is as red as if he wasn't a bit cooler."—Our Lambs.

A small boy was reciting in a geography class. The teacher was trying to teach him the points of the compass. She explained: "On your right is the south, your left the north, and in front of you the east. Now, what is behind you?" the boy studied for a moment, then puckered up his face, and bawled: "I knew it. I told ma you'd see that patch on my pants."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Eight-year-old: Don't you know the sun is ever so much bigger than the earth?

Six-year-old: Then why doesn't it keep the rain off?

Teacher—Which letter is the next one to the letter "h"?
Boy—Dunno, ma'am.
Teacher—What have I on both sides of my nose?
Boy—Freckles, ma'am.—The Wasp.

Five year old Alice saw an apple lying under a tree from which it had fallen. Picking up the apple and pointing to the stem, she asked: "Is that where the apple was nailed on the tree?"—Little Chronicle.

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

NOTE TO PRIMARY OFFICERS.

All officers in attendance at the convention are urged to be punctual. Every session will begin on the hour announced and doors will be closed during the opening exercises and when speakers are addressing the audience. Late comers will be welcomed between exercises. The General Board desires the help of all Primary workers in establishing habits of punctuality and good order.

PROGRAM FOR THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF PRIMARY WORKERS.

Held in Salt Lake City, Utah, June 6, 7, and 8, 1913.

Subject to change.

June 6th.

Friday, 11 a. m. Bishop's Building.

Sacred Music.
Prayer.
Congregational Singing.
Address of Welcome—First Counselor May Anderson.
Music.
History and Development of Primary Association Work—President Louie B. Felt.
Music.
Results of Primary Work as Observed by Apostle Hyrum M. Smith.
Singing.
Prayer.

Friday, 2 p. m. Bishop's Building.

Sacred Music.
Prayer.
Singing.
Some Business Items—Frances K. Thomassen.
The Hospital Movement—Second Counselor Clara W. Beebe.
Music.
A Review of the Primary Teachers' Course—Isabelle S. Ross.
Congregational Singing.
What the Primary Teachers' Course Should Mean to the Stakes—One of the Class.
Singing.
Prayer.

June 7th.

Saturday, 10 a. m. Bishop's Building.

Sacred Music.
Prayer.
Singing.
Address, "The Child"—Superintendent A. C. Nelson.
Singing.
Prayer.

Saturday, 2 p. m. Bishop's Building.

Sacred Music.
Prayer.
Singing.
The Social Hour—Edna Evans.
Lesson Development—Edna Harker Thomas.
The Busy Hour—Afton Young.
Music.
How Primary Work Relates Itself to the Home—Apostle George F. Richards.
Singing.
Prayer.

Saturday, 8 p. m. Deseret Gymnasium.

A Costume Social—under the direction of Ann Nebeker and Isabelle S. Ross.

Note.—All Primary Officers, Stake and Local are invited. Those wearing costumes on the floor of the gymnasium, all others to occupy seats in the gallery.

June 8th.

Sunday, 10 a. m. Bishop's Building.

Testimony Meeting.
Special Music.

Sunday, 2 p. m. Tabernacle.

Conjoint session with Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A.
Addresses by President Joseph F. Smith, President Martha H. Tingey, President Louie B. Felt.
Special Music.

Sunday Evening. Tabernacle.

Conjoint session with Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. A.

Suggestive Sunday Program for Mutual or Primary Associations.

The Life of David.
Preparation for Life Work—Emma Ramsey Morris.
Concert Recitation of First Psalm—Group of Primary boys from the Salt Lake Stake.
Reliance on Self and God—Member General Board Y. L. M. I. A.
Special Music.

Concert Recitation of Fifteenth Psalm—Group of Primary girls from the Pioneer Stake.

Loyalty of David—Member General Board Y. M. M. I. A.

Special Music.

Benediction.

THE PRIMARY TEACHERS' COURSE.

This report is prepared at the end of the first week's work.

The big undertaking is now in full swing, and while it is too early to measure results, this can be said, that—

The attendance is better than the most optimistic expected.

Each teacher reports the members taking the course as full of enthusiasm, earnestness and ability. A class whose application to work and response to requirements is worthy of the highest praise.

All are located comfortably and conveniently.

The General Board is enjoying the opportunity of personal acquaintance with a large number of energetic representatives, and anticipates a wonderful impetus to the growth of the Primary Associations.

One of the pleasant features was the opportunity of wishing Mrs. Louie B. Felt, our honored President, many happy wishes on the sixty-third anniversary of her birthday which occurred on the fifth of May. The General Offices were a bower of beautiful flowers, many of them presented by members of the class.

Mrs. Clara W. Beebe, who has charge of the recreations of the class is winning the admiration of all for the many and interesting events which are being enjoyed.

Mrs. Zina Y. Card is establishing herself in the hearts of the members of the class, all of whom are finding out why she is known as "dear Aunt Zina."

The Stakes are represented in the class as follows:

Alberta—Vere Olson.

Alpine—Ida Haag.

Bannock—Olive Hogan.

Bear Lake—Myrtle Rich, Mae Van Orman, and Mary Sirrine.

Bear River—Hortense H. Grover.

Beaver—

Benson—Lulu Burnham, and Fern Rawlings.

Big Horn—Louise Welsh, and Irene Willis.

Bingham—Lucile Fife.

Blackfoot—Elizabeth Duckworth, and Besse Lufkin.

Box Elder—Daisy Madsen.

Cache—

Cassia—Emma A. Harper, Ella Jack, and Maud M. Clark.

Carbon—Nellie Wilson, Agnes Branch, and Filindia Sorensen.

Davis—S. C. Knowlton, Mary C. Millard, Sarah A. Howard, Inez Wood Evans, Hilda Sessions, Edith Smith, Nellie R. Wood, Naomi

Salter, Olive Cleverly, Lydia Schultiss, Mabel Myers, Katie Burton, Vera Layton, Elizabeth Ashby, and Mary Wood.

Deseret—Lucy Anderson, Mamie Gillen Pierson, and Bessie Law.

Duchesne—Elsie Collett.

Emery—Marie Christensen.

Ensign—Stella Paul Bradford, Elizabeth Caldwell, Eleanor B. Thomas, Della T. Pyper, and Irma Felt Bitner.

Fremont—Agnes West.

Granite—Margaret S. Jensen, Catherine L. Woodbury, Elizabeth Ritchie, Mrs. L. Cahoon, Georgiana S. Felt, Mary Silver, Maud Berry, Emma Williams, Hannah Beardshall, and Bertha Beardshall.

Hyrum—Maggie B. Smurthwaite.

Jordan—Gladys Boyce, Celia Lind, and Loraine Staker.

Juab—Annie Winn.

Kanab—Persis McAllister, and Margaret Heaton.

Liberty—

Malad—

Maricopa—Helen Gray.

Millard—Blanche Rogers.

Moapa—Sevilla H. Jones.

Morgan—

Nebo—Alberta Nebeker, and Mary E. Hall.

North Sanpete—Lucy Brady.

North Weber—Ethel Sisman.

Ogden—Moiselle Renstrom.

Oneida—Marie Miller, and Ida Egbert.

Panguitch—Francetta Houston.

Parowan—

Pioneer—Leonora H. Barton, Annie L. Poulton, and Alice L. Kesler.

Pocatello—Emma Hyde, Mabel Van Leuvan, and Martina Johnson.

Rigby—Persis Schweitzer, Malinda Griffiths, and Lizzie Gilchrist.

Salt Lake—Rebecca J. Asper, Cora Ashton, and Hazel Davis.

San Juan—Isabelle Redd, Zola A. Neilson, Kisten Adams, and Ione Shafer.

San Luis—Eunice Dunn.

Sevier—Hortense M. Jones, Alice Bird, and Ruth S. Newby.

Snowflake—Sariah S. Bushman, and Leah Smith.

South Sanpete—Lillis C. S. Egan.

Starvalley—Amelia Osmond, Emma J. Herrick, and Mary Call.

St. George—

St. Johns—Josephine Patterson.

St. Joseph—Priscilla Layton.

Summit—Edna Walton.

Taylor—Retta Walton.

Teton—

Tooele—Alice Anderson, Kathryne Gillespie, May Isgreen, Lenwella Tate, Bertha Neilson, and Edith Clegg.
Uintah—Ethelwynne Collett.
Union—Dorothy M. Lindsay.
Utah—Mary C. Nuttal, and Ethel Van Wagonen.
Wasatch—Minnie G. Hicken, and Florence Jacobs.
Wayne—Pearl Balle.
Weber—Susie Jacobs.
Woodruff—Viola Brough, Helen Atkinson, and Mary Ann Pope.
Yellowstone—Clara D. Hansen.
Young—Josie Foutz, Ethel Tanner, and Christina Smith.

THE PRIMARY ASSOCIATION.

The Primary Association originated at Farmington, Davis County, Utah, where the first meeting was held on the 25th day of August, 1878.

For some time previous, Sister Aurelia S. Rogers, the pioneer in this work, had reflected with much seriousness upon the need of a more strict guardianship over the boys and girls of Zion. She felt the necessity for more religious and moral training than they were then receiving; believed that children should be taught to beautify the home with the workmanship of their own hands, and learn to cultivate a love for music, for flowers, and for the beautiful in all things.

The matter was brought to the attention of Sister Eliza R. Snow, and a consultation was held with President John Taylor, Emmeline B. Wells, and others, resulting in a decision to organize what is now known as "The Primary Association." It was resolved that the instruction should be of a religious and moral character in all that tends toward the development of upright men and women.

Accordingly, on the 11th of August, 1878, Aurelia S. Rogers was set apart to preside over a Primary Association in Farmington. The ward was systematically visited and the name of every child recorded. Two weeks later the children were called together, the object of the work was explained to them, and the career of the association began. In addition to the meeting where general instructions were given, including lessons on obedience, faith in God, prayer (individual and in concert), punctuality, and good manners, there were program and testimony meetings. A quarterly gathering was held every three months to which the parents were invited and a special program rendered. Lessons were given on the planting of beans and corn, to be stored for times of famine; in the making of rag carpets, for use in Church buildings; and much emphasis was laid on the necessity for obedience to the Word of Wisdom.

Similar associations were organized in other places, and on the 19th day of June, 1880, Sister Louie B. Felt, then President of the Eleventh Ward Association in Salt Lake City, was called to preside over the Primary Associations of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in all the world.

NOTICE TO PRESIDENTS AND SECRETARIES.

A six month's supply of monthly report blanks has been mailed to each stake sufficient to enable Stake and Local secretaries to keep a duplicate of every report sent to the General Board. Local secretaries can facilitate matters greatly by observing instructions strictly in getting out their reports the first week in each month *without fail.* Stake secretaries will confer a favor by reporting to us promptly, and exercising constant supervision over this feature of our work. Reports should be made out exactly as called for, not omitting at any time the names of officers in the space designated for them. Please observe this rule as we desire to become familiar with the names of all Primary workers.

The record cards used during the year 1912 are discontinued. Separate reports should be made out for January, February, March and April. Care should be taken that the total of cash disbursed and cash on hand equals the total of cash received. The total of questions 1, 4 and 5 should equal question No. 8.

PARCELS POST.

Please do not send parcels post stamps we cannot use them.

SUMMER.

Why not hold the Primary in the morning during the hot weather?

"SOMEBODY CARES."

Always remember, when wou're feeling "blue,"
  Somebody cares!
Always remember—it isn't just you,
  For somebody cares.
Sometimes it seems that life's hardly worth while,
But somebody's helped if you toil on and smile.
  Somebody, somewhere, cares.

Maybe it's Mother, or Father, or friend,
  But somebody cares:
Maybe it's someone the future will send
Into your life unawares;
Maybe it's brothers or sisters who love;
  But always there's One who is watching above—
  Somebody, somewhere, cares!

—Selected.

THE PURPOSE OF THE STORY IN THE PRIMARY ASSOCIATION.

FRANCES K. THOMASSEN.

As given in the Primary Teachers' Course.

The main purpose of the story in the Primary Association is to teach Gospel truths and principles. There may be some who feel that we are deviating from religious paths and going too far into secular instruction, subordinating the spiritual to the temporal. Let us, therefore, define the word religion and take a broad view of the subject, a thoughtful view; for every Primary teacher should be first of all a thinker.

Religion is reverence toward God; charity toward man; sense of obligation and duty; conscientiousness; in short, everything that teaches a truth, all that brings the individual into confidential relations with the purposes of life, is religious.

We have all heard the saying: "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined"—have heard it so often it has become almost a platitude. It expresses, however, a great truth. Childhood is the formative period for the spiritual, moral, intellectual and physical man. In this impressionable age, are laid the foundations of high ideals and fine emotions, tenderness, love for God and fellow man. We plant the seed of reverence for old age, honor to parents, and try to stimulate the child's mind to an appreciation of all that is good and noble in the world.

The architect, before he begins to build his house, sees in his imagination the whole completed structure. He selects his materials, lays the foundation, erects the walls, and places the roof. In just this way is the course of the Primary Association planned. To the mind is first presented the scheme as a whole. The Lesson Hour, the Busy Hour, the Story Hour, and the Social Hour, brought into relation with each other, form a unified plan that gives untold opportunities for the development of the imagination of every teacher and child. In working out the course, many new combinations may be made, unsuspected relations discovered, and encouragement given for work of a creative nature. The imaginative child,—and few children are without imagination—needs to have developed in him the ability to select, to choose between good and evil. Without question the most effectual way to help the child acquire this discretion, is by means of literature. It performs a valuable service in increasing his store of images. The child who lives on the farm, whose world is bounded by the familiar things of his daily life, needs the beautiful pictures given him in the story of the sea, in the description of great buildings of large cities, of beautiful works in art and music. The city child is brought into closer touch with nature by stories of farm life and domestic animals, their habits and surroundings, and by trips into the woods with the story teller. By this means he is permitted to look upon life; to see events worked out to an issue; to hear and see people expressing themselves in words and

deeds, some as good characters, some as bad. He sympathizes, approves or condemns; finds his heroes according to his fancy, forms his ideals, sets up his models, and learns morals without preaching. The power of a book to influence a child's inner life is so great that no mistake should be made in the selection of it. The stories we give to the children must be sound and wholesome, containing pictures of life and conduct suitable to his need and easy of comprehension. Why has the story of Robinson Crusoe kept its hold on each successive generation of children? Because of its realism—a realism of homely detail. The function of the story is to give to the child high ideals, to satisfy the needs of the spirit in its thirst for truth and righteousness. To one who has followed the course of education during the past few years, a marked change is apparent in the system of imparting instruction to the young. More attention is paid to the aesthetic nature; to dancing, to music, to art; to the various artistic industrial tendencies, and all activities that appeal to the sense of the beautiful. Aesthetic influence is taking the place of excessive drill and recitation.

The Primary teacher has undoubtedly experienced many happy, satisfying moments when, quite unexpectedly, she seems to have touched the very heart of childhood, when the children have listened breathlessly to the end of the story, and she feels that she has given something that may prove of lasting benefit. There are few methods by which we can gain such complete power over a child as by a good story, therefore we ought to try earnestly to learn what the quality of the story is that appeals so strongly to the child nature.

Story telling is not a new art. It is one of the oldest in existence, and it is only in our own day that it has been partly lost or, rather, neglected. For many centuries story telling was the chief method of imparting instruction to the young, and also the most popular form of entertainment. It has served many purposes: to teach religious truth, morality, and to give instruction in law and custom. It has taken the place of books, and preserved to us the best culture of our race by being recorded on the most sensitive tablet in existence—the brain of a child. The living memory is sometimes better than the written word, for memory preserves not only the words, but the spirit, the sentiment, the mood. How often, in reading short, retold stories, do we come upon these words: "Told as I remember it from childhood."

In imparting religious instruction it has been said quite confidently that the teaching of theology, of creed, or of precise fact have indeed but a small place compared with the use of the artistic method, the method of story telling. The foundation of the religious mood is the belief that the world is spiritual, and our work is to make the child feel such confidence in the superiority of good over evil, that he can respond without fear to the demands which life makes upon him, and be true to his ideals.

To one who has studied the world's masterpieces the value of the story in the teaching of religion seems not to be unduly emphasized. As far back as we have any history of the art, we find that man has been

trying constantly to get into closer relationship with the unseen world, to keep on friendly terms with the elements of nature. This attitude shows us the purpose of the racial stories, myths, fairy tales and epics. All the stories of the lower religious life help the child to lay a stronger foundation for the higher religion. They help him to believe in the goodness of nature and of mankind, and to sympathize actively in all the situations of life that come to test his faith. He does it in play, in aesthetic moods, but nevertheless he is laying the foundations of a higher and later faith.

"Whatever helps the child to feel spirituality and good will is religious; whatever helps to bring him into contact with the individual, whatever brings him into confidential relations with purposes in the world that seems to include his own, is religious."

The story holds an important place in the teaching of our faith. It is safe to say that if almost every other form of inculcating religion were abandoned and the story alone were used as it could be used, the best method for teaching would be retained. The Primary teacher must bring the materials she wishes to use for her lesson into a form that can be clearly understood by the child. She must be a good story teller. This should be one of the most important parts of her training. She should practice the art and be able to put into her stories the faith of the Latter-day Saint. There is no other division of our work in which she will be rewarded by such enthusiastic response on the part of the child.

A problem that often confronts us as teachers, is how to make the story meet the needs of the individual child. It is easy to plan for children in bulk, but to deal with individualities is a more difficult task.

The question may be asked: "What shall be done with the purely nonsense tale? Has it any particular merit or place in the Primary work?" In almost every association will be found children who would benefit by listening to a series of good, humorous stories. There is the dull child—it helps him to an attitude of alertness—of expectancy. The melancholy child—the child whose home surroundings are depressing, who is so situated that the cares of life are kept constantly before him. Humor will lighten his dull moods and help him to see that passing events are but parts of a larger movement. There is also another type, the too-serious child, the one who is over reflective.

Another problem is the treatment of the child who shows an inability to form any definite moral ideals. In this child, sentiment along all lines should be encouraged. Hero stories, biographies, historical tales, and realistic stories may all prove useful. During the age from 8 to 12, stories dealing wtih domestic and homely virtues, centering about the home and school are valuable. Biographical stories of childhood are also good.

Of course a close study of both story and child would be necessary if individual work were to be undertaken seriously. Emotional faults are at the root of almost all undesirable mental traits in children, and we must play upon the emotional life. There is a wide field for the

story here; the timid child, the unsocial child, the jealous child, the complaining child, the proud, quarrelsome, rude, unfair child, the unforgiving child, the child lacking in politeness and tolerance, all need such influences as may be brought to bear upon them through the story. All may be led into a more refined world by this means. Children are naturally hero worshipers, and if you do not give them a true hero to worship, they will find a poor imitation of one for themselves. There is one thing that every Primary teacher must be willing to do before she can ever hope to become a good story teller, no matter how talented in this line she may be; she must so live in the atmosphere of the story she is to tell that it becomes as a part of her own experience. She must enjoy the telling just as much as she hopes to have the children enjoy the hearing, adapting the tale to the age of the children who form her class.

The first thing necessary in appearing before a class is to get control of it, make it listen to what you have to say. Your story must have enough of the dramatic in it, at the very beginning, to enlist the attention of the children and place them in sympathy with the tale you have to tell. Or, you may begin with a *short* story or two, that contain the element necessary to introduce the spirit of the theme. Children live in a world of imagination, and they glory in that world. They find themselves in those mighty heroes of old, as great doers of big things. *In their* deeds the children familiarize themselves with courage, with devotion, with unselfishness, with the joy of achieving in a good cause. Through the struggles of the characters of fiction, the child also acquaints himself with the problems of pain and privation, of selfishness and untruth, of all that is petty and contemptible. By this means they lay a foundation upon which to rear an appreciation of their own experiences. The educative possibilities of the story are unlimited to the teacher who has "eyes to see, the heart to feel, and the will to do."

What more beautiful example can we have in the art of story telling than that given us by our Savior: "Behold a man went forth to sow; and when he sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside, and the fowls came and devoured them up; Some fell upon stony places where they had not much earth; and forthwith they sprang up, because they had no deepness of earth: and when the sun was up they were scorched; and because they had no root they withered away. And some fell among thorns, and the thorns sprung up and choked them. But others fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear."

THE STORY—WHAT IS IT?

HOWARD R. DRIGGS.

As given during the Primary Teachers' Course.

I have always felt that the Primary Association is to a great extent the hope of our Church, particularly along the lines of high-minded recreation. One of the most important duties that we owe to child-

hood, is to train the child how to be happy without being rude; to give him new sources of high-minded pleasure and recreation; to fill his little mind with the roses of life, so that weeds cannot grow there. I do not know of any organization that is better prepared to take up this work of training the child in his pleasures and in his social pastimes that the Primary Association. Vacant minds cause trouble. We have no trouble with the child when he is at work; we have no trouble with him when he is at worship; we have no serious trouble when he is at school; but our great trouble comes during the time when he is left to do as he pleases. There is no more serious duty resting on us than the training of the child how to fill these leisure hours with high-minded recreation.

There are two kinds of pleasure in the world, physical recreations, or the recreation of the body. The dance, games, and sports are examples of this kind. The other kind is mental recreation. This finds expression in many different forms. Music is one type of mental pleasure; so also is the theater. But of all sources of mental recreation that we have, there is no source that is so widespread in its bearings and so important as that which comes from good books. We read books mainly for the pleasure that comes from them.

Most of the books that we read today are story books. Most of the literature that comes to us comes in the form of stories. We have the sermon, and we have the song, but the sermon and the song are not nearly so extensive as the story. If you were to go in our Public Library today, you would find that nine-tenths of what the child reads is in the form of stories. Newspapers contain little besides stories—stories of every day life. The magazine is little more than a collection of stories. Even our sermons are usually sprinkled very plentifully with stories. Stories have been the great means by which mankind has entertained and instructed himself during all the ages. Stories have been the great means by which mankind has taught himself during all ages.

It becomes very important that we know something about stories. What are they? What place or purpose have they in life? What kind of stories shall we give to children? How shall we gather the best stories? How shall we know a good story when we see it?

It is very important that we know how to discriminate between good and bad stories. I remember a crowd of boys in a little country town south of here who once got hold of a book called the "Jesse James and the Younger Brothers"—a book that dealt with train robbers and bank robbers. That crowd of boys spent their hours of leisure in poring over the pages of that book. One of the boys, who was the leader of the gang, who could not read very well himself, used to pay the boys to read it for him. These boys soon acquired a hate for law and order and policemen. This hate they expressed in many ways. One day, they were going down the street and saw a flock of ducks come out of the neighbor's yard. "There go those detectives," said one of the boys, grabbing up some rocks. The boys acting on the suggestion began to

throw rocks at the ducks. The result was that two of the ducks were killed. The boys threw the ducks over the fence and went on their way with the feeling that they had done a brave act.

Here is another picture. I visited one of the Salt Lake City schools not long since, and found a class dramatizing the story of "King Arthur." The children acted their parts very well indeed. At the close of the play the teacher told me something of the interest the children had taken in the matter. Said she: "You saw that boy who took the leading part, he has been especially interested in that story, but the other day when I called on the class to dramatize the play, this boy kept his seat. When I asked him why he did not come to the front, he said, 'Why, teacher I have forgotten my shield.' One of the boys immediately offered him his shield. The boy straightened up and said, 'No, I did not do my duty, that would not be like King Arthur.' "

A story may lead a child to Heaven or it may lead to the other place —it all depends upon the story. The problem that we story-tellers have to solve, is the problem of what stories are worth while. We shall have our hands full to guide our children into the proper channels.

There are two main tests that I put to a story: one is, *Will the child read it?* the other, Will it do him any good when he does read it?

I once asked of my students, "Why do you read literature?" "We read it for the refining pleasure we get out of it," replied one girl. That was a good answer. If we do not get pleasure, we will not read it; if we do not get refinement we should not read it.

But before we can discriminate among stories, we should know clearly what the story is. There are two main things that make a story. One is people, and the other is trouble. Let us look at it. Did you ever see a story that did not have people in it? "Oh yes, a good many of them are stories about animals, but in every good story about an animal, that animal is personified, or given human qualities. The animal was made to act and talk, or seem to act and talk like a person.

There is only one thing that a human heart can understand, and that is another human heart. We can understand Christ because He has qualities like our own, only perfected.

The characters in a story should be interesting. Characters should have something picturesque about them. They may be common, every-day people, but they must have something extraordinary about them, else we are not going to be interested in them. The second essential of the story is the trouble element. Some difficulty or problem must be given for those characters to meet and master. You might say of a man: He got up in the morning. He dressed himself and washed his face. He ate his breakfast, and went out to the corral; milked his cow; drove it to the pasture; came home. Such a story has a person and action, but is it an interesting story? Why not, because you have not anything in the way of trouble; you have nothing in the way of difficulty to be overcome. Suppose that the farmer in going to the pasture was

thrown off his horse; suppose the cow got into a neighbor's cornfield; suppose the neighbor put the cow in the stray-pen, and other troubles resulted. Then you would get the interest element of the story. It is the unusual occurrence dropped into the ordinary current of life that makes a story. The trouble element makes what we call the plot of the story.

What is it that fills the newspapers? Seventy thousand people might walk down the streets for thirty years in Salt Lake City, and yet their names might never appear in the newspaper. But let one go on the street and get knocked down by an automobile, the next thing you know there is a whole column in the paper about him.

The story of "Joseph" is one of the most perfect stories ever written.

I once asked my students what kind of story they liked. They gave me a number of very interesting answers. One boy said that he liked the story in which there was something doing. In other words, he wanted action. A good many of our stories do not have action enough. Some story-tellers and writers have the habit of side-tracking. If you have ever been on a railroad and your train for some reason was forced to go on the side track and wait, you know just exactly how you felt. Every passenger asks why the train does not move. The child grows restless and impatient if that story does not move.

The Primary teacher or the Sunday School teacher often makes the mistake of side-tracking into meaningless details, or moralizing on the story.

"What kind of story do you like?" I asked again. "I like one that has lots of fight between the lines," said one bright boy What did he mean? He meant that he liked the story that was full of conversation, where people talked, and where people seemed to be alive. Not only did he want them to be doing something, but he wanted them to be saying something. When you take action and conversation out of the story there is not very much left. The story: what is it? It is a moving picture of life in words. Mind you, I said a *moving* picture of life. There was a time when the picture takers could only take one thing at a time. That time is still with us, but they have invented a machine that they can take two thousand pictures a minute, and they take them so fast that when they run the thing along it seems as if the picture is a moving picture.

There are a number of different types of stories. One of the kinds of stories which has been used for hundred of years to entertain and instruct people, is the folk story. For thousands of years around their campfires, around their hearth-sides, around their wigwams, people have entertained one another with stories, and in the development of these stories a great many very perfect and beautiful stories have been worked out.

You know that up at the headwaters of any canyon very frequently there will be a cliff project out on the canyon side; from this cliff the rock keeps breaking and finally drops down until it gets into the canyon

stream. The rock when it broke was rough hewn; but it falls into the stream and is tumbled along by the water until it finally comes to the mouth of the canyon. What is the result? It has been polished into a pebble.

Many of the old time stories in the beginnings were a good deal like that rough stone. They tumbled into the stream of time. It comes to us very frequently, though not always, perfectly rounded, smooth, and beautiful. The story of Cinderella is one of this type. From the fairy tale standpoint, Cinderella is one of the most perfect stories that we have.

We have what are called the Nursery Tales—the story of the "Three Bears" where the little girl goes out in the wood and comes to the bears' house. The Nursery Tale has this distinguishing feature. It is very simple, and it is repetitious. Another kind of story is the Fairy, or Wonder Story. There are also fables which nearly always deal with animals personified; the fable closes with a moral. A good example is "The Boy and the Wolf." The boy calls out, "Wolf! Wolf!" Then the men run to help him and the boy laughs at them. He repeats this trick again; but the third time the wolf really does come and the men fail to appear to help him. The wolf devours his flock, and he learns in sadness that the liar is not to be believed when he does tell the truth.

Another kind of story is the parable. The parable is somewhat like the fable. It is a story created to carry a great spiritual truth.

Still another kind of story that we get is the myth. The myth is merely, in a way, nature personified. It is an explanation of some element in Nature.

Then there is another old-time tale known as the legend. The legend is half true and half fanciful, that is, it is partly true and it is partly fancy. It is an old, old story which has been handed down from generation to generation, generally dealing with some historical character. There are a great many other stories besides these folk tales that you can bring into the child's life; you have your Pioneer stories, biographical stories, which deal with the lives of great men and women, stories of every-day life. And in addition to all these are the stories created by the masters; stories that have been produced by those who have learned how to tell a story and tell it well. The "Birds Christmas Carol" is an example.

I have covered a great many large things; I have tried to show the place of the story in the recreation of the child; I have tried to point out how important it is that we choose the stories carefully that we give to children; I have tried to tell you what a story is, and lastly, I have given a general idea of the various kinds of stories with which we have to deal.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Subject for the Month: Duty.

THE LESSON HOUR.

LESSON TWENTY-FIVE.

SUGGESTIONS FOR ALL THE TEACHERS.

Chapter seven in Character, by Smiles, has two subjects, duty and truthfulness, it has been thought wise to use duty for the lessons in this month and truthfulness in the next. The teachers are urged to be careful to keep the spirit of the lesson during the entire month; be sure to use the memory work in every session, let the prayers and songs express the thought. Remember that religion can be taught in all the activities used in Primary associations. The aim of each officer should be to help the boys and girls to be Latter-day Saints in every particular, on week-days as well as Sunday, in work and play, to be honest with each other and with themselves.

When you are ready for the lessons in this issue the weather will be getting very warm and the suggestion is offered that the holding of Primary during the morning hours be considered, in the past good results have been reported from the adoption of this plan.

FIRST GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text: Character, by Smiles, chapter 7. Bible: The Boy Samuel.

Other Materials.

Memory Gem.
Games.
Songs.
Pictures.
Rest Exercises.

Aim.

Willing, cheerful doing of daily duties brings contentment, happiness and the approval of God.

Illustration.

"The End of the Minute Hand." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 5, page 129.

Suggestions for the Teacher. For the review use the memory gem and poem from the last lesson. To develop the aim for this lesson tell how every boy and girl must try to be brave in doing right things. Use the new memory gem to help the children to think about the little duties which children should do. The poem will help to give importance to little tasks. The story of Samuel should be told simply so that the children will develop the thought that we must do our best each day and not wait for some other day. The story suggested for the illustration shows what happens, sometimes, when people forget to do their duty.

Poem. "Little Things."

I am so little, I can do
  Just tiny little things.
Not something great, 'tis very true,
  Like men grown up, and kings;
But I can do some little deed,
  Most anything I find
Right in my way, if one should need
  Me to be kind.

I am so little, I can know
  Just tiny little bits
Of wisdom, 'cause to learn is slow
  For only little wits;
But I can learn some little truth,
  And keep it in my mind,
Some little verse that I can sing
  'Bout being kind.

—Selected.

Memory Gem.

"Don't say, I can't, before you try,
  But try and see what you can do;
For if your helped by others
  'Tis others do the work, not you."

THE BOY SAMUEL.

Far away in the East there is a land upon whose shores the blue waters of a sea wash up in waves. We call this land the Holy Land. Another name for it is the Land of Promise or the Promised Land. In a part of the Promised Land called Shiloh the Israelites placed their tabernacle, or church. Round about it they built rooms or houses for the priests or ministers to live in. At the time of which my story tells there lived at the tabernacle the priest Eli, Eli's two sons, and a boy by the name of Samuel.

The reason why Samuel lived at the tabernacle with Eli instead of in his own home with his father and mother is a beautiful story. Before Samuel was born his mother stood within the tabernacle gates and

beside Eli praying. There were no little children in Hannah's home and she prayed God for the gift of a son. When a baby boy was sent to her she called him Samuel and said: "I will give him to the Lord." As soon as Samuel was old enough Hannah took him to Eli at Shiloh and asked that he might be taught how to serve God. Thus it came to pass that Samuel lived not at his home with his father and mother, but in the tabernacle with Eli, the priest.

We think that Samuel saw his mother just once a year, and that at all other times he was busy waiting upon Eli, who was growing old, running on errands, learning the lessons Eli taught him, and serving in the tabernacle. Many of the lessons which Samuel had to learn were long and hard. They were lessons about God's laws and were so long and hard that you will learn about them only when you have grown older.

The ways in which Samuel helped or served in the tabernacle were not very wonderful. He did just the things he was able to do. We think that he opened and closed the tabernacle doors, cleaned the lamps, and kept them burning. There was one lamp which was kept burning all night long.

It is no easy task to learn lessons when they are long and hard and to work when lessons are learned. Neither is it easy to always be ready to run on errands quickly and wait upon someone who needs you. It takes a boy who is strong and who has power to do what he knows is right, to do these hard things. Samuel did them all and did them so well that there came a time when he had his reward, as you shall hear.

Night with its starry eyes looked down upon the earth, upon the Promised Land and the homes where the Israelites lay sleeping. As Samuel slept in his own little room near Eli's, and in his own little bed, there came to him through the darkness and the stillness of the night the sound of a voice calling, "Samuel." (Tell the story told in I Sam. 3:4-9.)

As Samuel lay waiting for the voice to speak again he must have wondered if God had called him and why, and what God might wish to say to just a boy. As Samuel wondered he heard the voice for which he waited, and it was God's. God's voice said, "Samuel, Samuel," and Samuel answered, "Speak, for thy servant heareth." Then God talked with Samuel and told him who it was that was to be the leader and the teacher of the Israelites in Eli's place. It was not to be either one of Eli's sons, but a priest who would be faithful, who would teach and help and lead the people in the very best way that he was able, which would be as God would have him.

Whom do you think God chose to be His faithful priest? God chose Samuel. Samuel was just a boy, but he had learned his lessons, had waited upon Eli, had served in God's house faithfully and cheerfully. He loved God and was glad to do God's will, and because this kind of a boy grows to be a man ready and glad to do God's work in the world, God chose Samuel from among all others to be the leader of His people when he had grown to be a man.—Selected.

SECOND GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text: Character, by Smiles, chapter 7. Bible: Daniel and the Word of Wisdom.

Other Materials.

Memory Gem.
Games.
Songs.
Pictures.
Rest Exercises.

Aim.

Willing, cheerful doing of daily duties brings contentment, happiness and the approval of God.

Illustration.

"A Boy's Courage." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 5, page 24; or, "John Gray a Hero." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 7, page 389.

Suggestions for the Teacher. For the review use the memory gem and poem from last month and consider the value of self-control in the doing of one's duty. Tell simply the story of Daniel when he refused to eat and drink the food that was not good for him. Talk a little about the value of the Word of Wisdom and our duty in observing it. The new memory gem and poem will enforce the thought of the lesson. Use some of the incidents given by Smiles in chapter seven.

Memory Gem.

"If you've anything to do, dear,
Why do it,
For, if duty you put off, I fear,
You'll rue it."

Poem.

Here's to the boy who has courage to say
"No!" when he's tempted, and turn straight away
From temptation and tempter, and do what is right—
Such boys are heroes who'll win in the fight.

Here's to the boy who is willing to work,
And, if he could, not a duty would shirk;
Doing his best at his work or his play—
Such boys will do to depend on, I say.

—Hezekiah Butterworth.

THIRD GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text: Character, by Smiles, chapter 7. Bible: Queen Esther.

Other Materials.

Memory Gem.
Poem.
Songs.
Pictures.

Aim.

Willing, cheerful doing of daily duties brings contentment, happiness and the approval of God.

Illustration.

"Corporal Jim." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 7, page 358.

Suggestions for the Teacher. In the review notice the value of self-control and the ability it gives us to do right things well. Lead from this thought into the new one on duty. Try to get the children to tell you certain activities which they should recognize as their particular duty, such as, taking care of their own belongings; keeping themselves clean and neat; and having a definite share in the regular work of the home. Emphasize the thought that we should never permit others to do for us those things which we can do for ourselves. The memory gem and poem indicate the value of this thought and shows how much happier all are when all attend to duty. The story of Esther may be referred to showing how she considered it her duty to work for the safety and happiness of her people.

Memory Gem.

The world is full of beauty,
Like the world above,
And if we did our duty
It might be full of love.

—John Wesley.

Poem. What the Little Things Said.

"I'll hie me down to yonder bank,"
A little rain drop said,
"And try to cheer that lonely flower,
And cool its mossy bed;
Perhaps the breeze may chide me,
Because I am so small,
But surely I may do my best,
For God has work for all."

"I may not linger," said the brook,
  But ripple on my way,
And help the rills and rivers all
  To make the ocean spray."
"And I must haste to labor,"
  Replied the busy bee,
The summer days are long and bright,
  And God has work for me."

If little things that God has made
  Are useful in their kind,
Oh, let us learn a simple truth,
  And bear it in our mind;
That every child can praise Him,
  However weak or small;
Let each with joy remember this,—
  The Lord has work for all.

—Tanny J. Crosby.

FOURTH GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text. Character, by Smiles, chapter 7. Bible: Jesus as a Boy.

Other Materials.

Questions.
Memory Gem.
Reading.
Quotations.

Aim.

Willing, cheerful doing of daily duties brings contentment, happiness and the approval of God.

Illustration.

"Poor Mary."

Suggestions for the Teacher. In asking the questions keep in mind the last lesson and help the boys and girls to feel the value of self-control in the doing of daily duties. Every boy and girl should feel the responsibility of certain duties and learn to despise any desire to shirk or be satisfied with work poorly done. Use some of the incidents given by Smiles which show the value of the performance of duty. Tell about the life of Jesus as a boy.

Questions. What can you remember about David and Saul?
How and why did David spare Saul's life?
Why was it David's *duty* to respect Saul?

Saul was one of God's servants. Are there men today who have been set apart to do God's work? (Take time to help the children to understand their duty to the Priesthood.)

What are the daily duties which parents so willingly and lovingly perform for their children?

What are the duties which boys and girls may perform for their parents?

JESUS AS A BOY.

Wouldn't you like to know what Jesus did when he was a boy of your age?

The few things we read in the Bible about Jesus' boyhood are very different. They are just common things, such as might happen to any boy. We read that he grew in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.

I can imagine how the boys of Nazareth liked to have Jesus play with them; how the little children ran up to him whenever he came toward them; how obliging he must have been about doing errands for his neighbors, and how quick he was to help his mother. Our boys and girls today can do just the same kind of things that Jesus did.

He was very much like other boys when he was twelve years old, but twelve-year-old boys can have very serious thoughts. I think the story is not written for us because it is anything remarkable, but because it was the first time that he came to realize that he was the Son of God in a different way from other boys, and that he had a work to do that was different from the work of other men.

There are three special things in our lesson today that I want the boys and girls to think about. The first one is how well his parents could trust him. Could your father and mother have you out of sight for such a long time and not be worried at all for fear you would do something you ought not to do?

The second is how Jesus loved school and acted in such a way that he got the best there was to be had out of it. It was a school where the doctors sat. They wanted the Jewish boys to come in and ask and answer questions.

The last thing is how Jesus went with Joseph and Mary and was subject to them, living in a little village and working hard till his youth was gone. Suppose you were very hungry and there was offered to you a feast of the most delicious food. But before you had taken more than three morsels you were called away to go hungry to a place where there was nothing to eat. Do you think you could go as sweetly and obediently as Jesus went back to Nazareth after what was more than a feast to him?

Suppose you were in the middle of the most interesting story you ever read, and some one should call you away and you knew you would never see the book again. Do you think you could go without one impatient word, as Jesus did?

Let the children tell everything they can think of that Jesus must have done in his boyhood, especially the things that can be done today.

Memory Gem. The path of duty is the way to glory.—Tennyson.

Reading. Duties.

To laugh; to run; to swim; to carve; to be neat; to make a fire; to be punctual; to do an errand; to cut kindling; to help their fathers and mothers; to hang up their hats; to respect their teachers; to hold their heads erect; to sew on their own buttons; to wipe their boots on the mat; to speak pleasantly to older folks; to put every garment in its proper place; to attend strictly to their own business; to be as kind and helpful to one's own sisters and brothers as to other people's brothers and sisters. These are some of the daily duties to be learned.—Selected.

Quotations. Deuteronomy 11:1; 10:12; Luke 10:26-27.

Illustration. "Poor Mary."

Have you ever thought of the lamentable condition in which the world would be placed if there was no one willing to do the homely, commonplace duties of life? Someone must sweep and dust and wash dishes and cook and bake and sew and mend in every home. And have such no part nor place in the honor and glory of the world because of this dull, commonplace routine of their lives?

There was once a family in which there were four daughters, three of whom had soaring ambitions that lifted them so far above the commonplace things of life that they relegated all the menial duties of their home to Mary, a sister so free from any desire to be brilliant or stylish or great that the others mistook her modesty and simplicity for dullness, and usually spoke of her as "Poor Mary!"

"Poor Mary" could not paint like sister Nell, nor sing like sister Lou, nor play the violin and half a dozen other musical instruments like sister Maude. She did not even regret that she could do none of these things, and made no complaint because her commonplace gifts rendered it impossible for her to do anything but take entire charge of the house, and keep it so clean and sweet and beautiful that its very atmosphere was restful.

Her mother was an ivalid, and it was "poor Mary" who prepared all the dainty, appetizing dishes the invalid longed for. Everything that made her comfortable and happier was done by "poor Mary," while the other sisters rejoiced that their tastes and abilities did not run in the direction of the "commonplace."

It was "poor Mary" who met her father at the door when he came home from the noise and burdens of the day in his office in the city. It was "poor Mary" who helped him get out of his overcoat and who had his loose, comfortable house coat and slippers all ready for him. It was "poor Mary" who saw to it that the table was exquisitely neat, and that

the dishes he liked were served for him. She it was who had an eye to his buttons and to every little thing that could save him annoyance.

To "poor Mary" was given the privilege of attending to all the homely, disagreeable duties of the household, because she did not mind doing them, and because, as her sisters said, she had "no ambition."

"Poor Mary's sisters were blind to the fact that she had an ambition far above and beyond any aspiration they had ever felt—the desire to be useful and helpful, and God has given her the power to be both. There will probably come a time when they will realize the poverty of their own lives and their vanity; when they will know that "poor Mary's" life has been rich and fruitful, even though made up of the most commonplace things.—Selected.

FIFTH GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text. Character, by Smiles, chapter 7. Bible: Noah and the Ark.

Other Materials.

Questions.
Memory Gem.
Poem.
Reading.
Quotations.

Aim.

Willing, cheerful doing of daily duties brings contentment, happiness and the approval of God.

Illustration.

Heroes and Heroines. THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, Vol. 10, page 51.

Suggestions for the Teacher. Review the reading, "Training For What" and the incident of the mess of pottage. Relate the thought in these things to the doing of one's duty. Discuss the meaning of "duty." Use the reading "Three Followers" and let the children tell what it means, how people follow riches, pleasure, etc. Notice what Smiles says about the use of will-power in the performance of duties. Use some of the incidents described in the chapter on duty.

Questions. What is meant when we say that: "He that ruleth himself is greater than he that taketh a city?"

What can you remember about Noah and the building of the ark?

Who commanded Noah to build the ark?

How long was he in building it?

How did the people treat him all that time?

What do you think Noah would do when they hurt his feelings and made him angry?

What was Noah's duty in this great task?

How did he do his duty?

What are a few of the duties which boys and girls should do every day?

Under this question discuss attendance to daily prayers; keeping of the Word of Wisdom; keeping of body and mind clean; remembering the Golden Rule, etc.

Reading. Three Followers.

The wily old Hessan sat in his door when three young men passed eagerly by.

"Are you following anyone, my sons?" he said.

"I follow after Pleasure," said the eldest.

"And I after Riches," said the second. "Pleasure is only to be found with riches."

"And you, my little one?" he asked of the third.

"I follow after Duty," he modestly said. And each went his way.

The aged Hessan in his journey came upon three men.

"My son," he said to the eldest, "Methinks thou wert the youth who was following after Pleasure. Didst thou overtake her?"

"No, father. Pleasure is but a phantom that flies as one approaches."

"Thou didst not follow the right way, my son."

"How didst thou fare?" he asked of the second.

"Pleasure is not with Riches," he answered.

"And thou?" continued the Hessan, addressing the youngest.

"As I walked with Duty," he replied, "Pleasure walked ever by my side."

"It is always thus," replied the old man. "Pleasure pursued is not overtaken. Only her shadow is caught by him who pursues. She, herself, goes hand in hand with Duty, and they who make Duty their companion have also the companionship of Pleasure."—Lutheran Young People.

Memory Gem. Duty is the end and aim of the highest life.—Smiles.

Poem. "Dare and Do."

Dare to think, though others frown; dare in words your thoughts express;
Dare to rise though oft cast down; dare the wronged and scorned to bless;
Dare from custom to depart; dare the priceless pearl possess;
Dare to wear it next your heart; dare, when others curse, to bless.
Dare forsake what you deem wrong; dare to walk in wisdom's way;
Dare to give where gifts belong; dare God's precepts to obey.
Do what conscience says is right, do what reason says is best;
Do with all your mind and might, do your duty and be blest.

—Cowdery's Moral Lessons.

Quotations. Ecclesiastes 12:13; Luke 17:10.

LESSON TWENTY-SIX.

THE BUSY HOUR.

SUMMER PICNIC.

Suggestions for the Teacher. As suggested in the last number of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND the work for this period will be the preparation of the refreshments for the picnic. This summer outing should be made as interesting as possible, the ideal being to have every child do its share towards making it a success.

In preparing for this part of the work it will be best to arrange for small groups of children to meet in some home where the necessary conveniences may be found. If there are not enough teachers try to get extra help for this occasion. The older boys and girls may do better work if they are separated.

Two plans are offered, either one of which will help to teach the children how to prepare the refreshments. First, for the teacher to do the work in front of the children, showing them just how to go to work and do it themselves; give written directions and have each one prepare at their own homes and bring results to the picnic. With this plan it will be advisable to determine how much each one is to bring.

The second plan will be to divide the amount of supplies necessary; let each child bring a share and under the direction of the teachers prepare the refreshments. With this plan it is suggested that all meet at places assigned at an hour early enough so that when the refreshments are prepared and nicely packed, all may gather at one place and go on the picnic. Use the plays, games, etc., given for the Social Hour, and do the two programs in one day. This will probably take the best part of a day but properly conducted should prove an extremely happy and profitable one. As there are two holidays in this month the holding of two sessions in one day will not interfere much with the regular work.

Refreshments.

First Grade—Lemonade.
Second Grade—Sandwiches.
Third Grade—Stuffed Eggs.
Fourth Grade—Cookies.
Fifth Grade—Candy.
Officers—Salad Dressing.

Recipes.

Lemonade. One cup sugar, one-third cup lemon juice, one pint water.

Make a syrup by boiling sugar and water twelve minutes, add fruit juice, cool and dilute with cold water to suit individual taste.

One lemon should make three glasses of lemonade.

Sandwiches. Cut slices of bread very thin, spread every two slices as they match.

Lettuce and nuts with a little salt, or salad dressing; cheese; peanut butter; cheese and olives; ham or any of the fillings for sandwiches may be used. Wrap each sandwich neatly in oiled or tissue paper, fasten with toothpick and pack in cardboard box.

Stuffed Eggs. Cook the eggs for forty minutes just below the boiling point. Peel them, cut in half crosswise, remove the yolks, add salt and pepper and beat up well; then add enough salad dressing to make creamy and refill whites.

Wrap each egg in oiled or tissue paper, fasten with toothpick and pack carefully.

Salad Dressing. One-third cup vinegar, three tablespoons sugar, one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon mustard, three eggs.

Heat vinegar in double-boiler. Mix salt, sugar and mustard; add these to the eggs slightly beaten and mix well. Then slowly pour on the hot vinegar. Return to double-boiler and cook until it thickens. This amount makes about three-fourths of a cup. When used with eggs do not add any cream. But for salads and sandwiches, one cup of whipped cream may be added.

Cookies. Three and three-fourths tablespoons butter, one-half teaspoon salt, seven tablespoons sugar, one teaspoon baking powder, one egg, one cup flour, two tablespoons milk, one-half teaspoon lemon juice, one cup finely chopped peanuts.

Cream butter and add sugar gradually creaming thoroughly, then add well-beaten egg. Sift flour, salt and baking powder together and add alternately with milk to first mixture. Add lemon juice and peanuts. Drop by teaspoonful on a buttered pan and cook for fifteen minutes. Wrap and pack in boxes. This recipe will make one dozen cookies.

Candy. Three cups sugar, one cup water, four tablespoons vinegar.

Cook all together until it forms a good soft ball. Pour out on greased platters and cool. When cool enough pull until white. Cut up in pieces, wrap and pack. This will make enough candy for six children.

LESSON TWENTY-SEVEN.

THE SOCIAL HOUR.

Suggestions for the Teacher. We have a right to make all things serve and contribute to the development of Latter-day Saints. Children need play, and play properly directed trains and educates. In the Social Hour play should never be merely play, while the period should be filled with fun and laughter and happiness there should be the guidance and direction of some definite thought which will provide the mind with the right motive to accompany the activity. To be sure of this the teacher must provide the things that will stimulate the mind as well as the body. The opening exercises should be reverential and peaceful, every child should have the opportunity to repeat, either alone or in concert, some of the memory work suggested for the month. The thought for this month is duty. What is the duty each member owes to himself, companions, teachers and environment? Each teacher should think this question out carefully and let the results of her mental activity influence all who take part in the Social Hour.

It will be interesting to play some of the games given for previous months.

Preliminary Music.
Prayer.
Singing.
Story.
Singing Game. "Soldier Boy," Old and New Singing Games.
Song Plays. "Round and Round the Village," Games for the Playground, or Old and New Singing Games.
"The Muffin Man." Games for the Playground, page 283, or Old and New Singing Games.
Games. "Beast, Bird or Fish," Games for the Playground, page 215.
"Simon Says," Games for the Playground, page 235.
"Thimble Ring," Games for the Playground, page 194.
"Midnight," Games for the Playground, page 133.
"Last Couple Out," Games for the Playground, page 125.
Folk Dance. "The Children's Polka," Folk Dance Book by Crampton.
Song.
Benediction.

LESSON TWENTY-EIGHT.

THE STORY HOUR.

Be as careful of the books you read, as of the company you keep; for your habits and character will be as much influenced by the former as by the latter.—Paxton Hood.

Suggestions for the Teacher. There are a number of stories in this issue that may be easily adapted to the thought for the month. The suggestion is offered for the teacher to make her own choice and fit the story to the class and its conditions as well as to the principle of duty.

FIRST GRADE.

Stories. Picture books which illustrate the things little children should learn to do.

The Discontented Pine Tree, Household Stories, page 85; or,

Rolly-Poly in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

SECOND GRADE.

Stories. Franklin His Own Teacher, Great Americans for Little Americans, page 26; or,

Dora, the Little Girl of the Lighthouse, Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories, page 7; or,

A Little German Boy, or In Chloe's Chariot, in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

THIRD GRADE.

Stories. Diamonds and Toads, Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories, page 63; or,

Saul and David, Child Stories from the Masters, page 97; or,

Whose Fault Was It? in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

FOURTH GRADE.

Stories. Raggylug, How to Tell Stories, page 130; or,

The Little Hero of Haarlem, How to Tell Stories, page 239; or,

Many Lives at Stake; or,

Seventy Per Cent; or,

Marjorie's Lesson, in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

FIFTH GRADE.

Stories. The Blind Brother; or,

Heidi; or,

Hans Brinker; or,

One Day of Fun; or,

The Starting Place, in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

PRINCESS WISLA'S JOURNEY.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

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LITTLE PRINCESS WISLA.

CHAPTER VII.—THE LITTLE GIRL ON THE LITTER.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

In less than an hour the boys were down on the river bank again with Rex, nearly opposite the Indian island.

The dog was pawing the earth and barking madly. "He acts as if he were crazy to get over to that island! See, he's going to try to swim over and if he does he will get drowned!" cried Sid. And he tried to hold Rex by the collar while the dog made frantic plunges into the river.

But Phi was intent upon watching a party of Indians who had crossed from the farther end of the island to the main land and were setting off upon a journey through the woods.

What seemed to be a child's figure was to be seen lying upon a litter of boughs and skins that was carried upon the shoulders of four strong Indians.

An old squaw, a younger one, and half a dozen Indian men and boys were of the party.

"Where are those people going?" asked Phi, curiously, of two Indian boys in a canoe who drew near to inspect the white boys' bicycles —and to trade for them if possible.

"Off to Canada with little sick girl. How much him cost?" said Tom Molasses who wore clothes like a white boy, but had not quite unlearned his Indian speech in the Indian island schoolhouse. "Him" meant Phi's bicycle.

"Little girl old Winne-Lackee's granddaughter. Old squaw bring her all the way from Bar Harbor in canoe. All white doctors there say little girl would die. Winne-Lackee was squaw to a great chief. Little granddaughter a princess—Princess Wisla." It was Jo Mattawan, with even more of the Indian in looks and speech than Tom Molasses, who told all this, with evident pride in the little princess.

"Old Winne-Lackee foolish like all squaw," Tom Molasses interrupted. "Said little dog made Princess Wisla sick. Told Jo Mattawan to shoot him. Jo not that kind of fellow! I say, want trade bike?"

Jo Mattawan's rough Indian face had softened queerly.

"Strange little dog look up friendly and wag his tail—Indian boy not shoot to hit! Now Winne-Lackee take little dog off with princess to make her well," he said, with a jerk of his head towards the procession that was passing into the woods.

Looking keenly Phi could see the little dog—he saw the wag of a stumpy little tail as the litter passed among the trees.

"Does the dog belong to the little Indian princess?" he asked of the boys.

"Yes, come with her all the way from Bar Harbor—and then Winne-Lackee say shoot!" said Jo Mattawan scornfully. "Winne-Lackee squaw of great chief, but foolish like other squaw."

At that very moment old Winne-Lackee was saying something about the dog to old Dr. Sockabesin and his daughter Minnehaha who were starting off with her into the woods.

"No need to carry Princess Wisla off at all, but for fear that they follow and find the dog!" Winne-Lackee said it grumblingly, as she set her old feet to the long march. But yet she had been glad, after the first hasty moment, that Jo Mattawan had not shot the dog. Little Princess Wisla had shown such love for it. And there was a soft spot for a dog in Winne-Lackee's old Indian heart.

"But now there is no trail, no sign for white man to follow!" she added joyfully.

Old Winne-Lackee was reckoning without the wag of Stumpy's tail which the boy across the river who had seen it could not forget!

"That little Indian princess' dog has a wag to his tail exactly like Stumpy's," Phi was saying to Sidney.

But Sid had forgotten everything in his fear for Rex. The dog had broken away from him and was swimming with desperate haste and struggle towards the Indian island.

"Take us into your canoe, quick! Then we can pick up the dog!" said Sid to the Indian boys. "He is not the swimming kind of dog, you know!"

The Indian boys were very ready to help. In fact, if it had not been for their skill in keeping Rex afloat—since he very soon showed that he was "not the swimming kind of dog"—it is more than likely that he would have drowned.

Poor Rex! He was glad to get back to shore, but he stood upon his hind legs and howled mournfully with his gaze fixed upon the Indian island which he could not reach.

"I'll tell you what! I want to get over there about as badly as Rex does," said Phi in a low tone to Sidney. "I can't get that little dog or the litter out of my mind. The wag of his tail and Rex's actions and all seem to me to mean a good deal!"

"I should just like to know what they could mean?" said Sidney, who had been thinking pretty hard, as one could see by the furrow between his eyes. "The little Indian princess' dog can't be Stumpy!

And as for Rex, he may have got on the track of a rabbit or something."

Phi was trying to make a bargain with the Indian boys to take him over to the place where they had seen the procession of Indians enter the forest, but the young Indians looked puzzled and surly and shook their heads.

"Winne-Lackee not like to be followed," they said. "Bad things happen to white boys if they follow Winne-Lackee. Her little granddaughter very sick. So sick that Dr. Sockabesin and his daughter Minnehaha go along to take care of her. Winne-Lackee troubled about the little granddaughter. Boys better keep away from Winne-Lackee!"

"You might get yourself into trouble and I can't see that you would do any good," said Sidney. And people were in the habit of calling Sidney a very sensible boy.

Phi made the Indian boys describe the little princess' dog, over and over again.

It sounded as if he looked exactly like Stumpy; but then, as Sidney said, why should not a little Indian dog look exactly like Stumpy?

Phi turned back slowly and reluctantly with Sidney, and Rex followed, dripping and mournful with downcast head.

After they had got almost out to the highway Phi suddenly dropped off his bicycle and ran back to ask the Indian boys a question.

He wanted to know whether the Indians were going to walk all the way to Canada, through the woods, or whether they expected to strike a railroad soon.

But the Indian boys knew nothing about that. "Winne-Lackee never tell her business," they said. But they did know that she was coming back soon. Six, eight weeks she might stay. No more than that. Now that she was old, Winne-Lackee did not like to stay away from home.

"I am going to get my father to telegraph and stop those Indians if they are upon a train!" said Phi, excitedly, as he joined Sidney again. "I want to know just how they came by that little dog."

"Now, see here, old fellow!" Sidney threw his arm affectionately around Phi's shoulders. "You are a good deal upset by Peggy's disappearance and it's no wonder. And then having Stumpy run away made things seem more strange. But you mustn't lose your head because a little stumpy-tailed Indian dog looks, half a mile away, like your dog, or because Rex seems to be following a scent! He often does that, you know. I don't believe you would have thought twice about the Indian dog if it hadn't been for Rex!"

"It wasn't half a mile away," said Phi, "and I don't see how any other dog could look exactly like Stumpy!"

"It's very, very easy to be deceived," said Sid, wagging his head wisely. "Out there on the river when we thought Rex was drowning and I called to you to catch him by the collar, I heard another voice call, 'Phi! Phi' just as I called. Of course it was only an echo, or my

imagination, but after we had got the dog safe I couldn't help thinking of it. You see it doesn't do to think you can't be mistaken!"

Sid's common sense was apt to be very convincing to Phi. He suddenly threw himself headlong upon the ground and sobbed as if his heart would break.

After all, what were the little clews that had made hope beat high in his heart? They were nothing when one came to look things in the face!

So many little girls wore coral beads! The old squaw's granddaughter might have done so and she might have stopped there, where he had found the bead, on the way from Bar Harbor.

And many a little dog wagged his stumpy tail exactly as Stumpy wagged his!

And as for Rex—of course he had followed the scent of some creature of the woods!

It was what the water-soaked hair-ribbon had told him that Phi believed now. Peggy was drowned in the river.

He made no response when Sidney proposed that they should have a picnic of the Pollywhoppet boys and girls up at the Indian island.

"I think I would like to wait until old Winne-Lackee and the little princess come home," said Sidney. "I would like to see them. They say the old squaw dresses sometimes in silks and diamonds like a fashionable lady, and sometimes in a blanket and moccasins like Molly Molasses who comes around with baskets."

How could he be thinking of picnics? Phi thought a little bitterly. Well, after all, Peggy was not Sid's sister!

At that very time Peggy, going through the deep woods on the Indians' shoulders was saying softly to herself: "Phi! Phi!"

She had called out, "Phi! Phi!" joyfully, echoing a voice that had rung strangely in her ears, just as the Indians had started to carry her away.

Winne-Lackee had frowned upon her and scolded her, and Dr. Sockabesin had looked fierce. Peggy didn't understand why, but now she only whispered the name: "Phi! Phi!"

She felt happy about it as she had felt when she remembered Stumpy's name.

"Phi is another name, Stumpy, out of the world you and I used to live in!" she whispered.

And then there came a sudden rush of tears to her eyes.

"Oh Stumpy, dear Stumpy, shall I ever remember all about it?" she said in Stumpy's own faithful dog-ear.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

NO-MOTHERS' LAND.

BY MARGARET LIVINGSTONE.

Jack Stormer was a very handsome boy about ten years old. But if you could have seen him, as I saw him, one Friday afternoon, you would have thought him a very disagreeable looking chap. His face was darkened by an ugly scowl; his mouth turned down at the corners; and his arms dangled loosely at his sides. Every part of his body seemed to say, "How abused I am?"

And what was the trouble? Why, Jack with some other boys had planned to go swimming in the old mill pond. But when mother was told of the plan, she said, "No, Jack. You are too young to go so far away and besides the mill pond is dangerous for one who doesn't swim well."

Jack pouted and teased and stormed but still his mother never wavered. At last, in a rage, Jack stamped into the other room and banged the door. "Bah," he said, "what a horrible world this is! I wish I didn't have any mother to order me around. Then, I could do just as I please!"

He threw himself into a chair and prepared to spend his afternoon with his ugly thoughts but he wasn't left alone long. A heavy feeling came over him; a darkness spread all around him, and a voice murmured in his ear, "Come with me. You belong in No-Mother's Land."

Down, down, down he felt himself going till he thought he would never stop. At last, he landed. By his side stood a strange lady, who took him by the hand and led him forth into No-Mother's Land. And what a strange land it was! Every house looked as if it had been attacked by an invading army. The yards were littered with rubbish. Battered doors hung loosely on their hinges; there were great gaping holes in the window panes; and not a curtain was to be seen.

As they walked along the street, a great crowd of children ran out to meet the good kind lady whom they seemed to love. Such dirty, miserable little children, Jack had never seen. Their clothes were torn and ragged; bare toes showed through both shoes and stockings; and their towsly little heads looked as if a comb and they were strangers.

They crept up close to touch the strange kind lady with their grimy little hands, and Jack noticed a hunger look in their eyes. "I wonder if they don't get enough to eat," thought Jack. But as he looked again at their yearning eyes, he knew their little souls were hungry for a mother's love.

Then the stranger sent the children away and said, "Come, Jack, I will take you to your new home." They were soon inside a dingy little house like the other ones they had passed. She put Jack in a corner where he could see without being seen, and said, "Now stay there and get acquainted with your brothers and sisters."

Four small children were tumbling round the room making such a noise that Jack wanted to hold his ears. Dirty dishes were strewn all over the house. Two tumbled beds stood in the corners of the room

and as Jack noticed the soiled bed clothes, he thought of his own clean white bed at home which mother kept so spotless.

Just then a heavy step came up the path to the door. When the children heard the step, they ran with happy shouts, to open the door and a boy about Jack's age came in. He seemed to be worn out with hard work and as the children crowded round him, he sank into a chair. As Jack noticed his coarse overalls and shirt, his hand crept up to his neck and he felt his own soft shirt that mother had sewed so neatly and washed and ironed so carefully for him.

But the boy could not sit still long for he had to get supper for these little ones crying around him. As Jack watched the boy washing up the dishes and giving the little ones their poor supper, he thought of the pretty neat table mother set and the good supper she cooked. A great lump seemed to gather in his throat. "How I wish I were home," he whispered.

But what was that? A knock at the door and in came—could he believe his own eyes—his own mother. He almost screamed for joy. She had come to take him home, he thought. He tried to move but his feet seemed rooted to the floor—he tried to speak but he couldn't utter a sound. How could he let her know where he was!

Then he heard his mother's voice sounding sad and far away. "My boy has left me. He has gone to find a place where there are no mothers to order him around. Come with me and let me love you as I loved my little boy. Let me help you to be happy and good."

And Jack saw his mother take all the little children in her arms and float far, far up until he could see them no more. And he was left all alone in the dark dingy house like one turned to stone.

Just then some one took him by the shoulders and shook him gently. He opened his eyes. His mother's face was bending over him and his mother's voice was saying, "Come, Jack, supper is ready."

Jack had been fast asleep in his father's big arm chair.

A RECIPE FOR SANITY.

Are you worsted in a fight?
  Laugh it off.
Are you cheated of your right?
  Laugh it off.
Don't make tragedy of trifles,
Don't shoot butterflies with rifles,
  Laugh it off.

Does your work get into kinks?
  Laugh it off.
Are you near all sorts of brinks?
  Laugh it off.
If it's sanity you're after,
There's no recipe like laughter,
  Laugh it off.

—Selected.

GRETA'S FOURTH OF JULY.

BY MARY WHITING ADAMS.

"Nein, nein—she has had enough schooling, Minna. She can write a good hand, she can keep the books and make out the bills, and what more do we need? It is folly, this talk of sending girls to college. There is the boy—he will go to college when he grows up. But Greta is a girl, and home is the place for girls, I say."

Heinrich Arnwald spoke positively, and Minna, his wife, knew better, after twenty years of married life, than to oppose his emphatic utterances. She sighed, and said nothing more. Heinrich was genuinely fond of his family, and spent his growing means upon them generously. On Greta's last birthday, when the girl was sixteen, her father had given her a watch and chain and a ring, whose price would have more than paid for a year at college. It was not that he was not proud of his daughter, in his way; but Greta was a girl, and Heinrich had certain obstinate ideas about girls. The boy, now—that was different. Little Fritz was but six years old, but he was by far the most important member of the family in his father's eyes. Whatever ambitions Fritz might develop would be gratified if possible. That was what made it all the harder, the mother felt, to have Greta's only ambition definitely denied.

"But it cannot be helped, liebchen," she said to her daughter, who was waiting impatiently to hear the result of the interview. "Thy father loves thee much—always remember that. Thou art to have a beautiful new silk dress—"

"Oh, mother, but I don't want a new silk dress," burst out Greta, passionately. "I didn't want the watch, nor the chain! I can't bear to see the money with which I could go to college spent for things like that. If father only understood how much it meant to me; can't you make him understand, mother?" But Mrs. Arnwald sighed again, and shook her head hopelessly; for trying to make Heinrich understand what he did not want to understand was but a waste of effort, as years had taught her.

She herself was rather astonished at Greta's bent of mind, for she had left school in Germany in her own teens, with a sigh of relief. But Greta was very clever, there was no doubt of that. She had always been the head of her class, and had won all the prizes. Here in America girls were different, anyway, though Heinrich still looked at things in the German way even after eighteen years of living in the United States. If only he were like Mr. Weismann, in the next block, who had American ideas, and whose daughter, not half so good a scholar as Greta, was to be sent to college in the fall! Mrs. Arnwald remembered how eagerly Greta had told this bit of news to her father, and how unresponsive he had looked, as he said:—

"Weismann can do what he pleases; I will do what I please. Such things are not good; they are foolish."

Greta remembered it, too, and when her mother left her, she sat down in the big chair by the window, and cried. "It's no use; I'll never, never get an education!" she sobbed. "What's the use of living in America,—yes, and keeping the Fourth of July the way we do, if we're not a bit American? If father really needed me to keep his books, or mother needed me at home, I wouldn't mind—but they don't one bit. That's the worst of it—that there's no reason against it except that I'm a girl. Oh, if I were only a boy, like Fritz!"

As if to answer to his name her small brother came runnning through the door at this moment, in high glee. His arms were full of knobby packages, and his rosy cheeks were even brighter than usual.

"Look at my firecrackers, sister," he cried, in delight. "And there's Roman candles and pin wheels, too. Oh, and torpedoes! I'm going to sleep with them under my bed to-night, so's to be ready!"

Greta wiped her eyes and smiled at him in spite of her woes, for she dearly loved her little brother. "Why what are you crying about?" asked Fritz, amazed that anyone should weep in a world where there is firecrackers for sale. "What's the matter?" and he climbed upon the arm of the chair and hugged his sister, sympathetically in his arms.

"I can't go to college, Fritz. That's all, and you wouldn't understand if I tried to tell you any more."

"Why can't you go?" asked Fritz.

"Because father doesn't want me to," said Greta.

"I'll ask father if you can't go to college," said Fritz, who knew his power.

A sudden hope illumined Greta's mind in spite of herself. "Oh, I wish you would, Fritz," she said, hugging him in return. "Ask him real hard."

"I'll ask him on Fourth of July," said her brother; "'deed I will, and then he'll say, 'Yes,'" and' with a parting hug, he ran away to put his beloved fireworks in safety, leaving behind a ray of comfort in Greta's gloom.

But those were not all the fireworks in the Arnwald house—oh, no! for that evening, after Fritz had gone to bed in his room on the third floor, his father brought home a vertiable Klondike of pin wheels, rockets, flowerpots, bombs, Roman candles, and the rest. "Ach! where is there room, then, for so many? "said Mrs. Arnwald. "The closet under the stairs is the only place, and the shelves are full already."

"Put them on the floor, then," said Heinrich, smiling. "It will not hurt them. There will not be one left to-morrow night. Fritz and I, we will set them off. It is a great day, the Fourth of July—eh, daughter?" and he beamed fondly on Greta, having forgotten all about such unimportant things as education for girls; while Greta smiled back loyally because she knew, after all, how much her father loved her.

Nevertheless, she cried herself to sleep that night. I *hate* the Fourth of July!" was the last thought in her mind as she sank at last

into a heavy sleep. Her father and mother were asleep long before, and the only ones awake in the silent house at midnight were some tiny four-footed, furry creatures that glided over the floor of the closet under the stairs, sniffing and nibbling at the packages on the floor. Heinrich Arnwald had bought a box of matches to set off his fireworks, and mice like matches. But they nibbled at them once too often. A spurt, a flash, and the box was on fire. The mice scurried away, but the mischief was done. No one was awake to hear the sputter of the fireworks as they scattered sparks everywhere through the closet, and so high a summer gale was blowing that night that the sound would have been lost even on waking ears. Not until closet and stairway were both aflame, and smoke rolling in volumes through the house, did the family waken. The windows were the only path of escape, and in their hurry and fright, flinging on what clothes they could, the three sleepers on the second floor, only half awake, climbed out on the piazza roof, and got down to the ground somehow, Heinrich spraining his ankle badly in the process, while the fire engines, warned by a passer-by's alarm, could be heard coming rattling down the nearest avenue toward the spot.

"But where is Fritz?" screamed Mrs. Arnwald, suddenly, clutching her husband by the shoulder. Sure enough, where was the boy? The window of his room was open, but no sound came from inside. Half a dozen small boys by this time were on the spot, dancing about, excitedly, watching the fire; but none of them was Fritz—that was certain.

The firemen had not yet come, but the house was already a mass of flames. "Fritz! Fritz! I must get him!" cried Mr. Arnwald, vainly trying to limp toward the door. But before he could reach it, like a flash, Greta had passed him, passed the men, who afraid to venture in themselves, were holding back the frantic mother, and had made her way straight up the burning stairway. Another moment and part of the ceiling fell, flaming where she had passed. There was a breathless pause.

"Both of them! Both my children—ach!" groaned the helpless father, the tears streaming down his cheeks. Then, just as the engines dashed up, a great shout rose as, up at the third story window, against a background of flame and smoke filling the room behind them, two figures appeared—Greta, crying wildly for help, and holding Fritz before her on the sill, flaxen curls singed close round his head, his eyes closed, his little body limp and unconscious.

There was no time for a ladder, but two of the fireman were on the porch roof in a flash. "Throw him down!" they shouted, reaching out their arms, "and then jump! jump for your life!" Greta obeyed. Willing hands caught the child's body as it fell, and then the brave girl, seeing Fritz safe, followed, herself. Her clothes were beginning to burn as she jumped, and almost before rescuers and rescued could reach the ground the porch roof, too, fell a blazing ruin. But Greta's blistered hands had saved her brother and a hearty cheer came from

every throat as her mother clasped them both in her arms, and cried tears of thankful joy over them.

"See! he opens his eyes, Heinrich. See, Greta!" cried Mrs. Arnwald, as Fritz's lids slowly unclosed.

"He is not hurt!" cried Greta, eagerly. She was wrapped in a fireman's coat, and had forgotten all her scorches and bruises in seeing the happiness in her father's face. "The mattress was catching on fire under him, but only a little. It was the smoke—there is nothing else the matter with him, father."

As if to prove her words, Fritz drew a long breath and sat up, looking at the blaze in front and then at his father, bending over him. "It's Fourth of July, sure enough, isn't it?" he said. "Say, can't Greta go to college if she wants to, father?"

And Heinrich Arnwald, as he put his arms around both his children, answered, from the depths of his heart, that Greta should go to a dozen colleges, if she chose.

DON'T ACT A LIE.

When I was quite young I once acted a lie, and my heart is sad whenever I think of it.

One day when my mother had company, she took the china sugar-bowl to the kitchen to fill it. I stood beside her while she was cutting up the large pieces. For a moment she left her work; I knew I ought not to do it, but I thought I would try to cut a little; but as I brought down the knife I hit the handle of the sugar-bowl and down it fell; and in a moment I put the handle in its place and shoved it against the wall, so that it need not fall off. I had hardly done so when my mother came back and went on with her work; but soon a heavy blow jarred the bowl, and down fell the handle. If my mother had looked in my face, she would not have said, "Why! Can it be that such a jar should break the handle? But I was careless in setting it against the wall."

I was on the point of saying, "No, mother, it was I that was careless; I did it;" but something said, "Don't tell it all now, it can't be helped," so I kept still and acted a lie. I did not say I did not do it; but I meant a lie, and it is the thoughts we have in the heart that God looks at.

Not many months after that my mother was taken sick. I was sent away from the house to stay most of the time, and she died before I could tell her. O, what bitter tears I shed as I looked upon that sweet face and remembered how I had deceived her.

Many years have passed since then; but my sin still comes up before me. I never think of it but my heart is heavy. I hope God has forgiven me, though I can never forgive myself.—Unidentified.

THE "COMPANY" SHOUTED, "ICE-CREAM!"

GRANDMA'S COMPANY.

CONSTANCE PRINCE.

Grandma sank wearily into a chair. Her face was full of the little tired lines that always seemed to come on Tuesdays.

"Well," she sighed, "the churning's done, ironing done, beds are made—now for dinner. I wonder what company likes for dinner."

The "company" slid off the old haircloth sofa as one person, and in like manner shouted. "Ice-cream!"

Grandma had not thought of ice-cream! Dear me, they might have wanted whipped-cream pie, or apple-dumpling—but ice-cream!

"I don't believe there is time to freeze it for dinner," she said, as she glanced at the tall clock. "It takes a long time to freeze it."

"We would wait until supper-time," Phil said, politely.

"Yes'm, we'd just as soon wait," echoed Puss. She was Phil's twin and always said the things he did.

Of course supper was farther away than dinner, but if they couldn't have ice-cream for dinner they had rather have it for supper than not at all.

The "company" was not greedy—just ice-cream hungry; and Grandma always gave two saucersful.

They usually had ice-cream when they came to Grandma's—but then, Grandpa was usually at home to chop the ice and turn the crank of the big freezer.

After dinner the "company" raced away to the big barn. It was such fun to come to Grandpa's! The barn was a splendid place to play, and they were going to have ice-cream for supper—that was the best of all.

When Grandma had finished washing the dishes she was so tired she could hardly sweep up the crumbs. "I am thankful that this is the last thing and I can have a nap," she thought—then she remembered the children's ice-cream.

Poor tired Grandma, she made the cream, chopped some ice—and turned and turned.

The tired arms throbbed with pain. Why didn't the cream thicken?

She went in and dragged the big kitchen rocking-chair out into the shed, got the freezer down on the floor, and sat down to turn the crank. But poor Grandma found this quite impracticable. Pretty soon her arm stopped of itself, and the crank ceased to revolve.

Out in the barn the children were playing housekeep.

"I hope Grandma will make strawberry ice-cream," said Puss.

"Oh, I'd rather have lemon," said Phil.

"We ought to asked for two kinds," said Puss. "I wish we had."

"Come on," said Puss, "let's ask now!"

The "company" was always in good running order, and with a clatter it flew out of the barn. Phil got there first. "Oh, Grandma, can't "—then he stopped, his little brown hand tightly clasped over his mouth as he scurried softly and silently back to meet Puss.

"Sh!" he panted. "Come quick but don't make a sound! Just see Grandma!"

Grandma was sound asleep. Her head had fallen back against the old green rocker. The weary fingers lay unclasped on the crank.

Puss gazed with a look of horror growing on her chubby round face.

Then they tip-toed softly back to the barn.

"Oh, my goodness!" Puss exclaimed. "She's dreadfully tired. Aren't you ashamed, Phil Dayton, for asking her to make ice-cream?"

"Gracious! you asked her just as much as I did, Puss Dayton; and I guess we've most killed Grandma," Phil ended with a sob.

"Oh, my! Oh, my!" wailed Puss. "She's the best Grandma in the world, and we never thought of *her* part o' the ice-cream, did we?"

They lapsed into a shamed silence, broken by the grunting of Grandma's pig in its pen, behind the barn.

"We're just like pigs," Phil said.

It was late when Grandma woke, and the first thing she saw was a ragged piece of wrapping-paper, not over-clean, lying upon the top of the freezer covered thick with big stiff lead-pencil marks.

Grandma felt in her hair for her glasses and read the note.

Dear Grandma: Please don't wake up but rest a long time. We are pigs, but Puss is a girl so she isn't as big a pig as I am. We have gone home, because it would choke us to eat ice-cream now. We are very sorry we didn't think of your part of it. Honest.

Me and Puss."

"Bless their dear hearts!" murmured Grandma.

PATSY AND THE POLICEMAN.

The warmth made a few of the children languid, but it put mischief into the majority and made them begin to hunt for new occupations, tops, marbles and kites each served in turn, but none of these was quite active enough.

"I'll tell you what," said Walter Sheppard one afternoon when school was out. "Let's have a daisy game of 'Follow the Leader' all over town and everybody follow. One miss and a fellow must give up."

"Yes! Let's! Let's" shouted the chorus, and then began to call for places. "First, second, third, fourth," and so on. Of course, Walter had the right to lead because he suggested it.

Away they went, Patsy, Laura and Julie Denton, in various places, in the line.

"You girls can't keep up," jeered Jim. "What's the use of starting."

But the girls only gritted their teeth and leaped and jumped and vaulted and ran, though at times they got pretty short of breath and scraped their shins awfully on some stone copings and horse blocks.

Roland Martin gave out first and sat down on the curb and cried, but the line couldn't wait for him and on they went with his blubbering cries unheeded. Julie Denton wouldn't climb the electric light pole, so she sat down on a park bench and watched them chasing through the shrubbery, leaping the flower beds and skirting fast around the stone railing of the fountain.

After this Walter gave the line a few minutes breathing space, and while he did so a daring and ridiculous idea came to him.

"All up!" he shouted and then with a wide leap he splashed into the basin of the fountain. "All in!" he cried.

It was so very sudden that everyone paused. Then over went George Martin, Jim, Arthur Harkness and Frank Kilborn. Patsy and Laura gazed with their mouths open in astonishment.

The water was about up to the boys' waists, and judging from the yells and gasps it was pretty cold. The girls did not like the looks of it, but they hated to be stumped.

"Fraidy cat! Fraidy cat!" yelled all the boys in chorus. "Stumped at last. Ain't we glad we're not girls!"

Patsy and Laura looked at each other and then at the water and then at the boys and then at each other again.

"Goin' to?" said Patsy.

"No, you bet I'm not!" Laura returned with sudden decision. "Spoil all my clothes and have to go home besides, just so's to keep up with some boys! Come on, Patsy!"

Amid jeers and hoots the girls walked to the bench where Julie Denton had waited. The boys were splashing in great glee, for after they got used to the water it felt rather good.

Just as Patsy was about to take a seat on the bench beside Julie she saw a large man walking straight across the grass toward the fountain. He wore a helmet and brass buttons and in his large hand he carried a heavy wooden stick.

For one short minute Patsy stopped and gasped—it would be an awful joke on them—then without a word she tore over the gravel path toward the fountain.

"The cop! The cop! The cop!" she yelled. "Qui-ick!"

Such a floundering! In one minute the fountain had no inhabitants, the gravel round about was very wet and a flying spray came back from the various paths down which dripping boys had fled, shaking themselves like Newfoundland dogs after a swim.

Patsy dazed by the suddenness of the whole performance, stood still for a moment. Then a heavy hand seized her by the arm and a deep voice said:

"What are you doing here?"

The policeman had got her!

Her heart knocked against her ribs. Visions of jails and fines and patrol wagons and her father and mother disgraced jumped through her brain.

"Nothing," she faltered, not daring to look up.

"Been swimming in the fountain eh? That's a State's prison offense, I'd have you know, young leddy."

"I wasn't—I wasn't!" protested Patsy, loudly. "We didn't go in —we were too scared," she added, honestly.

"How'm I goin' to believe a excuse like that?" went on the deep voice. "You'd better come with me."

"No, no, no!" cried Patsy. "I didn't —I didn't! Look a-here. My dress is dry."

She put the hem of her cotton frock into a large hand that reached itself down. To her horror she realized that the splashing from the boys' escape had wetted it.

"Rather wettish, seems to me," said the voice.

"Oh, but just from the boys being in," she replied, hastily.

"Oh, then, the boys were in, were they?" inquired the voice.

Patsy was silent. She had not meant to tell on the crowd.

"And you told 'em to skin, did you?" Patsy was silent.

"What boys were in? Didn't they know it was against the law?"

"I don't know," trembled Patsy. "We were playing 'Follow the Leader."

"Then you belong to the gang, do you? What are their names? I'll get warrants for them."

"I won't tell you," said Patsy, with a trembling lip.

"Oh, ho!" cried the voice, fiercely. "You'd rather be took up yourself, would you?"

Big tears came and choked Patsy.

"It ain't fair to tell on your own crowd," she sobbed. "The boys won't tell on each other, and I ain't a-goin' to, either, just 'cause I'm

a girl, even though they did say mean things about us bein' cowards. But I don't want to go to jail! It'll most kill mamma! Please, I don't want to go to jail."

All of a sudden Patsy felt a shake all over the big blue body standing near her. The hand that held her shook, too; and looking up, she saw that the policeman was laughing so hard he could hardly keep his grip on her arm.

He had a great, big, kind face, and his eyes were full of tears from his laughter.

Patsy stopped crying.

"Run along now," he said; "but don't let me catch you again. And tell that crowd of rascals never to let me see them on my beat again."

"Oh, they won't—they won't!" exclaimed Patsy eagerly. "I'll tell 'em you were awful nice and they mustn't."

The policeman laughed some more.

"Say, I've got a kiddy at home about your age. Shall I tell her never to tell on the crowd even if she's a girl?"

Patsy looked up into the policeman's face and smiled and nodded.

From that day, just as long as he remained on the beat, she and the policeman always had a smile and a pleasant word together.—Selected.

A BARGAIN IS A BARGAIN.

"A bargain is a bargain," said John Saunderson, who had just bought a knife of Willie Fisher, and given him a kite for it. But Willie soon found that the kite was broken, and wished to trade back again. "I shall not do it," said John. "You did not ask me if the kite was broken; and do you think I would be so foolish as to tell you of it? No! A bargain is a bargain."

Yes, so it was a bargain, but a very unfair one. John deceived Willie; and if he did not tell a falsehood, he acted one. Don't you think the knife he got in that way would be apt to cut his fingers?

As Fred Sanborn and Henry Gray were on their way to school one day, Fred took out of his basket a nice large cake which his mother had given him for his dinner. Henry offered him a large red apple for it. "Is it a good apple?" asked Fred. "Do you think I would take a poor apple to school for my dinner?" asked Henry. "I tell you it is a real juicy apple, for I know the tree on which it grew." So Fred let him have the cake for the apple.

At noon, when Fred tasted his apple, he found it was so sour that he could not eat it, and he wished to trade back again. "No," said Henry, "I don't trade back. A bargain is a bargain, Henry Gray." But what kind of a bargain was it? You cheated Fred, and you know it, and you meant to do it. You are not an honest boy, and it was not a fair trade.

Mr. Bell went out to buy a horse. He found one that he liked, and that the owner wished to sell; but he determined to purchase him, if possible, for less than he was worth. The owner asked a hundred dollars for him, and it was not too much.

"What is the age of your horse?" "Eight years old, I believe," said the man. "That is what the person from whom I bought him told me." "Eight years old? Why, he is certainly more than twelve. See how his teeth are worn down."

The owner could not be positive as to his age. "And besides," said Mr. Bell, "he seems a little stiff in the joints. He carries his head badly, and is too hard upon the bit, and I don't like the color. If he were a bright bay, I would give much more for him. I am willing to pay all he is worth, but I can not think of offering you more than seventy-five dollars."

Thus he cheapens the animal as much below his real worth as he can. The owner is in want of money, and must take what he can get. So Mr. Bell buys the horse for seventy-five dollars; but when he has taken the horse home, he boasts what a good bargain he has made.

A man very much like Mr. Bell is described in the Book of Proverbs: "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth."

"I would not sell that horse for one hundred and fifty dollars," says Mr. Bell. "He is of the right age, and just what I want."

"But how cheap you bought him, Mr. Bell. Did not you cheat the man?"

"Cheat him! Oh no! A bargain is a bargain. Every one must look out for himself, you know."

But, Mr. Bell, were you honest when you told the owner that the horse was certainly twelve years old? Did you not like the color of the horse? Were you willing to pay all he was worth to you? Ah, Mr. Bell, I am afraid that will be a hard-backed horse for you to ride.

And then, again, he is so stiff in the joints that he may stumble, and throw you. Or, what is still worse, he is so hard upon the bit that he may run away with you. Are you not sorry that you bought so bad a horse, Mr. Bell?

John Stuart Blackie's "Four Steps to Happiness" are worth remembering. They suggest where some of our days lose the chances of joy that might be theirs:

"1. Accept your limitations.

"2. Seize your opportunity.

"3. Enjoy the good of the hour.

"4. Improve the bad, and if you can't, let it drop."

THE SURETY—(AN ARAB LEGEND).

TRANSLATED BY J. E. HANAUER.

It came about during the reign of the great Khalifeh 'Omar ibn al Khattab, who ruled the Moslem world between the year A. D. 634-41, that a Bedawi camel herdsman was, together with his animals, passing one of the orchards on the outskirts of an Eastern city. The owner of the orchard happened to be mending the dry stone fence inclosing his property when he noticed one of the camels, a fine and valuable male, stretching out its neck and breaking off one of the branches of a tree laden with ripe fruit. Picking up a stone, he threw it with fatal aim at the great beast which, struck on its head, fell dead on the spot. Its owner, giving way to a sudden fit of fury, picked up the same stone and threw it with all his force, but with only too true an aim, at the man who had slain his camel, and killed *him* on the spot. Then, suddenly realizing, horror-struck, what he had done, he became panic-stricken, and leaping on to the swiftest of his beasts, he rode off toward the desert, leaving the others to take care of themselves. His hope of escape was vain, however, for the sons of the slain man at once followed him and obliged him to report with them to the camp of 'Omar, which happened to be close by. On hearing the story the Khalifeh condemned the man-slayer to death, seeing that the children of his victim absolutely refused to accept a "dig-yeh," or monetary compensation, for the death of their parent. Now, in those times it was customary for the execution of a convicted criminal to take place almost immediately after he had been condemned. The mode of procedure is said to have been as follows: A large skin or hide called "nut'a" was spread in the monarch's presence, and the person to be beheaded was made to kneel upon it with his hands bound behind his back. The "jelad," or executioner, who stood behind him with a drawn sword, then cried aloud, "O, Commander of the Believers, is it indeed your will that so and so should be caused to depart from this world?" If the Khalifeh answered "Yes," the executioner asked the same question aloud the second time and if it was answered in the affirmative, he asked it once again for the third and last time, and immediately afterward, in case the potentate did not revoke the fatal order, he struck off the head of the person condemned. Now, on the occasion to which this tale refers, and while the "nut'a" was being fetched, the man about to be killed shouted aloud, "Has the race of the brave and virtuous altogether perished?" Receiving no answer, he repeated the cry with yet greater emphasis a second, and again the third time, whereupon the noble Abu Dhur, who had been one of the "Sohabah," or companions, of Mohammed, stepped forward and asked him what he meant by his cry. The man answered, "I have killed a man in anger, and though the act was unpremeditated I must die seeing that I am a stranger here with none of my people to plead for me, and that, besides, no blood-indemnity is accepted—I am content

to bear the punishment of my fault, such being the will of Allah. But I only ask, as a boon, that some brave man would be my surety for twenty-four hours, so that I may return to my tent to settle some important family affairs, after which I promise to be back here by this time tomorrow in order to suffer the punishment decreed. I beg thee, therefore, to obtain this boon from the Khalifeh, and also to be my surety." Abu Dhur was so impressed with the camel-driver's words and bearing that he agreed to his request, begged 'Omar to grant the petition, and promised that in case the man did not return he himself would be ready to die as his substitute. The petition was granted and the condemned set free. He started off at a run, and was soon out of sight.

Twenty-four hours had elapsed, and as the man had not returned, the monarch gave orders that Abu Dhur's life should pay the forfeit. The hide was brought, spread in the Khalifeh's presence, and Abu Dhur knelt upon it amid the lamentations and tears of his numerous friends and kinsmen. His hands were bound, and the executioner, in a voice that was heard above the sound of universal wailing, asked 'Omar whether it were indeed his will that Abu Dhur should die. "Yes," replied the ruler of the Moslem world, grimly. The executioner asked the same question a second time and received the same answer, but, just as he was about to pass on to the third time of asking, somebody shouted: "By the life of Allah! stop a moment. I see a man running in the distance; perhaps it is he in whose stead Abu Dhur is about to die." At a sign from the Khalifeh the executioner remained silent, and to everybody's astonishment, the man who was to have been beheaded the day before, rushed up breathless, and with the words, "Praised be Allah that I am not too late," sank to the ground beside Abu Dhur.

"Fool!" said 'Omar to the man, "hadst thou stayed away, thy substitute would have died in thy place and thou wouldst have been free. Why didst thou return?"

"In order," said the camel-driver, "to prove that the race not only of the brave and virtuous, but also that of the truthful, still exists."

"Then why didst thou go away at all?"

"In order," said the man, who was now kneeling with bound hands on the spot from which Abu Dhur, having been set free, had arisen, "to prove that the race of the trustworthy has not yet perished."

"Explain thyself," commanded the ruler of Islam.

"Some time ago," said the man, "a poor widow intrusted some valuables to my keeping. Having to leave our camp, I carried them into the desert and hid them under a great rock in a spot which no one but myself knows about, and there they were till yesterday. Had I been put to death then, I should have died with a heavy heart, knowing that the poor woman was irreparably injured. I begged for a respite in order to be able to restore her property and now I am ready to die with a light conscience."

On receiving this answer the monarch was silent for a few seconds,

and then, addressing the kneeling man, said: "I pardon thee; thou art free."

Why so, O Commander of the Faithful?" asked an aged and privileged sheik.

"Because," replied the Khalifeh, "the man's conduct has convinced me that he spoke the truth when he said that he had not intended to kill the owner of the orchard, but had done so in a moment of provocation. I take the sin of releasing him on my own conscience, and shall pay the blood-money out of my own private property. Besides, as it is now proved that the races of the brave, virtuous, truthful, and trustworthy are not extinct, it devolves on me to demonstrate that the race of the clement also still exists."

FRED.

In his address at the recent meeting of the Utah Teachers' Association, Superintendent Driggs related the following story, a real one, which shows how one of our boys met a crisis:

"Several years ago my boys formed a sort of secret compact that, no matter what happened, they would protect each other and not divulge or confess to any wrong-doing. Whenever anything went wrong, it was next to impossible to ascertain who was to blame or how it happened.

"One day a table was broken in the play-room. In my endeavor to find out who had broken it and why it had been done, I had all the boys, about fifty of them, line up near the broken table. A rigid "cross-examination" brought out no information. Finally I asked the older boys what they thought the table was worth. Some said $2.50, others $1.00 and so on. We finally concluded that $1.50 was a fair valuation.

"'Very well,' I said, 'I'll give $1.50 for the table. I know it is made of good pine, and I can have it repaired so that it will be worth more than a dollar and a half. Really, boys,' I continued, 'I should rather have this old broken table than all you boys.'

"They looked at me in surprise.

"'Yes,' I added, 'I'll take the table and pay the $1.50, because it is worth it, and because I know I'll not be cheated. But I'll not give one cent for a boy who would stand up here and lie for an old pine table.'

"They looked dismayed and chagrined, and there I left them.

"Less than half an hour afterwards there was a knock at my office door. When I opened the door, I was somewhat surprised to see the leader of the boys. He had had the poorest kind of home environment; his mother had long since gone the downward path of sin and his father had died in the county infirmary. But I had great faith in him because of his power.

"Invited into the office and seated, he said: 'I am ashamed of myself; I thought I was worth more than a table. I shall not tell a lie to you again.'

" 'Good boy, Fred, good boy,' I said, taking him by the hand and patting him on the shoulder

"Today this young man holds a responsible position. He is an honest, honorable man. The incident was a serious crisis in his life, and he met it bravely and with manliness. He had hardly left the office when, one by one, several of his companions followed his example and asked to be forgiven, promising to prove to me that they could be manly.

"Since that time we have had little or no trouble of this sort. On the contrary, my boys find a very uncomfortable atmosphere whenever they lack the strength to speak the truth or to make things right.

"Only a few mornings ago one of the boys met me at the front door, where he had waited for nearly half an hour, to tell me of his unfair conduct in a game of basket-ball the evening before. He wanted to be the first to tell me and he wanted also to be respected by his comrades for being brave enough to admit his fault. Again, just the other evening, a little fellow came to the office and told me he had broken a window. He said he didn't mean to do it and that he was playing when it happened. As I patted him on the head to encourage him, I saw outside in the hall peeping through the door, a half-dozen or more of his playmates. When he joined them they warmly greeted him, and I heard him say, 'I was honest.' "—From The Educational Review.

THE HONESTY OF ELINOR.

Elinor was carefully and patiently adding the last long column of figures for her morning lesson.

"Two and three and nine and five make nine and one to carry," she whispered to herself. Just as she put down the last figure, Miss Brown's brisk voice announced the end of the hour, and all the grimy and much-erased "number-papers" were made into a neat pile and put on the teacher's desk. As Elinor sat with hands folded in front of her, she was busy with very pleasant thoughts.

"I worked very carefully," said she to herself, "and probably I'll get a hundred per cent, and then I can go to the city with father." For at dinner yesterday father had said, "If any child gets a hundred in arithmetic tomorrow, I'll take him to town when I go on Saturday."

A trip to town with father was the greatest treat a little girl of six could possibly have, and, Elinor thought, quite worth a good number-paper. She ran all the way to school next morning to get her standing, and, oh, joy! Miss Brown smilingly gave back a paper with a big blue-penciled "100" at the top. A radiant little girl answered questions and did hard tasks cheerfully that morning, for was not the treasure hers? Near the end of school, however, something happened to disturb her joyful anticipations. When they were overlooking yesterday's papers in class, Johnny gave "54" for the answer of a certain example. Elinor looked at her paper for comparison, and found, to her horror, that hers was "53." Johnny was right, for teacher said so, and if

Elinor were wrong, what should she do about her hundred per cent and the treat? "Ought I to tell?" she thought, anxiously.

Her decision was quickly made, and at the close of school a forlorn little body waited in her seat while all the long files passed slowly by, all gazing in wonder at poor Elinor. When the last footstep had gone down-stairs and out of doors, she went to Miss Brown and explained.

"Why, yes, Elinor," said her teacher, "to be sure! How careless I was to mark that right when it was really wrong! That makes your mark '90,' doesn't it?" and she took out her big blue pencil, and with it made the change that so disappointed all Elinor's hopes.

Elinor did not run home with a happy face that day; in fact, she couldn't help crying just a little. It was very hard when she had worked so, and thought she had won her prize! They were half through dinner when she got home, and as she stepped into the dining-room, father sang out, without noticing her tears, "Well, did you get a hundred, Elinor?"

That brought the tears afresh, and she sobbed out the whole story in mother's arms. When father knew, he said, "Why, come here, childie! Father's prouder of an honest little girl than of any number of 'hundreds.' You were a good child to tell Miss Brown," and he kissed her tenderly.

"I'm sure she understands," said father to mother that evening, "and I'm going to take her anyway. It was a fine thing for the little thing to do. I hardly thought it was in her."

On the next Saturday morning, in a train bound for Boston, sat a happy little girl who kept a close grasp of father's first finger, and smiled brightly at all the other passengers.

"Just think," she said to herself, "if I hadn't told, I'd have come just the same, but I'd have felt so mean! And now I'm going, and I was honest, too, and father is pleased. After now," says the wise little lady, "I'll always be honest and truthful, for it's the very best thing to be."—Elizabeth Crane Porter.

"OVER THE LEFT."

"I've got three jack knives, a parrot, a dog, and a monkey," boasted Joe, to the new boy at school.

"Why, Joe Allen, you know that's not so," said Will, in a low tone, "you've only one knife, and Bruno."

"Oh, that's all right," laughed Joe, I said "Over the left" to myself, so it wasn't a whopper."

"It's all wrong," said Will, "and you know it. It's a sneaky way of lying, I think, and I'm ever so ashamed of you. You can't be my chum, Joe, if you keep that up. I don't want a sneak for a chum." Will was the best and jolliest boy in school, and Joe was anxious to be his friend. So I hear he doesn't say "Over the Left" any more.

THE TRUTH SAVES A LIFE.

"But I cannot always tell the truth, rabbi. My master would beat me."

The old prophet's eyes blazed, but he bent over the boy with a very tender touch, and his voice was sympathetic.

"Yes, I know. It is hard to be a slave. But it is better to be beaten than to get out of a beating by lying. Every lie is a chain on the spirit. It makes one afraid. But one who has spoken nothing but the truth is free in spirit, even if he is a slave in body. God wants you to be free in spirit, Amaziah."

The boy was a slave because he was a Hebrew. His people had been carried away captives to Babylon when Jerusalem was taken. His master was a man of violent temper, and all his household were terribly afraid of him.

"Deception is the vice of slaves," says the proverb; and to avoid his harsh and not always just punishments, his slaves lied to him on all occasions. This only made him more furious and more cruel to them. It took a great deal of courage for the boy Amaziah to promise the prophet to speak the truth always. His resolution was soon tested.

The very next day he dropped his master's favorite wine jug on the mosaic floor, and broke it into twenty pieces. The costly wine ran over the marbles and the smell came to the nostrils of the master. He strode out very angrily to see what had happened.

"How did you come to drop it?" he said to Amaziah. "It may not have been your fault, for you are more careful than most of my slaves. If anyone else caused you to drop it, tell me who it was and he shall have such a beating as no one has had this year."

"Say that big Haddi jostled you," whispered the boy beside him. "He is big and strong, and it won't hurt him to be whipped nearly so much as it will hurt you."

But, remembering his promise, Amaziah, though trembling, lifted up his head and said: "It was no one's fault but mine. It slipped out of my hand."

"What! You have the face to confess it!" Down came the big rod, and Amaziah was so badly beaten that he was sore for days.

"It does not pay to tell the truth," he whispered to the prophet that night. "God requires too much of us."

"God will bless us for filling his requirements," said the prophet. And God did bless Amaziah wonderfully. His dearest friend Azariah was accused of a dreadful crime. He had not done the wicked deed, but his master thought that he had. The life of a slave was in his master's hand, and the punishment decreed to Azariah was death. Then Amaziah went to the master and told him just how it was, and the master listened to him.

"I will believe you," he said, "because you have always told me the truth. I would not believe any of the others, for they lie to me over and over." And Amaziah's truth saved his friend from death.—Selected.

THE STOLEN BLUE DRESS.

BY HILDA RICHMOND.

"Do you know, mother, a dreadful thing happened while you were away," said Ruth as she stood under the big tree, talking to her mother. "Mrs. Noble stole my blue dress."

"Ruth!" said her mother, looking shocked. "How can you say such a thing? It can't be true."

"Well, she did, mother," said the little girl positively. "Mary sent it to her with the wash, and when it didn't come back with the clothes, she sent for it. And what do you think Mrs. Noble said? She said she sent everything home that was with the wash, and she didn't at all."

"And have you told anyone about this?" asked her mother.

"Why, nobody but Nellie and Agnes, and Anna, and some more of the girls," said Ruth. "You always said it was all right to tell the truth, mother."

"But you are not sure that it is the truth," said her mother. "My little girl has been very rash in telling things about poor Mrs. Noble. What if she should lose her work through your saying this?"

"Well, mother, she ought to be honest," said Ruth. "It was my new dress, and I liked it so much."

Just then Mary came in to say that Mrs. Noble was in the kitchen and wanted to see Mrs. French.

"I suppose she's bringing it back," whispered Ruth. "I hope so."

But when Mrs. Noble told them all about it, what do you think had happened? She had been sick the week before, and a kind neighbor had helped her with her work. The neighbor did not see well, so she washed and boiled all the pretty, delicate blue out of Ruth's dress, and Mrs. Noble did not know it until sometime afterwards.

"I will give you the money to buy Miss Ruth a new dress," said Mrs. Noble, taking out her thin pocketbook, but Ruth shook her head and burst out crying.

"Tell her all about it, mother," she sobbed, "I can't."

So Mrs. French told her about the naughty thoughts Ruth had had, and the poor woman forgave her.

"Didn't you see the blue dress in the basket?" she asked. "It must have been there." And when the basket was examined, the blue dress, that now was white, was right on top. Ruth and Mary could hardly believe their eyes, but the buttons and trimming and everything showed them what they should have seen at first.

"I'm going to keep this dress always, mother," said Ruth, "to remind me of the naughty things I said about Mrs. Noble. I never want to forget it."

THE GOLD BASKET.

It was only a fruit dish of white china with gilt bands around it; but little Vie admired it very much, and called it "mamma's gold basket."

One afternoon, Aunt Emily came to make a call, and mamma brought in the basket filled with nice Florida oranges. After everybody had eaten an orange, and Aunt Emily had gone, sister Anna set the basket on the kitchen table, and that was the way the trouble began.

Little Vie went out there alone to play with the cat. She chased her around and around the room, till, by and by, kitty, growing tired of the sport, jumped into a chair, and got upon the table.

"Come down! come down!" said little Vie. "You must not smell those oranges with your nose. Come down!"

But kitty did not come; she was trying to decide whether the beautiful yellow balls were good to eat. Then Vie caught her by the tail and pulled her backward. She did not do it roughly, but somehow that gold basket got in the way—perhaps kitty's paw touched it, perhaps it was Vie's arm; but, at any rate, the basket was overturned, and down it fell, broken in pieces upon the floor.

Vie stared in surprise at the dreadful ruin, and then stared at the oranges rolling, helter-skelter, under the stove.

"Who did that? How did it fall?" thought she.

But, the next moment, it came over her that she was herself the one to blame.

Why, I didn't mean to! That pretty, pretty basket! What will mamma say?"

Little Vie's forehead was full of wrinkles, her eyes were full of tears. She stood so still that you could almost have heard the fly on the roller towel scrape his wings.

"I'll go tell mamma I did it, and I'm so sorry. No; I'll tell her kitty did it—I guess kitty did do it. Naughty kitty!"

The little girl moved one foot, and then she stood still again. The clock ticked very loud—you know how loud a clock does tick sometimes—and the fly on the towel gazed at Vie, and she gazed at the fly.

"No; I won't tell mamma anything; I won't go in the parlor at all. I'll go out in the yard, and then mamma will think kitty broke the basket; for kitty will be in here all alone."

Vie took three steps toward the outside door, and then she stood still again, and the clock ticked worse than ever. It seemed as if the clock was watching to see Vie make up her mind, and as if that old fly was watching, too.

"Tick, tock—if you go and leave the kitty in here alone, it will be the same as a lie—tick, tock—same as a lie." It wasn't the clock that said that, but it sounded just like the clock.

"Will it be the same as a lie, a true lie?" said the child. And then

she looked at the fly, who nodded his head, and kept nodding it. Vie knew he didn't mean "yes," but it seemed just as if he meant yes. "I will not tell a lie," said Vie, turning her back to the outside door, and putting her foot down hard; "I will not tell a lie." And with that she ran into the parlor; for, if she walked, she was afraid that she might not go at all. She ran every step of the way as fast as she could run, and sobbed out:

"O mamma, it wasn't the kitty; it was me! But I didn't mean to at all!"

And her mamma kissed her, and said she knew it was an accident. —Selected.

NOT A BIT TOO WARM.

HIS FUR COAT.

The Bumble Bee a fur coat wears,
And yet the summer through
He doesn't seem a bit too warm,
With all he has to do!

—J. M.

IT WAS TO PLACE A CLOTHES-PIN—SO,
ON ARABELLA'S NOSE!

THE LITTLE SNORER.

A little girl I used to know,
  Named Arabella Drake,
Was always falling fast asleep
  When she should be awake.

At church, or school, in consequence,
  She was a troublous bore,
For she would sit and blink and nod—
  And snore, and snore, and snore!

At length her folks in their distress
  An odd plan did propose;
It was to place a clothes-pin—*so,*
  On Arabella's nose!

And when the children laughed, and nudged,
  And giggled in surprise,
Miss Arabella woke right up
  And opened wild her eyes.

For hours and hours the clothes-pin thus
  Miss Arabella wore,
And, though she'd nod and drowse at times,
  She never once could snore.

And when they took the clothes-pin off
  And set her small nose free,
She vowed no more she'd go to sleep
  Till sometime after tea!

—Kate Wallace Clements.

MILLY'S TEMPTATION.

BY LELIA MUNSELL.

Milly threw her schoolbooks on the table with an air of discouragement. "It's no use, mamma, she announced. "I just can't keep from whispering. Sometimes I won't say anything but just to ask for a pencil or a knife. It doesn't seem to me I ought to stay in just for that, when everybody else in the room whispers all the time, most. I never whisper, mamma just for the fun of it, and the rest do. I don't see how Mr. Burton can help seeing them," and Milly looked appealingly at her mother.

Mrs. MacDonald laid down the book she was reading. "It does seem unjust, Milly. But after all, that doesn't have anything to do with the real question, you know."

"Yes, I know. I can't help it if the others are dishonest. But it does make me mad to have to stay in every recess when I know there isn't another one in the room who hasn't whispered more than I have. I don't believe I could story about it like the others do, mamma. If I can't keep from whispering, I *can* keep from telling a lie about it, anyway. But it does seem to me Mr. Burton isn't very smart or he would surely know there was a lot of whispering going on."

Mrs. MacDonald made no reply. She and Milly had talked the whole matter over often and there was nothing new to be said. In her heart she sympathized fully with her little daughter, but she did not think it best to tell her so directly.

Mr. Burton, the principal of the Lakin schools, was young and inexperienced, and consequently full of beautiful theories as to how a school should be managed. He had yet to learn that theory and practice were often at sword's points. His pet theory related to whispering. All the books on school management that he had read had said that in a model school there would be no whispering, and he had fondly believed that such a condition of affairs could be established in the Lakin schools. Accordingly, he had announced on the first day that there was to be absolutely no whispering without permission. The pupils had looked rather sober for a day or two, but fifty boys and girls

in the grammar grade of a village school will soon lose respect for a rule which they find the teacher has no means of enforcing, and it was not long before everybody, as Milly said, whispered.

At first Mr. Burton personally undertook to detect and punish the offenders. But he found this plan full of difficulties. More often than otherwise, those whom he accused of whispering would deny the accusation and suggest that there were others more guilty than they. He was not strong enough as a teacher to enforce his word against theirs. But he had no thought of setting aside the rule. He tried monitors, but that plan, too, was a failure. At last, in desperation he decided upon the self-reporting system, and here, he fancied, he was successful. So far as he could see the plan worked admirably. Before each dismissal for recess he would announce that all who had whispered were to remain in their seats while the others passed out. For a day or two, almost the whole room had remained, but the number gradually diminished, until Milly MacDonald was, apparently, the only transgressor.

On one or two occasions the teacher had congratulated the school on this improvement in their deportment, and the pupils had made great sport of his guilelessness behind his back. In such matters as evading punishment for whispering the conscience of the average boy and girl is not very tender, and the untruth which they were obliged to tell to secure their recesses troubled them but little. But Milly remained true to her teaching and her principles. She was a sturdy little soul, and the blood of her Scottish ancestors held her straight in the path of uprightness and honesty.

"You're silly," said the others. "There's no sense in your staying in every time you whisper. The teacher would never know the difference."

Milly, however, had steadily and quietly put aside the temptation. Indeed, it could hardly be said that it was a temptation. She tried hard to keep from whispering, but when she failed in this, as she often did, she had no thought of evading the punishment by telling a lie. She fretted under the injustice of it all, but to her straightforward little soul there seemed to be but one thing to do.

"It isn't that I mind staying in so much," she confided to her father and mother. "But I do hate to have Mr. Burton think I'm the worst pupil he has when I never whisper unless I forget and the others whisper all the time."

Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald had talked the matter over and had decided that it was best to let Milly fight her own battle.

"It is unjust," said her mother. "I can't blame her for feeling bitter about it. I believe she has stayed in every time yet when she has whispered, but she is growing more and more rebellious and I am afraid the temptation will be too much for her in the end."

"The child's as honest as the day," said Mr. MacDonald. "It is hard, I'll admit, but it isn't doing her any hurt. She's getting a good deal in the way of character-building if she isn't getting anything else. If she does yield to the temptation to tell a lie about it, she will confide

in us I believe, and until then I think the best thing to do is to let her work out her own salvation."

So the matter was decided and while Mr. and Mrs. MacDonald were always ready to listen to their daughter's grievances, they seldom made any comment, except to urge her to refrain entirely from whispering.

Milly knew nothing of all this, of course. "I just *am* not going to whisper today," had been her last word as she left for school that morning. But, as usual, she had forgotten, and even her sturdy spirit was discouraged.

"I just don't believe I'll try not to whisper any more, mamma," she said, after a pause. "I can't keep from it altogether, and if I have to stay in any way, I might just as well whisper all I want to."

"What's that?" asked her father, coming in at that moment.

"Well, papa, I just *will* whisper in spite of everything, it seems, and then of course I have to stay in. And I don't see why I mightn't just as well whisper all I want to. I can't keep from it altogether."

"I'd call that a coward's way," said her father, as he passed on through the room.

Milly looked after him with a half frown. "I suppose that means I'll have to try again tomorrow," she remarked, half to herself.

"I certainly shouldn't give up yet, dear," said her mother.

The next morning at breakfast Mr. MacDonald asked: "How about whispering today, daughter?"

Milly laughed. "I guess I had a fit of the blues last night. I feel like trying again this morning. I suppose I'll fail as I usually do. But I'm going to try any how."

When school was called the next day at noon there was a feeling of suppressed excitement among the pupils. Three of the larger boys, leading spirits in all kinds of mischief, had deliberately "played hookey" and were even then contentedly sunning themselves on the slope of a nearby hill. There was not a very wholesome respect for the teacher's authority current in the school but this was the most flagrant breach of discipline that had occured yet, and there was considerable speculation as to the outcome. The most of the pupils expected some amusement when the teacher should discover the truancy. Milly shared in the excitement although she could not help feeling a little shocked at the cause of it.

It was Mr. Burton's habit to call the roll every half session. He noted the three absences and asked if anyone knew any thing about them. There was no response and the school proceeded appearently as usual. But many a furtive glance was cast out of the windows in search of the runaways, who had declared their intention of remaining near the scholhouse, "where Old Burton could see them if he wanted to."

The last class before recess was reciting when Josie Martain, who sat just behind Milly, nudged her and whispered: "I see them. They're under that big oak tree."

Milly looked. "Where?" she whispered back, "I can't see them."

Josie was not the only one who had discovered the truants. Half the pupils were craning their necks in the direction of the big oak.

"May I inquire what is the cause of all this commotion?" asked Mr. Burton in his most dignified manner.

There was a pause and one or two of the girls giggled. Then one of the boys jerked his thumb in the direction of the truants. "Those boys are over there. Guess they must have played hookey instead of going home."

Mr. Burton's gaze followed the thumb and there, in plain sight were the boys, insolently flaunting their daring in the face of the whole school.

The young teacher prided himself on his dignity. He reflected that it would never do to let the pupils see how much he was disturbed. Accordingly, he proceeded with the recitation in the usual manner and prepared for dismissal.

"Those who have not whispered are dismissed for recess," he announced as usual. "You may pass down quietly without marching."

He himself took his hat and, going quickly down stairs, started across the prairie toward the boys, while the pupils, instead of passing out, crowded to the windows to watch the chase.

"Come on, Milly," cried Josie. "Let's climb up on a desk. We can see better there."

Milly hesitated a moment, then shook her head. "I can't, I whispered," she said.

"Stuff and nonsense. Everybody whispers. Come on."

But Milly remained in her seat though her eyes turned longingly toward the windows where the others were crowding and jostling in their efforts to see.

The boys had waited quietly until Mr. Burton was almost upon them and then had scattered in different directions, and he had given chase, first to one, then another. It was a peculiarity of his that he always wore low slippers and these flopped up and down as he ran, while his coat tails straightened in the breeze. He was really a pretty good runner, but the three boys, by working together, were easily able to escape him. His spirit was up, however, and he was determined not to be beaten. Round and round he darted, just missing the boys, and the chase grew more and more exciting.

All this Milly knew from the clamorous exclamations of those at the windows and her heart grew rebellious within her. If she could only see the fun! If they would stand aside a little perhaps she could see some of it from her seat. Any way, they didn't have as much right to be there at the window as she did. All of them had whispered over and over again and never reported, while she had stayed in every time she had broken the rule. It wasn't right. Surely, it *was* silly for her to stay in her seat when the teacher would never know nor care. It seemed to her she had never wanted to see anything so badly in all her life.

Just then some one cried: "They've gone round the foot of the hill. We can't see them from here any more. Let's go down on the road. We can see them from there all right." And forthwith there was a scampering down stairs.

"Come on, Milly," cried first one and then another, "you're missing all the fun. What's the use in your staying up here all alone? Come on."

Milly had almost made up her mind to go. What harm would it do just this once? Surely Mr. Burton hadn't expected anyone to stay in this recess. He had spoken about it merely from force of habit.

"Oh, come on down, Milly," said Ed Whittemore, the biggest boy in school, stopping at her desk as he passed. "Everybody whispers. I whisper all I want to but I'm not going to stay in for it. There's no harm in lying about a little thing like that."

Somehow and somewhere, as he spoke, Milly had found herself again.

"No, I can't do it, Ed. It would be a lie, if it is about a little thing. I—don't—see how—the rest—of you—can—do—it."

Her chin was quivering and the tears stood in her eyes, but she bravely choked back the lump in her throat and turned to her geography which lay open on the desk before her.

Ed looked at her for a minute. "I guess you're right," he said. "It's a measly old rule, but I suppose that doesn't excuse us for lying."

Poor Milly! When he had gone she laid her head on the desk and sobbed bitterly. The sense of injustice, against which she had rebelled for the past month was added to the keenness of her present disappointment. The others were enjoying rare fun and they had not as much right to it as she had. She knew she had done right, but for the time that knowledge did not make it any easier for her.

That evening when she told her father and mother about it her heart was still sore. "I never wanted to do a thing that was wrong so bad in all my life," she confessed. "But, oh, I'm so glad I didn't do it."

Mrs. MacDonald looked across at her husband, then kissed the tear-stained face very tenderly. "You have won a victory, daughter," she said.

"Yes, a victory that will affect your whole life," added Mr. MacDonald.

Boys and girls, suppose you look at the men and women who fit your highest ideals. See what virtues they have. Then take a look at yourself. How many of their good things do you possess? Do you think you will find anything to root out, to try to avoid in the future?

GINGER BREAD AND SPICES AND OTHER THINGS.

School days are not always happy days, even though on some of them you may have a lovely time talking about flowers and reading interesting stories from the First Reader. It was one of the days when it's all geography and arithmetic and spelling with Nellie, and she watched the clock impatiently. She was going for the first time to make a "really, truly" visit; to stay away from home all night, and at six years old that is a great event.

Aunt Mollie had invited her, and you may be sure it did not take Miss Nellie long to say "Yes." For at Aunt Mollie's there were such lovely things. First, of course, there was Aunt Mollie herself, with her happy, cosy, jolly ways. Then there were the cunning dishes that Aunt Mollie used to use when she had tea-parties ever so many years ago, and there was a great big Paris dolly that Aunt Mollie had brought home all the way across the ocean. And Nellie was never tired of hearing the story of how that dolly had been almost lost to Aunt Mollie, and, of course, to all her little nieces, by a big wave which came up on to the deck of the ship, and tried to wash dolly and the red cape on which she was taking a nap overboard; and of how a brave sailor had grabbed Dolly, very wet and frightened, just at the rail, and had slipped and nearly been lost himself in the act, and of how Grandpa Frothingham was so pleased with what the sailor had done that he gave him some money, and afterward a place in his store. And when the story always wound up, "And do you know that James, our own James who drives the carriage, is his son—that very sailor's son?" Nellie, like the rest of the nieces, always clapped her hands with delight.

There were many delights at Aunt Mollie's, and so Nellie hated geography and longed for the clock's hands to reach one o'clock. And, of course, by and by they did. Luncheon over, two hours later, a proud little girlie insisted on carrying all by herself a big satchel as she trudged by mother's side. It was a long ride on the trolley car to Aunt Mollie's house, which was almost in the city, even though it had a pretty garden around it and vines all over the veranda. A new Maltese cat and three darling kittens were such a joyous discovery that polite little Nellie had all she could do to remember her manners and say "How do you do?" to Aunt Mollie and a strange lady who was calling. Bright red neck ribbons made the kittens particularly charming, and tiny silver bells on the ribbons made their playful ways musical as well as amusing. The wonderful Paris doll of old acquaintance had small attention given her because of the kittties. When they scampered over the lawn among the tiny blades of new Spring grass, they were so dear that Nellie couldn't resist their charms, and she followed them around to the back porch and through the kitchen door. And there new delights were waiting for her, for Norah was making gingerbread for supper.

"Oh, please, may I watch, Norah? pleaded Nellie, and Norah, who adored her, said,

"'Deed an' you may, darlin'; and it's a gingerbread cat I'll be making for ye."

It was very interesting, Nellie thought, to watch the butter and sugar and molasses go into the bowl, and to think how they would all come out a nice cake. But the most enlivening part of the performance was when Norah shook a bit of ginger and cinnamon and this and that into the dough. She didn't measure, but just guessed at the amount, and then, when she thought she had put in enough, she tasted it, and gave Nellie a bit of a taste, too.

"Now, how's that, me dear?" she asked, and Nellie could only truthfully say, "Delicious" while she licked her little doughy fingers. Norah certainly was a very clever person, for she not only made a cat out of the rolled dough, but she made, too, a little girl and a pug dog for Nellie to take home to Sue and Willie. And her admiring spectator decided that when she grew up, if she was smart enough, she'd be a cook herself. Oh, the pride of shaking spices into things with a practiced hand!

"What's in that bowl, Norah?" she asked, and was charmed when she heard that it was apple sauce for supper.

"Now, it's eyes they do be wantin', sure," laughed Norah; "wait a bit till I go and get some bits of loaf sugar," and she waddled away to the dining-room. Temptation now took hold of Nellie; she must be a cook, too, and flavor things. The ginger cage was ready for the oven, but the apple sauce was not finished and she would try her hand at it. One after another of the spice boxes she uncovered and shook in a little, and stirred in the mixture. A voice from the hall startled her, and a little more than usual of one nice, grayish kind went in. She decided, as she ran off to say good-bye to mother, that she must be sure to taste it as soon as she came back.

But Aunt Mollie hurried her off to get ready for a drive, and the cooking was forgotten. Not another thought did she give to it until the sight of a gingerbread cat stalking proudly across her napkin reminded her, as she sat down to supper, and she looked around for the apple sauce. There it was, in the big blue and white glass bowl she had always admired. Probably Norah had tasted it and added anything that was necessary.

Uncle Jim loved applesauce even better than his small niece did, and he was the first to take a taste of it.

"What on earth's the matter with this applesauce?" he cried.

And Miss Nellie, who was all ready to say with pride that she had given the finishing touches, sat with eyes and mouth wide open and a growing belief that she'd best not say much about her part in the work.

A cautious tasting all around convinced the family that the pepper had been upset in the apple sauce, and you may be sure it was not eaten. Nellie was quite sure she couldn't eat any, anyway, because she had such a lump in her throt, and her heart felt like a lump of lead inside of her. All her ambition to be a cook had quite gone. She knew now that she would never be clever enough, for how was anybody but

an awfully clever person to know that that nice looking gray stuff would spoil the apple sauce?

At bedtime she wondered whether she must tell Aunt Mollie about it, but she hardly dared. She made up her small mind that no great harm had been done, and that no one need know of her mortification and disappointed hopes.

But just as she was nearly ready for bed Uncle Jim's voice sounded in the hall, and he put his head in the door.

"Mollie, do give Norah a blowing up about that apple sauce," he said; "it's awfully careless to do such a thing. Suppose we'd had company."

"Yes, I will, Jim, as soon as I tuck Nellie in."

"Oh, dearie me!" wailed a small voice from the pillow; "Uncle Jim, she mustn't blow up Norah, 'cause it was me, and I know it's scand'lous, but I hope you won't tell grandpa. Must he know it? I'd like him not to 'spise me that much."

Uncle Jim just shouted with laughter, which Nellie was doubtful whether to consider a good or a bad sign, but Aunt Mollie gave the worried little girlie a nice little lecture, of keeping her fingers out of other people's business, and Miss Nellie went off to dreamland and danced jigs and sailed boats on seas of apple sauce with a ginger bread sailor for a captain.

BALKY.

BY GENE MOORE.

He had answered to the name of Balky since he was a baby, and had nearly forgotten that he had a right to any other. With his mother, father and little sister Nelly, he lived in one of the tenements that are a disgrace to the city of New York. Surrounded by vice from his earliest recollections, beaten by a father whose only thought was to obtain drink, Balky had reached the age of fourteen without getting into any serious trouble, owing to the teaching of his mother. She had even striven to teach honesty and uprightness to her children. Balky's greatest desire was to earn enough money to take his mother and sister out of their present surroundings. He hated to see his mother's face so sad, and to witness the shrinking of little Nelly when their father's stumbling footsteps sounded on the stair. But Balky found that, while it was easy to look for a job, it was hard to find one.

Nobody wanted such a shabby fellow. Many times he had been looked upon with suspicion and watched until he was safely in the street again. At night he came home, tired and hungry, with only a few pennies, the proceeds from newspapers which he sold on his quest for work. "It ain't no use being honest," he said, despairingly, one night, as he threw himself into a chair, tired, hungry and wet. "No one believes I'm honest. They think I'm a thief, so I might as well be one. I had

better take the job in the saloon old Billings offered me. I'd be earning something."

"And losing your chance of becoming an honest man," his mother answered, quickly. "Don't give up, Balky. 'It's a long lane that has no turn,' and honest always wins in the end."

He sat for a moment in sullen silence, then brightened up. "All right, mother," he said. "I'll get a job this week if trying will find it."

So, bright and hopeful, the next morning he started, and the programs of the preceding days were gone over, but with no better results. It was dark when he started for home, and he strode along, whistling merrily. Most of the stores were closed and dark, and the streets were nearly deserted, so when, passing a certain store, a man rushed out, nearly upsetting him, and disappeared around the corner, he was surprised. The store was dark, and the man left the door wide open behind him. Balky hesitated, paused, and finally went back to the store. Stopping, he peered in, trying to pierce the gloom beyond the door. Then, as no one was in sight, he grew more bold and, going to the door, looked in very cautiously.

At first he could see nothing, but as his eyes became accustomed to the dark he discovered that it was a jewelry store. The blinds were closely drawn, and the street was dark, so when Balky thought he saw a flash of light a little way from him he started in alarm. There was no one in sight, and no one in the store. Suddenly an overwhelming thought came to him. Here was a chance to get the means to take his mother and Nelly away! No one had seen him—he had only to steal in and take a few pieces, just a few. As this thought passed through his mind he went near the door and he saw again the little flash from within. He was puzzled but not frightened, for he heard not the slightest sound. Noiselessly he entered the store and stole toward the light, which as he drew near turned to red, while a dozen other little lights flashed from near the same place. He stood still and gasped. Jewels! Diamonds! "If these were mine mother could go away and have a nice new dress, and Nelly could have a coat like one worn by a little girl that lived in a big brick house on Fifth Avenue. They could give father some money and leave him behind, and have plenty to eat, a warm fire, and oh, so many things!" Balky's hand had nearly grasped the jewels, when he shivered and drew back. It would be stealing! His mother would not take them. He would be no better than his father, who cursed all day and drank all night. A hard battle between right and wrong raged in Balky's heart, then he drew his shabby little figure to its full height. No, his mother should see that he had not forgotten what she taught him; and shutting his lips tightly, without another glance at the jewels, he walked out of the store.

Still no one in sight. What should he do? Perhaps the man that had come out was a thief and was making his escape. At the thought Balky's face flushed hotly. Then closing the door, he walked rapidly up the street. He remembered passing a policeman, who surely could not

have gone far. Balky could run like a deer, so the two blocks were quickly traversed, and at the end of the next block was a policeman. Balky soon reached him, breathless and excited. At first the officer would pay no attention to him, but finally consented to go back to the store with him, and investigate the matter, himself.

Entering the store, the officer struck a match and looked around. Uttering an exclamation, he lighted one of the gas jets and then stooped over a dark object lying on the floor. Balky, who had followed, saw that it was a man with a blood-stained face, apparently unconscious. Upon investigation, it was learned that he was the proprietor of the store, Mr. Gibson. He had been knocked down by some unknown man, who came in as he was putting the jewels into the safe before closing the store. Evidently the man had become frightened, and, turning out the light, fled, as there was nothing missing.

After Balky's address had been taken he was allowed to go. Hurrying home, he acquainted his mother with his adventure.

The next morning, as Balky was eating his breakfast, there came a tap on the door, and Mr. Gibson, the jeweler, entered. "Don't that beat all!" muttered Balky, as Mr. Gibson inquired if he had employment, and if not, whether he would like to work in the jewelry store, as he was looking for such a boy to help him.

It was agreed that Balky should begin his duties the following day, to be paid four dollars a week and an increase if he suited. The face of Balky's mother was aglow with pride and joy as she turned to him after closing the door after Mr. Gibson. "I told you if you persisted you would find work."

"Yes, mother," Balky answered. "But I didn't find the job—it found me."

Balky was rapidly promoted, and soon earned the means to carry out his wishes regarding his mother and sister. His frankness, honesty and devotion to duty won him many friends.

A BACKSLIDER.

A minister's little girl and her playmate were talking about serious things. "Do you know what a backslider is?" she questioned.

"Yes; it's a person that used to be a faithful Christian and isn't," said the playmate promptly.

"But, why do you s'pose, they call them backsliders?"

"Oh, that's easy. You see, when people are good, they go to church and sit up in front. When they get a little tired of being good, they slide back a seat, and keep on sliding till they get clear back to the door. After a while they slide clear out, and never come to church at all."—Selected.

THE FIRST PRIMARY TEACHERS' CLASS

BY LILLIE T. FREEZE.

A forest grand from the acorn springs,
Fed by the sunshine, the rain and the winds.
The years creep by and a Nation sings
Of the mighty oak and the wealth it brings.

A Primary Class is a little thing
Inspired by faith, but a force will begin,
Nurtured by love, increased by prayer,
'Till a mighty structure is reared with care.

May the new born class yet prove to be
The root of wondrous primary tree;
Its branches spreading to ev'ry stake,
Where all may of its fruit partake.

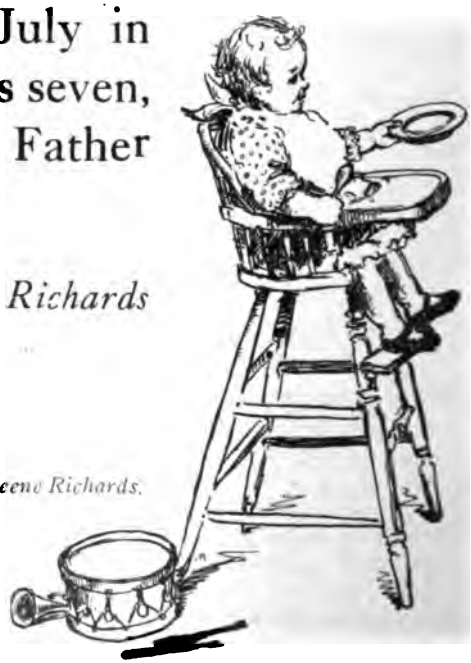
God bless our Pioneer Teachers' Class;
May it honored be as time shall pass,
For courage of faith has the pioneer
To bravely tread while others fear.

Rich be the harvest of seed now sown
For the generations yet unknown,
Till Zion shall sing in triumphant tone:
"See how the primary work has grown."

The Baby's Page

BABY DON likes sweet green peas, and says, "More, Mama, if you please!" Or that is what he tries to say, and Mama knows his "Ma la lay!" and gives him more, and Papa sees how well Don eats the sweet young peas. The fourth and twenty-fourth will come and Baby Don will beat his drum. July in the months counts seven, Keep us always, Father in Heaven.

—*L. Lula Greene Richards*



Sketch—Lee Greene Richards.

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

TO PRESIDENTS AND SECRETARIES.

At this writing, June 13, several stakes have failed to send in their monthly reports. While we are sensible of the many difficulties to be overcome, we again urge renewed zeal on the part of Stake officers, and trust that all local workers will profit by the example set them. As the forms are new this year, Stake aids should be instructed in the use of them. Fifteen minutes time spent with a delinquent local secretary may enable a visiting officer to bring a report away with her, thereby greatly assisting the Stake secretary.

Local reports should be made out the first meeting day in each month, and Stake reports should be in this office by the fifteenth; they are to be in the monthly, not quarterly. As secretaries are not always subscribers to THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, we suggest that instructions given in the Officers' Department of the magazine be read in the preparation meetings, both stake and local. In the case of a local worker failing to respond to the requirements made of her, kindly call the matter to the attention of the Bishop. It might be well to mail him a blank, asking him for the desired information. Please see that all wards are reported before sending in your statement to us, and where wards are disorganized or not holding meetings, record the fact. A six months' supply of report blanks were sent to each stake, sufficient to enable all secretaries, stake and local, to keep duplicate copies. Our new minute book, just issued, contains bound duplicates. It is unwise to record minutes on loose sheets of paper; all associations should be in possession of this book.

CONDENSED REPORT OF THE ELEVENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF PRIMARY WORKERS

Of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, Held in Salt Lake City, Utah, June 6, 7, 8, 1913.

The Primary Workers throughout the Church are to be congratulated and commended for the good results of their work which was made manifest during the late conference.

The attendance, while not so large as in 1912, was very gratifying, every Stake was represented but one, including the General Board there were, in answer to roll call, 744 officers present. This attendance indicates a desire, on the port of the workers, to be in sympathy and unity with the General Board, to take advantage of all opportunities that are offered for the advancement of the work, as well as demonstrating an

energy and an enthusiasm that speaks well for the healthy growth of the Primary work everywhere.

The annual report, printed elsewhere, is another evidence of the good work being accomplished by the workers, in every department, with one exception, there is a marked increase, the total enrollment showing an increase of 2,198 during the year 1912.

The addresses given were inspiring and full of suggestion for the uplift and development of the Primary ideals. Many words of commendation and comfort were said for the benefit of the Officers. There were many good speakers, whose kindness in giving time and the benefits of their valuable experiences were highly appreciated; the presence of some of the brethren of the Council of the Twelve added very much to the success of the conference, because of the satisfaction it gives to the sisters to know that the labors which they perform are recognized and approved by those in authority.

The music, under the direction of the Chorister of the General Board, Sister Emma Ramsey Morris, was a feature of all the sessions, the results which had been developed in the Primary Teachers' Class were of such a character as to inspire all who listened with the feeling that there would be a decided improvement in the general singing of the Primary associations when the methods of Sister Morris were put into practice with the children.

The Social was a success, the Deseret Gymnasium was nicely decorated and the costumes were a beautiful sight. When the Primary Teachers' Class, all dressed in crepe paper, of pretty color, and design, led by Apostle Hyrum Smith and President Louie B. Felt, marched around the hall there was a burst of applause from all present, and the verdict was that the costume party was indeed a success.

The program rendered on Sunday evening was especially good; it was well worked out, was interesting and instructive. The recitations in concert by the children of the Primary associations were very creditably given; the boys were from the Salt Lake Stake, director, Miss Dollie Ashton; the girls came from the Pioneer Stake, Miss Karma Thatcher, director.

Primary officers are invited to consider this part of the conference as being very suitable for a Sunday program for the associations. The music could be of a simpler character, the younger children do the concert work and the older ones give the talks on the life of David.

On account of the Primary Teachers' Class the General Board did not expect as large an attendance as usual, and because of the arduous labors of the members of the Board and the class it was deemed wise not to attempt much in the way of demonstration work for this conference, yet, now that it is over, it is the truth to say that the spirit of enthusiasm and good feeling on the part of all present at the conference bore testimony to the fine condition of the Primary associations throughout the Church and the General Board take this opportunity of thanking all who came, and with their presence and kindly feelings helped in the

general success, and to all those who gave of their talents so willingly and made possible a conference that was educational, uplifting and full of the spirit of the Gospel.

REPORT OF PRIMARY OFFICERS PRESENT AT THE CONFERENCE FOR 1913.

General Board 23

STAKES.

Alberta	1	Juab	7	Snowflake	2
Alpine	19	Juarez	1	South Sanpete	10
Bannock	7	Kanab	2	St. George	3
Bear Lake	15	Liberty	14	St. John	1
Bear River	6	Malad	2	Star Valley	2
Beaver	..	Maricopa	1	St. Joseph	4
Benson	15	Millard	12	Summit	5
Big Horn	2	Moapa	1	Taylor	2
Bingham	6	Morgan	3	Teton	2
Blackfoot	9	Nebo	10	Tooele	24
Box Elder	9	North Sanpete	4	Uintah	1
Cache	14	North Weber	8	Union	1
Cassia	10	Ogden	14	Utah	24
Carbon	5	Oneida	14	Wasatch	29
Davis	83	Panguitch	1	Wayne	4
Deseret	11	Parowan	3	Weber	20
Duchesne	1	Pioneer	33	Woodruff	23
Emery	1	San Juan	6	Yellowstone	9
Ensign	13	Pocatello	17	Young	3
Fremont	19	Rigby	9		
Granite	66	Salt Lake	40	Total	744
Hyrum	10	San Luis	1		
Jordan	18	Sevier	9		

REMARKS BY PRESIDENT LOUIE B. FELT,

Of the Primary Association, in the Tabernacle, June 8, 1913.

By brethren and sisters, while in my heart I shrink from this position, because of the timidity that I cannot overcome, I assure you that I would love to know that I may have your faith and prayers for the few moments that I shall stand before you. I feel it an honor to have this privilege, because I feel it a great honor to be numbered among those noble men and women with whom it is my pleasure to associate, and I pray that our Father in heaven will keep me humble, that I may always be found in the path of duty.

I feel proud to represent the great organization of the Primary work. I believe, my brethren and sisters, that we stand in numbers second in the Church, or at least in the auxiliary organizations in the Church. I believe the Sunday School outnumber us because they have them from the cradle to the grave. We are limited in our numbers from the age of four to fourteen years. But I am proud to state that we have officers and members, seventy thousand and four, enrolled in our work in the year 1912, and I believe if we were to search all over the world we could not find more energetic, hard working people than our officers in the Primary Association. They work with love as their motto. We have the little ones to deal with, and to me it is a most beautiful mission, "for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," and our officers are working for the uplifting of the children of God, and they have in their hearts a desire to accomplish good in their work.

I believe we have the honor to have the first class of workers ever called together here in our Church. We have had one hundred and thirty workers here for the last six weeks studying along the lines that we want our officers to work in. We have them from Canada to New Mexico. Fifty-six stakes were represented in our class, and I am proud to say that not one of them has gone astray in any way. They have been true, faithful, loyal, hard working sisters. And I ask our sister association and our brother association, that as we pass on our boys and girls into their association, that they will give to these sisters who have been here working so faithfully and so well their faith and prayers, that when they go back to their stake, that they may be able to remember and give out to those who will assemble together to be taught by them, that they may be able to teach what they have learned from their teachers here. Our teachers were members of the General Board, and I wish that all of you could have seen how well those classes were conducted, and what a great and good work they have done. Our Father in heaven has especially blessed us, and our stake officers who chose the sisters to come here, chose wisely and well. There were no frivolous ones among them. They were staid, earnest workers, and as we are indeed earnest in our work, as it is a work that is near and dear to our hearts we want to enthuse all who are interested in our work, that they may be faithful and true, and that love shall be their motto, and that God will bless every sister and every brother—for we have the brethren with us in our different stakes to assist and help us, we are glad to get all the help that can be given to us, and we are grateful to President Smith, that he has permitted the brethren to come in and help us in our labor of love.

I pray that God will bless and give to our beloved Prophet life, health and strength, that he may live as long as life is desirable to him, and that he may be blessed far beyond that which he may desire, and that we may all remain faithful and true, and that when we pass away we may meet with those who have gone before, who have been faithful and true.

God bless you, my brethren and sisters, and help us to do our duty here upon the earth, is my prayer in the name of Jesus. Amen.

SOME PRIMARY ASSOCIATION HISTORY.

Address By Lillie T. Freeze.

Eliza R. Snow was the secretary of the first Relief Society which was organized in Nauvoo. After its disbandment in Nauvoo there was no organization of women until the year 1866 when President Brigham Young called Sister Eliza R. Snow to take Sister Zina D. Young and travel throughout the Church to organize women in the Relief Society. Three hundred societies were soon organized, each doing a noble work.

In 1878 Aurelia Spencer Rogers was inspired to think of a society for the children, especially the boys who seemed to be growing up without the best of supervision. The matter was brought to the attention of Eliza R. Snow, who was much impressed with the thought; in company with Emmeline B. Wells she went to President John Taylor, laid the matter before him, received his approval to organize and went to work.

On the 11th of August of the same year Aurelia Spencer Rogers was set apart to preside over the first Primary organization in the Church, this organization was in Farmington, Utah. In a sisters meeting held in the Fourteenth Ward Assembly Hall, September 14, 1878, Louie B. Felt was nominated by Eliza R. Snow to preside over the first Primary organized in Salt Lake City, in the Eleventh Ward.

In 1869 President Brigham Young organized his daughters into a society which was known as the Retrenchment Association and which later came to be known as the Y. L. M. I. A. The sisters were filled with the spirit of organization and the work went on with such zeal, it grew and spread until it was deemed necessary to organize Central Boards, as they were then called, to control the interests of the growing local and stake associations. Accordingly on the 18th of June in the year 1880, the Relief Society held a meeting in the Assembly Hall, Mary I. Horne presiding. On the day following, at 10 o'clock in the morning, a meeting of the Primary associations of the city was held in the Tabernacle, the middle seats of which were filled with children. The first business transacted was to nominate a President and Counselors over the Salt Lake Stake Primary Associations. Ellen Spencer Clawson, a sister of Aurelia S. Rogers, was sustained as President with Camilla C. Cobb and Annie Davis as Counselors.

Sister Eliza R. Snow then nominated Mrs. Louie B. Felt as General President to preside over all the Primary associations in all the Stakes of Zion, which was unanimously accepted. Mrs. Matilda M. Barrett and Clara M. Cannon were sustained as counselors to President Felt. Mrs. Lillie T. Freeze was appointed as secretary and Minnie Felt as treasurer.

President John Taylor then addressed the congregation, blessing the children and the sisters with Eliza R. Snow at their head.

Mrs. Mary I. Horne moved and Mrs. Sarah M. Kimball seconded the motion that President John Taylor publicly appoint Eliza R. Snow as President of all the Relief Societies. She was then nominated by President John Taylor and was sustained as President. Eliza R. Snow then chose Zina D. Young and Elizabeth Ann Whitney as her counselors, and they were sustained by the conference, also Sarah M. Kimball as secretary and Mary I. Horne as treasurer.

Saturday afternoon, June 19th, 1880 the conference was held in the Assembly Hall, Mary A. Freeze presiding.

On motion of Eliza R. Snow, the Central Board of the Y. L. M. I. A. was organized. Elnima S. Taylor was sustained as President, with Maggie Y. Taylor and Martha Horne as counselors, Louise Wells as Secretary and Fanny Y. Thatcher as treasurer. Thus we see that all of the General Boards of the Womens Organizations and the Stake Board of the Salt Lake Stake Primary Associations were organized at the same conference. The General Board of the Primary Associations was organized first and Louie B. Felt has been the only President, having held the position for 33 years, including the two years of work done previous to her appointment as General President she has labored for the children for 35 years. Thus we note that Louie B. Felt has stood shoulder to shoulder with the great women of this age, magnifying her position with gentle and loving dignity; with unswerving loyalty to God and His priesthood; working for the highest ideals in the spiritual progress of the children of Zion. Too much cannot be said in her honor, but her life history will be written hereafter.

We are very much indebted to Emmeline B. Wells, General President of the Relief Societies, who as editor of the Women's Exponent, has preserved for us the most authentic history of the womans organizations in the Church; her personal labors in behalf of all of them have been and are invaluable to the Saints. In the early days, there were a host of women who worked with the utmost zeal and devotion in establishing the different departments of womens work. Their labors were not confined, as now, to special work, but all helped each other, in traveling, giving counsel, and encouragement and in the splendid examples which were manifested in their daily lives.

I have gone into detail trying to record correct history, now so hard to obtain, of the first few years, but now that "Like Sketches by Aurelia S. Rogers and "THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND" may be kept in every association for future reference, I hope the history of the Primary work will be better understood.

At the end of the first decade there were 17,434 children enrolled. They had been taught to sing and pray alone, and in concert; to stand up and bear testimonies to the truth, answer questions on many subjects, boys and girls were called on to open and dismiss meetings, to pray in concert, to keep the Word of Wisdom, to pay tithings, and many other things for their improvement.

Now the work is more systematic but we are still building on these foundations of earlier years.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PRIMARY ASSOCIATION

Of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, for the year ending December 31, 1912.

	1911	1912
Number of Associations in Church	732	755
Number of Associations reported	705	706
Number of General Board Officers	28	28
Number of Stake officers	742	780
Number of Local officers	8,931	8,818
Number of boys of Primary age	37,524	37,814
Number of girls of Primary age	41,798	41,901
Total number of children of Primary age	79,322	79,715
Number of regular meetings held	24,783	25,866
Number of regular meetings not held	8,547	8,890
Number of preparation meetings held	12,343	12,175
Number of Sunday conferences held	563	530
Number of special meetings held	973	1,025
Number of visitors during the year	16,640	19,893

ENROLLMENT.

	Boys.		Girls.	
	1911	1912	1911	1912
First Grade	5,931	6,342	7,970	8,125
Second Grade	5,549	5,643	7,138	7,305
Third Grade	5,244	5,404	7,231	7,540
Fourth Grade	4,403	4,444	6,472	6,517
Fifth Grade	2,790	2,991	5,377	5,917
Totals	23,917	24,849	34,188	35,429

	1911	1912
Total number of children enrolled	58,105	60,278
Total number of officers and children	67,806	70,004

AVERAGE ATTENDANCE.	1911	1912
Stake officers	448	493
Local officers	5,028	5,073
Boys	8,815	9,729
Girls	16,021	17,231
Total	30,312	32,526

Number children enrolled whose parents are not Church members 1,289

Number children enrolled one of whose parents is not a Church member 1,810

Number children not enrolled at end of year 17,859

ENTERTAINMENTS.	1911	1912
Number of dances	1,087	1,126
Socials	1,154	1,107
Concerts	1,253	249
Fairs	128	172

LIBRARY REPORT.	1911	1912
Children's books	5,287	5,426
Song books	6,781	7,254
Officers' books	4,013	4,810
Number books loaned from library	4,686	4,366
Number officers taking *Children's Friend*	5,291	5,110
Number members taking *Children's Friend*	1,373	1,133

FINANCIAL REPORT.

Receipts.

Balance on hand last report	$ 6,052.39
Received during the year 1912	19,548.56
Total receipts	$25,600.86

Disbursements.

Nickel Fund	$ 2,753.64
Hospital Fund	1,072.96
Temples	162.24
Stake Houses or Tabernacles	464.60
Ward Meeting Houses	4,623.79
Schools and Academies	287.50
Missionaries	295.30
Charities	774.26
Books	3,600.42
Other properties	1,373.74
Other purposes	6,113.86
Total disbursements	$21,522.31
Cash on hand December 31	$ 4,078.55
Total	$25,600.86

REPORT OF STAKE BOARDS.

Number meetings of Stake Boards	1,378
Number meetings of Stake and Local Officers	639
Number visits made by Stake Boards	4,615

FINANCIAL REPORT OF STAKE BOARDS.

Received by Stake Boards during year 1912	$6,394.05
Cash disbursed since last report	5,618.92

STORIES TRUE AND FALSE.

BY HOWARD R. DRIGGS.

The child very frequently asks the story teller this question, "Is it true?" and the story teller is put to her wits' end to know just how to answer the question. The mother is distressed when the child asks, "Is there a Santa Claus?" A good many parents have been very much perturbed when teachers in the district schools have given to children stories that seemed to them false, untrue—absurd, in fact. Parents have, very legitimately, questioned the right of the teacher to impose upon the child some of these stories.

I want to face with you today, squarely, the problem, "What are true stories, and what stories are false?" I think it is a child's right to have stories that are true. But I do not believe that we have any right, on the other hand, to limit a child to the story that is simply true to fact. If we do this we shall leave out the parables of Christ as well as a great many other wonderfully true stories that are not true to fact and yet they are true.

There are different kinds of true stories. A story may be true to fact; it may actually have happened, and everything in the story is just as it did happen so far as the story teller has the power to present it to you.

A story may be true to fact and may be a good story, but simply because it is true to fact is no sign that it is a good story. There are other ways in which a story may be true. A story may be true to life without being true to fact; and a story may be true to truth.

The story of the "Bird's Christmas Carol" by Kate Douglas Wiggins, the story of "The Great Stone Face" by Hawthorne, and a thousand other stories that I might mention are not true to fact. The events in them probably never happened except in the mind of the one who created them. At the same time, we cannot discard these stories because they are true to life and they may help us to interpert life far better than we could without them. Many a story has opened the eyes of the world to a condition and has helped to solve that condition.

I think nothing has ever done more to bring about the proper observation of the Spirit of Christmas than Charles Dickens' "Christmas Carol" and yet, his characters are all created; nobody can read that wonderful story without having a greater love for his fellow men, and a stronger desire to be more charitable. Such a story is true to life.

The story may also be true to truth. It may bring to the mind of the one who hears it, some truth, illuminated, held up in the great light

which a story can throw upon a truth. The parables of Christ are instances of this. As I tried to point out to you yesterday, it was an oriental habit to teach the truths of life by means of stories. People can remember a great truth when it is clothed in flesh and blood; when it is put into living, breathing form. We can remember the truth that is taught in the Prodigal Son, far longer because it comes to us in the form of human beings in action.

I understand that your problem is somewhat different from the problem of the day school teacher. One of the things upon which you lay stress in your primary work is the spiritual upbuilding of the child. Some people would say that you want to give him a moral story, but I rather believe that when you take that word "moral" in its narrow significance, that you want to do more than teach him morals; you wish to give him a real spiritual uplift.

Now, sometimes, a moral story, strictly speaking, defeats its own purpose. The moral story may be very good, but if its moral is the only thing, then you are likely to disgust the child with it. If the story is good in spite of the moral, you are likely to get the truth pretty well impressed in the child's mind. In his parables, Christ does not insist on the moral.

There are three kinds of stories from the moral stand-point: the moral story; the immoral story; and there is the unmoral story. The immoral story, we certainly do not want. The moral story, is the one which, in your work, will receive and should receive the most emphasis. There may be a place for the unmoral story too even in your work. The story of "Little Black Sambo," the story of "The Three Bears," the story of "The Ginger-bread Man," the story of the "Wonderful Wizard of Oz," and other like stories are told simply because they give entertainment—because they are beautiful. Such stories may be given sometimes, simply as a rest exercise. They do not mean to teach a moral.

Sometimes the teacher should put a rose or other flower on her table. Why? Is there any moral in the rose? Is there any moral in the snow capped mountains? No, they are simply beautiful, that is all, and beauty is its own excuse for being.

A beautiful story may have a spiritual uplift which we cannot measure, and yet, it may carry no special moral. We don't plant lawns in front of our houses because of any moral they teach us. And do we clean up, of a Sunday because of any moral in that act? In it is something that makes us better. If we can get the child to live in an atmosphere of perpetual beauty, we have gone a long way in teaching him to take a delight in things godly, because God is beautiful.

There are some kinds of so-called moral stories that I think embody an untruth. Here is an illustration: "Johnny was a good little boy. Jimmie was a bad little boy. Johnny always cleaned up and went

to Sunday School whenever his mother said so, and he was always ready and on time, he never gave the teacher any trouble, he was really the ideal little boy. Jimmy was a little ruffian who paid no attention to anybody except himself. When Johnnie's mother got him ready for Sunday School and started him off, Jimmy said, "Where are you goin'?" "To Sunday School." "Do you think I'd go to that place! Let's go fishin'." "Mama sent me to Sunday School, and I'm going." But finally Jimmy overrules Johnny's objections and they go fishing. They must cross a creek, and when they were crossing, Johnny fell into the creek and was drowned. That's what comes from disobeying your parents and not going to Sunday School."

I haven't very much faith in the efficiency of a "made to order" story like that. It isn't true. That isn't what happens nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand. The thing that happens usually, is that Jimmy and Johnny get a good string of fish and have a good time. If you think you are going to beguile children into the kingdom of Heaven by leading them by an empty nose-sack, you may find yourselves mistaken. You can get them once, but you won't get them a second time. There are better ways to lead a child to do right.

The following illustrates a really true moral story: "There was a little boy who could not be held down. He was always running out and giving his mother a great deal of worry for fear that he might get into trouble. She feared it so much that one time she hit upon the plan of keeping that little boy very close by her. She tied him to her with a long aprong string. He did not feel so bad for the first few hours. It was a kind of novelty to be tagging up his mother; but after a time it became rather irksome to the child. The mother did not give up the plan, however. She could not afford to give her time chasing her son, and she held him there for several days until, one day he picked up the scissors, and when his mother was not looking, he clipped the string, slipped out of the door and ran out into the fields completely at his freedom. He picked flowers and had the finest time of his life. In the midst of his rambles, while he was chasing the sunshine and trying to get the flowers, he finally found he had wandered so far that he came to the mountain side. It seemed that higher up the flowers were prettier than he had ever seen before. He saw, hanging over a large cliff, the most beautiful blossoms he had ever seen yet. He reached to get them, slipped and fell, but just as he was about to be plunged over the face of the cliff to his destruction, something caught and held him. When he pulled himself back, he found that he had been saved by his mother's apron string."

I want to ask you, "Is it true?"

It isn't true to fact, and it may not be exactly true to life, though I think it is—not all of its details, but in most of them—but "Is it not true to truth?" Do you know of any little boys and girls who have been tied with golden apron strings to their mother's hearts when they

were so young that they could not wander away? Do you know that when they have got out into life where they have been left to themselves to chase butterflies and gather the pleasures of the world, that they have often strayed on the edge of the precipice? Do you know that they have sometimes almost been plunged down to destruction when something held them; when the thought of mother or home just kept them from going over. Yes, you know it.

The trouble with most of the stories portrayed in cheap books, in plays, and in the moving picture is that they are distorted—untrue. They are not true to fact, nor true to life, nor true to truth. They are simply a steeple chase of sensation. There is "something doing." Most of the stories that the boys and girls are reading in the magazines and in the cheaper books—and sometimes in the more expensive books—are untrue.

I was asked by a mother not long since to tell her what I thought of a certain series of books. I said I didn't know them. A few days afterwards I happened to be passing through one of our grades in the training school and I picked up a book from the desk of a pupil. It happened to be one of the Motor Boy series. I took a taste of it. You do not have to eat all of a bad egg to know it is bad. One taste was enough. There was "something doing." Every chapter was a thrill similar to that which one gets for unwholesome, over-seasoned food. Many people hide the bad taste of their food with seasoning. It is the same with some stories. The writer hides the bad taste with seasoning. If you are not careful you will not recognize it. If you read them for years and years, you are sure to have a disordered brain just as the stomach is disordered and dissatisfied if you put unwholesome, highly-seasoned food in it.

This is the type of story that is feeding too much the brains of our boys. There is another type that is feeding the brains of our girls. Some girl goes to the city. She becomes a maid to some rich person, and during the time she is working for this person, his son happens to be out riding when his horse throws him off and breaks his leg. The girl helps nurse the injured man. The kindness ripens into a very desperate love affair. And then the father commands the girl to leave his presence forever. You have seen it on the stage. The girl flees from the door and the boy is broken-hearted. Then there comes more chapters of trouble and tribulation. Finally it develops that this girl is the daughter of Duke De Maupassant, or some other terrible fellow, and the father is reconciled, and they are married and live happy ever after.

Stories of this sort furnish just two things that captivate the child's mind. The first one is action. The second is sensation. But many people will say, "It has a good moral. This boy is brave, helps the poor and does other commendable acts. The trouble lies right here: they are fundamentally false. The thing that most of these stories do is to bring the child face to face with a real difficulty, and then by some trick of fortune, land him in the lap of luxury—luxury that he has not earned. This feeds the growing desire on the part of boys and

girls in this country to acquire something for nothing. There are thousands of boys and girls today who are willing to sacrifice even honor for luxury. There are girls who will throw aside a boy because he cannot dress in the latest fads, because he cannot follow all the foibles of society—send the roses and "Pink Lady" Chocolates just at the right moment, or who will not spend half his salary to treat her to ice cream sodas. He has too much sense.

Contrast with this the well-known story of Cinderella. It is a fairy story, but is it true? "It is truer than the false stuff that I have just been relating." It is true to truth. Let us see just how. Here is the central truth. It is true that true worth will rise; will one day find its own. It may not be in just the same way that Cinderella found her own, and we may have no magic about it, but this is one of God's eternal truths—true worth will find its own. The girl who accepts the work of life that comes to her in the spirit that Cinderella accepted it, will one day come to her own. In the olden days the reward of every girl who was worthy was a prince. I wish that every worthy girl today could find a prince. I wish she could find a real prince. It is my sorrow as I think of it that too many princes of Zion are being corrupted by the ways of the world. Another trouble is, too many girls do not find their princes, because they do not know how to tell a prince when they see him. They think the real prince has to wear cuffs on his arms and sometimes on his trousers, and they think that he has to walk the streets in dancing pumps while his father does the chores. Boys too often think that a real princess is one who lies on the sofa and reads a dime dovel while her mother washes the dishes. If you want to discover a real prince you should see him in his working clothes when he is not looking. If you would find a real princess you are more likely to discover her in the kitchen than in the parlor.

Another interesting truth is this: the Cinderella slipper will fit only the right one.

There is one other kind of story I don't want you to forget, and that is the story that has been lived by the real heroes and the real heroines of our great West. Our pioneer forefathers and mothers have given us some of the finest stories that the world has ever seen. These stories are true. There are romantic situations that have been developed in the pioneering of this country which would make novels like those of Scott, Dickens, Irving and others. All they lack is the hand to create the form for it. We should learn to recognize the heroism of our every-day lives. Some people cannot recognize a hero until he is dead. Sometimes we stand so close to the mountains that you see nothing but the crags and cliffs. When you stand off fifty miles then the same mountains are shrouded in purple.

I discovered a story recently, which I think is a real contribution to the world's interesting tales. It is the story of a little boy who came to Grantsville in 1850. The habit of the people in the state was to feed the Indians rather than fight them, and the Bishop of Grantsville thought that if the Indians were going to be fed they should be trained

to work a little for their living. So many families took an Indian family to work for them. It happened that little Nick Wilson's father had got an old Indian with a squaw and papoose. They put the two little boys to herding sheep together on the mountains. During the years they lived together in the Wilson household, Nick learned the Indian language. During this time Chief Washakie came into the Mormon settlements with his terrible tribe to trade buckskins and buffalo robes for other things. His mother had lost two of her boys in a snowslide. The old squaw so longed for her boys that she almost lost her reason. She would go out on the snowslide and dig until the Indians had to drag her away from it. During her anxiety she had a dream. She dreamed that one of the boys came to her and he was white. So when these Indians came down and found little Nick Wilson, they thought that there was the boy for the squaw. They set themselves to lure him away from home, and they began Indian fashion, to win the boy's confidence. They painted up the Indian life and got him in love with a pinto pony, and finally, when he asked for the pony, they told him, "If you will come with us you can have it." The boy hesitated two or three days. Finally he yielded to the temptation. They made a plan and met him out of Grantsville and took him to the Indian mother. For two years that boy lived in the home of Chief Washakie as the adopted son of his mother. The story in full has now been published. It is one that will captivate old and young. It is a true story—a tale of adventure in the great West.*

This is only one instance of the many, many beautiful stories that have been worked out in the pioneer lives of this community. It seems to be a sacred duty for you to gather stories of your mothers and fathers, to preserve these stories. This is one of the choicest heritages we have—the stories of our ancestors. They have left behind a record of fortitude and courage that is sublime. Find true stories. They may have been worked out in these real lives, or they may have been created by master writers. They may be true to fact, true to life, true to truth. Make sure that they are true, that you are not teaching the child the semblance of truth on a false foundation.

*"Uncle Nick Among the Shoshones."

The human race is divided into two classes,—those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit still and inquire, "Why wasn't it done the other way?"—*Holmes.*

The most beautiful rose-colored cloud ever seen is only a clammy fog when one reaches the center of it . The rose-colored dreams some boys and girls have of pleasure and excitement would not be pleasant at all if they actually were realized. Our best happiness is not in the clouds, but at home and in our daily lives.—Selected.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Subject for the Month: Truthfulness

THE LESSON HOUR.

LESSON TWENTY-NINE.

SUGGESTIONS FOR ALL THE TEACHERS.

Chapter seven in Character by Smiles gives some excellent reasons on the principle of truth and explains its close relationship to duty. A clear understanding of one's duty to another necessitates being true and truthful in all the relations of human intercourse. Primary teachers should be able to teach by example and precept the great value of truth.

A number of illustrations will be given in the lessons, to emphasize the force of the truth and the teachers are urged to add to them from personal or acquired knowledge to make them full of suggestion and opportunity for the development of truth in word, thought and deed.

Read the suggestions given for each grade, using all that is useful.

FIRST GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text: Character, by Smiles, chapter 7.
Bible: Life of Christ.

Other Materials.

Memory Gem.
Games.
Songs.
Pictures.
Rest Exercises.

Aim.

Truth in word, thought and deed will perfect character in this life and entitle one to salvation hereafter.

Illustration.

"The Bird That Told." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 10, page 318.

Suggestions for the Teacher. The review may be a very complete retelling of the last lesson, as it will mean more to the children if they can be helped to understand that it is right to do as many things as possible to help others to be happy, that doing one's best as well as one's most is being true. Care should be taken in talking about untruths to little children, sometimes their imaginations are so vivid they tell the most extraordinary things that they are liable to be misunderstood. Never accuse little children of lying, but help them to feel the value of truth. The new material will help in suggesting the lesson truth. Speak about the Savior, with reverence in tone and attitude, refer in a general way to His actions, how He went about being kind and doing good whenever there was an opportunity. How He promised nice things and how truly the promises came to pass. The story given for the illustration will help to impress the necessity for truth.

Poem. "The Boy Who Never Told a Lie."

Once there was a little boy with curly hair and pleasant eye—
A boy who always told the truth, and never, never told a lie.
And when he trotted off to school the children about would cry
"There goes the curly-headed boy—the boy that never tells a lie."
And everybody loved him so, because he told the truth,
That every day as he grew up, 'twas said, "There goes the honest youth."
And when the people that stood near would turn to ask the reason why,
The answer would be always this: "Because he never tells a lie."

—Selected.

Memory Gem.

"Children, do you love each other?
Are you always kind and true?
Do you always do to others
As you'd have them do to you?"

SECOND GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text: Character, by Smiles, chapter 7.
Bible: Story of the Rainbow.

Other Materials.

Memory Gem.
Games.
Songs.
Pictures.
Rest Exercises.

Aim.

Truth in word, thought and deed will perfect character in this life and entitle one to salvation hereafter.

Illustration.

"Who Stole the Peanuts." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 2, page 439.

Suggestions for the Teacher. Telling the truth is one's duty, so the review may be very full, use most of the material from the last lesson and emphasize the new thought as you use it. Speak reverently of the sacredness of God's word, use the incident of the flood and rainbow to illustrate how surely and beautifully divine promises are kept. The story given for the illustration will help to show the value of always telling the truth.

Memory Gem.

Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie.
The fault that needs it most, grows two thereby.

Poem. "General Washington."

When General Washington was young, about as big as I,
He never would permit his tongue to tell a wilful lie.

Once when he cut his father's tree, he owned it to his face;
And then his father ardently clasped him in his embrace.

He told his son it pleased him more to find him own the truth,
Than if his tree were bending o'er with rich and golden fruit.

Then like this good and noble youth, whose virtues ever shone,
We'll seek the paths of love and truth, and all our faults will own.

—Unknown.

THIRD GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text: Character, by Smiles, chapter 7.
Bible: The Exodus from Egypt.

Other Materials.

Memory Gem.
Poem.
Songs.
Pictures.

Aim.

Truth in word, thought and deed will perfect character in this life and entitle one to salvation hereafter.

Illustration.

"On Trial." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 5, page 412.

Suggestions for the Teacher. Use all of the material given last month in the review. Help the children to understand the principles of truth in things they do as well as in words they use. Tell briefly the Bible story, using it to show how wonderfully the Master acts out the truth, and though it may take time the promises of the Lord are surely fulfilled. The story, "On Trial," is a good illustration of courage in doing one's duty and sticking to the truth even when there is great temptation to do otherwise.

Memory Gem.

If wisdom's ways you wisely seek,
  Five things observe with care;
To whom you speak, of whom you speak,
  And how, and when, and where.

—Selected.

Poem.

"If I have spoken any words
  Which may do harm to-day;
If I have said an unkind thing,
  Forgive it now, I pray,
From lying lips I would be free,
And keep them pure and true for Thee."

FOURTH GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text: Character, by Smiles, chapter 7.
Bible: The Blessings of the Gospel. Mark 16:17.

Other Materials.

Questions.
Memory Gem.
Poem.
Quotations.

Aim.

Truth in word, thought and deed will perfect character in this life and entitle one to salvation hereafter.

Illustration.

"The Journey that Jeff Made." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 10, page 569.

Suggestions for the Teacher. Truth is a duty, and duty often needs the exercise of self-control, so the teacher will do well to review the two previous lesson subjects to emphasize the value of truth. Speak of the value of divine truth, use the blessings of the Gospel to illustrate how the Lord keeps His word to all who are faithful and true.

Questions.

What is duty?

What is meant by saying "always speak the truth."

What does the word truthfulness mean?

Does truthfulness always refer to words?

How does it apply to actions?

How is it possible to lie with a look? An expression on the face? A nod of the head? By an action?

How may words and actions be contradictions?

Why is the habit of being truthful an important one?

How does truthfulness in words and actions inspire confidence?

How could a reputation for truthfulness have value in the business world?

What is your feeling towards a person who always speaks and acts the truth?

Memory Gem.

One of the sublimest things in the world is plain truth.—Bulwer.

Poem.

True worth is in being, not seeming—
  In doing, each day that goes by,
Some little good; not in the dreaming
  Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever we say in our blindness,
  And in spite of the fancies of youth,
There is nothing so kingly as kindness,
  And nothing so royal as truth.

—Alice Cary.

Quotations.

Proverbs 12:17-19; 19:5; Ephesians 4:25.

FIFTH GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text: Character, by Smiles, chapter 7.

Bible: The Fulfillment of Promise. Daniel, 2nd chapter.

Other Materials.

Questions.
Memory Gem.
Poem.
Quotations.

Aim.

Truth in word, thought and deed will perfect character in this life and entitle one to salvation hereafter.

Illustration.

"How Ruth Lost and Won." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 9, page 525.

Suggestions for the Teacher. Review carefully the main points in the last two lessons to make clear the thought of duty, the necessity for self-control and the close relationship of truth to all the actions of daily life. Read the suggestions and questions given for the fourth grade, perhaps you will want to use some of them. Discuss reverently the meaning of "God is truth." Relate briefly the dream of Nebuchadnezzar and the interpretation by Daniel. Tell a little about the restoration of the Gospel, how the stone that was cut out of the mountains without hands has grown into the great Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Bear your testimony to the children of the fulfillment of the great prophecy, and to the truthfulness of God's word.

Questions.

Use some from the fourth grade.

What is an exaggeration?

How could exaggeration become a habit?

What is your opinion of a person who has the habit of exaggeration?

Name some of the common exaggerations, such as: "I thought I would die laughing," etc.

What is the meaning of this, "A promise neglected is an untruth told?"

Explain this commandment, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

Memory Gem.

Just to be true is to triumph. Any kind of lie is bound to fail in the long run.—Exchange.

Poem. "Three Gates of Gold."

If you are tempted to reveal a tale
Some one to you has told
About another,

Make it pass, before you speak,
Three Gates of Gold—
Three narrow gates:
First, Is it true? Then, Is it needful?
And the next is last and narrowest, Is it kind?
And, if at last, to leave your lips,
It passes through
These gateways three,
Then you the tale may tell,
Nor fear what
The result may be.

—Selected.

Quotations.
Psalms 15:2; Zechariah 8:16; Proverbs 12:22.

LESSON THIRTY.

THE BUSY HOUR.

BALLS AND BEAN BAGS.

Suggestions for the Teacher. The First and Second Grades are to make the balls. The teachers should prepare the cardboards and have yarn and needles all ready, the children to do the winding only. It will be necessary for the teachers to cut the yarn around the edges after the winding by the children, also to tie the twine around the center. The ball should be made in the preparation meeting so that the teacher knows exactly how to make a good ball.

In the Third, Fourth and Fifth Grades bean bags are to be made. The materials should be cut and needles threaded, all ready at the beginning of the meeting.

Directions for Making Yarn Balls. Take two circular pieces of cardboard about four inches in diameter. Cut in the center of each a hole as large as a dime, and then thread a needle with a long piece of yarn. Have the yarn thread very long, and have it doubled.

Lay the two pieces of cardboard together, and put the needle through the hole again and again, bringing it around the outer edge of the cardboard until the yarn is all used up. Then thread your needle again, fasten the new yarn neatly to the old, and repeat the performance until the hole is entirely filled up, and the cardboard covered by a great puff of yarn.

Now carefully slip one point of a pair of scissors through the yarn at the outer rim of the circles and between the two cards and cut the yarn all around the edge. Then separating the cards slightly, tie a

strong, fine bit of twine between them and tightly round the yarn center.

Then tear off the cardboards and the yarn will spring into shape, making a round, soft, fluffy ball. If need be, trim it a bit, here and there, with the scissors, to insure a true shape. The ball may be of one or two colors; or all colors may be used, making a bright, gay effect that will please the children.

Directions for Making Bean Bags. Bean bags should be made of heavy, closely woven material, such as ticking, awning, duck, or denim, and should be from 6 to 12 inches square when finished. They are stitched around the outer edge (except for a small length through which the beans are inserted). The bag should then be turned and stitched a second time. The bag is filled with dried beans or peas. A bag 6 inches square should contain one-half pound of these. Larger bags may contain more, but the half pound weight is good for any sized bag. It is desirable to have two colors for each grade, as that helps in team work.

The bags and balls should be kept by the officers until after the Social Hour, when ball games and bean bag contests will be played.

LESSON THIRTY-ONE.

THE SOCIAL HOUR.

Suggestions for the Teacher. The teachers should use this opportunity to impress the lesson for the month. Playing fair and honestly is telling the truth. To respect the meeting house, its contents, the teachers and each other, is to be true to our Church and the principles of truth. Be sure to have perfect order, be reverential in the opening and closing exercises.

Preliminary Music.
Prayer.
Singing.
Story on Truth.
Singing Game. "Kull Dansen," Popular Folk Dances.

Ball Games for First and Second Grades from Games for the Playground.

Teacher and Class, page 316.
Itiskit, Itasket, (use ball instead of handkerchief), page 268.
Bean Bag Circle, (use balls instead of bean bags), page 305.
Catch Basket, page 307.

Bean Bag Games for Third, Fourth and Fifth Grades, from Games for the Playground.

The games should be played in groups.
Bag Pile, page 303.
Bean Bag Board, page 304.
Hand Over Head Bean Bag, page 310.
Pass and Toss Relay, page 314.

Singing Game. "Jolly Is the Miller." Old and New Singing Games.

Recitation of Memory Gems.
Singing.
Benediction.

LESSON THIRTY-TWO.

THE STORY HOUR.

Suggestions for the Teacher. A number of Primary Officers have requested that during the reading of the stories the children be permitted to do some of the busy work which has been suggested. There is no objection to such a plan if proper order can be maintained.

The opening and closing exercises should be properly and reverently observed. Opportunities should be made to discuss the stories to bring out the thought of the month. Stories may be selected from back numbers of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, or from books in the library or in the possession of the teachers which fit the subject of truth in thought, word, or deed.

FIRST GRADE.

Stories. Chicken Little, Household Stories, page 37; or,
Picture Books; or,
Ginger Bread and Spices and Other Things; or
The Stolen Blue Dress, both in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

SECOND GRADE.

Stories. The Honest Woodman, Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories, page 17; or,
Little George Washington, The Story Hour, page 115; or,
The Boy Who Cried Wolf, Stories to Tell to Children, page 68; or,
The Cookey, How to Tell Stories, page 144; or,
The Gold Basket; or,
The Honesty of Elinor, both in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

THIRD GRADE.

Stories. The Pied Piper of Hamelin Town, How to Tell Stories, page 145; or,
Moni, the Goat Boy; or,
Patsy and the Policeman; or
Don't Act a Lie, both in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

FOURTH GRADE.

Stories. The Blind Brother; or,
The Truth Saves a Life; or,
A Bargain Is a Bargain, both in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

FIFTH GRADE.

Stories. Boy Scouts of Woodcraft Camp; or,
Helen Over the Wall; or,
Milly's Temptation; or,
The Surety, both in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

TAKE IT WITH YOU.

"I hope you'll have a pleasant time, son," said I, as the latter was starting out to spend the evening.

"Thank you; I always do, for I take it with me," was the reply.

And that is a great big secret. Most people wish to have a good time. And that's right. But so many of them seem to fail. Why don't they take it with them? They can; they should. The good time is you. It is with you as to whether you have good neighbors and find pleasant people everywhere you go. The glory of the heavens, the gorgeousness of the sunrise and the sunset, the sweetness of bird songs, the beauty of waving trees and blooming flowers, the very goodness of God itself—all are in you, all depend on what you have brought with you.

What kind of time do you want to have? It rests with you. Will you walk in clear light or stumble along in gloom? Will you be strong and joyous, or weak and sad? It rests with you.—*Brotherhood Star.*

PEGGY LOOKED WITH A HALF-SMILE AT THE CONDUCTOR.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

Vol. 12 AUGUST 1913 No. 8

LITTLE PRINCESS WISLA.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE CONDUCTOR ON THE NORTHERN.

The wag of a little dog's tail and a broken coral bead might not mean much, but Phi made up his mind, as the hot tears dried upon his cheeks, that he would tell his mother all about them. Phi and his mother were great friends. He told to her more than he would have told to anybody in the world.

He had been warned not to tell her anything that would arouse false hopes about Peggy, and he had kept entirely to himself the water-soaked hair ribbon that might drive her to despair. But he felt that he *must* know what she would think about the little dog that seemed so much like Stumpy and about the broken bead picked up where an Indian canoe had stopped.

But as Phi reached his own door Dr. Brooks was coming out with a very serious face.

"Your mother has broken down, Phi," he said. "The strain and grief have been more than she could bear. She must be kept as quiet as possible and you must be a very wise boy and not tell her anything that can agitate her."

Phi swallowed a great choking lump in his throat. His father had gone away to see whether a little girl lost in New York state could possibly be Peggy. There had been a report of a little girl carried off on the steamboat on the day of Peggy's disappearance. Now every lost little girl caused a thrill of hope and, all over the country, people were hired to look into every report.

Had he anything to tell?

He hesitated only a moment after the lump was swallowed.

"I want to tell *you* something, Dr. Brooks, if I can't tell it to mama,' 'he said.

Dr. Brooks put his hand on Phi's shoulder in a fatherly way and told him to jump into his carriage. He was going in haste to visit another patient, but he listened carefully to Phi's story.

"Don't you remember Jo Peebles who used to live in the little red house down by the ferry?" he asked.

Phi could not for a moment remember Jo Peebles or think what he could have to do with finding Stumpy.

"He used to work in your father's ship-yard," the doctor went on. "Now he is a conductor on that northern railway. The Indians will camp in the woods tonight and strike the H——— station at seven o'clock tomorrow morning. Jo will be on board. He probably knows Stumpy—the dog was always around the ship-yard—and he knows—Peggy."

Dr. Brooks looked at Phi as he pronounced the name, Peggy, and Phi's heart gave a little leap.

He thought of the little girl whom he had seen lying upon the litter and of the way the little dog licked her hand just as he had seen Stumpy lick Peggy's hand a great many times.

Phi had had a queer fancy that the little girl looked like Peggy. It was such a queer fancy that he had not even mentioned it to Sidney. He was afraid that Sidney would think that the loss of Peggy was making him crazy.

"Of course it is not in the least probable that the old Indian woman is carrying Peggy off with her princess," continued Dr. Brooks. "But Rex's queer behavior and your feeling about the little dog make it seem worth the while to find out something about the Indians who were going off through the woods."

The doctor drove directly to the telegraph office and sent a message to "Mr. Joseph Peebles" at the railroad station of a little town on the Canada line.

"Look out for party of Indians on train. May have Margaret Piper and dog Stumpy."

The telegraphs and telephones, all over the country, had carried Margaret Piper's name every day.

They were beginning, now, to carry Stumpy's name as well.

Phi had stood by and seen many a message sent that brought only a hopeless answer. But his heart still thrilled with hope—even more now than it ever had done before.

Although Sidney had jeered at his fancy, Sidney's father had listened and had thought it worth a telegram!

As they turned away he overheard a girl say to the operator, "I should think they might know by this time that the child is at the bottom of the river!"

But even that did not turn the world dark to Phi today.

He counted the hours until the time when Dr. Brooks thought they might expect to receive a telegram in answer from Jo Peebles.

He longed to whisper through the key-hole of his mother's door:

"I am almost sure I have found Stumpy! And what should Stumpy go away up to the Indian island for but to find Peggy?"

But the doctor had said that he must say not a word until they heard from Jo Peebles.

Phi lay awake that night, as much as nature ever allows a healthy

twelve-year-old to do and the next morning he was down at the telegraph office hours before Dr. Brooks had thought they could possibly hear from the conductor.

While Phi was waiting in the office, with his heart sometimes as light as a feather with hope, and sometimes as heavy as lead with fear, Jo Peebles, in the private car that Winne-Lackee had ordered for her party, was trying to get a chance to speak to the little Indian princess and her dog, that was keeping a jealous watch over her.

Old Winne-Lackee had taken this journey to Canada in Jo Peebles' train before and she talked with him now, telling him how ill her little grand-daughter had been and that today she could sit upright for the first time. But when the conductor drew near the little princess, Winne-Lackee waved him off with great dignity.

The little dog, too, barked furiously. Stumpy seemed to have grown used to the Indians, already, but he would let no stranger come near his little mistress.

But Jo Peebles made another effort to see the little princess. He carried a tid-bit from the dining-room car to Stumpy and a great orange to the princess. This seemed to convince Winne-Lackee, as well as Stumpy, of his good-will.

Perhaps the old squaw was careless, because in all the outcry about little lost Margaret Piper no one had suspected *her*. No one had even observed her upon the river on the day when Peggy was lost.

Perhaps, too, she was a little drowsy from the pipe that she had smoked with Dr. Sockabesin, after the fine dinner that had been served to them in their own car.

Anyway, she let the conductor carry the dainties to Peggy and Stumpy at the farther end of the car. And Stumpy wagged his tail when the conductor patted his head and Peggy looked shyly up into the face of the only white person who had spoken to her since she had awakened from what seemed a strange and troubled dream.

Peggy could sit up on a sofa today, and she looked with a half-smile into the conductor's face as he bent over her.

She was wrapped in a blanket but it was not an Indian blanket; it was a silk one that had been made in Venice. She wore half a dozen strings of beads around her neck but they were of amber, of amethyst, of carnelian and gold mixed together, bead for bead, and of silver filagree. There was no little coral necklace from which a bead had been broken! A coral necklace was not good enough for little Princess Wisla.

Jo Peebles looked her over, from her dark, dark face to the bead-embroidered moccasins upon her feet. He said to himself that she looked like a thorough little Indian.

"I used to know a little dog just like this one," he said, patting Stumpy's head. "His name was Stumpy, too. It was in a ship-yard in Pollywhoppet that I saw him."

The color leaped into Peggy's face at the sound of that name. But it showed only very faintly under the pokeberry stain.

"Pollywhoppet!" she repeated as if the name were very queer and difficult. "Pollywhop-pet!"

It stirred her sleeping memory but it did not thrill her heart as the name of her brother had done.

"Wisla not know Pol-ly-whop-pet," she said slowly. "Wisla know only names of her own people."

Already she showed a slight trace of the Indian accent. Winne-Lackee and Minnehaha had talked to her a great deal and her tongue, that seemed slow and halting, tried to imitate them. Peggy had always been quick to learn and she was now learning very quickly to be a little Indian!

They had reached a station and conductor Peebles hurried to telegraph to Dr. Brooks at Pollywhoppet.

Peggy dropped her head upon Stumpy's rough coat with a sudden burst of tears.

"Oh, Stumpy, there is something that I have lost and can't help longing for! Shall I remember what it is?" she sobbed.

Old Winne-Lackee scowled when she came back to Peggy's sofa and saw the tears.

"What that man say?" she demanded angrily.

Peggy answered slowly trying to swallow a lump in her throat:

"He said something that make Wisla think of—of something she dreamed once, a great place by a river—grassy first and then heaps of soft, soft something that girls and boys played in—not Indian boys and girls like Wisla. And we went up and down in the sunshine. And there was a house different from ours on the island and, and people—not any kinder maybe than you"—something like distress in the old squaw's face made Peggy say that—"but different. And, oh, I long for them so! There is an ache in here all the time"—Peggy laid her thin little pokeberry-stained hand on her heart—"because I can't remember—can't dream the dream or get back into that world again!"

Old Winne-Lackee's face twitched suddenly as if to cry.

She could bear the fear of being followed and put into prison, even the pang, sharp sometimes, that came at the thought of Peggy's mother's suffering—old Winne-Lackee had been a mother herself—but the pang she could *not* bear was the fear that Peggy would never love her.

It was queer, but what the old squaw longed for most of anything in the world was a child's love.

She bent over Peggy with tears upon her withered face long after the child had cried herself to sleep.

"Pol-ly-whoppet!" murmured poor little Peggy, wistfully, in her sleep.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SALE OF DAVID.

BY FRANCES BENT DILLINGHAM.

Eliza was tired of taking care of David. Eliza was eight and David was two. In the morning before she went to school Eliza washed and dressed him and gave him his breakfast. When she came home at noon she gave him his dinner; when school was over at night Eliza took entire care of David till his bedtime.

Eliza's mother was a very busy woman with little money and seven children to clothe and feed. There was a baby younger than David; there were three children older than he and younger than Eliza, and only Eliza and Mary, a girl of twelve, to help the mother. Eliza should have been grateful that she was required to take care of David only.

But Eliza sometimes got very tired of David, very; though of course she was fond of him. This afternoon she was more than usually cross as she trundled him down the street in the cart her father had made out of a soap-box on four squeaking, wriggling wheels.

Eliza tugged, resentfully at the rope fastened through a hole in the box. David grinned delightedly at the sunshine, and enjoyed the squeak. Not so Eliza. Amy Winters had invited the girls to her house that afternoon to make candy. She had told Eliza she could not come if she must bring David. This was not so unkind of Amy as seems at first, for the girls were fond of David, who was the best-natured baby in the world; but at the last candy-pull David had attended, he had upset on his head a cup of molasses just ready for the stove. So, while the other girls had pulled the candy, Eliza had to wash David's face and hair.

Eliza went fast past Amy's house, beating up a cloud of dust about her downcast eyes. She walked on toward the postoffice. Here some boys were playing marbles. One of them stopped and greeted Eliza.

"Hullo, how's your kid today?"

The boys all called David "Eliza's kid."

Eliza did not deign to answer: she tossed her head and the wagon wheels creaked ominously.

"Kid for sale, kid for sale," called another, smiling good-naturedly at David's happy face.

The silent Eliza went on faster than ever. When she had turned the corner, and was out of sight of the boys, she looked back at David. She wished he was for sale; she wished somebody would buy him. With his soft red curls and round blue eyes, he was pretty enough for anybody to buy. Now she remembered she had heard her mother say that very morning she wasn't rich in anything but children, and she wished somebody would buy some of them.

Eliza's mother was so busy moving about that a speech begun in one room was likely to end in another, so Eliza frequently did not hear the end of her mother's remarks. Eliza did not hear her mother add

that there wasn't a child she'd part with for less than ten million dollars. Eliza thought that perhaps her mother would be glad to sell David.

"I'd find him a good place," said Eliza, "with a kind, rich lady, and she'd pay a good deal, and I wouldn't have to take care of him. I'd want him to have a nice big house."

The cart, the baby and the little girl went up the hill, where were some of the pleasantest homes in the town. Eliza stopped in front of one of these. On the side piazza sat a pretty lady dressed in black. Squeaking, squeaking, the cart came up the path. The diplomatic Eliza left David at the front and went around the side path toward the lady. David did not cry; David seldom cried.

"Are you the lady that lives here?" asked Eliza.

The lady took a moist handkerchief down from her eyes and looked with a start at the small Eliza standing at the foot of the side steps. She nodded.

"Would you like to buy a baby?"

"A—what?" asked the lady in a strange voice.

"A baby. I have one to sell."

The lady sat up very straight. "How much is it worth?"

"I don't know; I'll let you see him and then perhaps you can tell."

Eliza trotted around to the front, gave David's red curls a rub in the right direction, sighed at his dirty hands, then pulled the cart around to the side.

"So that is the baby," said the lady. 'Take him out and let me look at him."

Eliza pulled David out of the box and tugged him, limply indifferent, up the steps. The lady looked at him. She held out her hand and David caught at her finger; then, with a gurgle of pleasure, fell against her knee. The lady bent over him; she patted the curls and held the baby hand. "This baby is worth a great deal," she said. "Why do you want to sell him?"

"Because there's six more like him—not exactly like him 'cause I'm one; but we've got a good many babies and not much money and I thought—I—I have to take care of him all the time—and the girls don't always like to have him 'round."

"Do you think he's worth a hundred dollars?" asked the lady.

A hundred dollars! Why, of course, no baby in the world could be worth that!

"I—I think ten would be enough," said Eliza tremulously.

"I can't pay you all at once," said the lady. She stooped and lifted the baby into her lap and he leaned against her, laughing contentedly. "But I'll pay by installments."

"What's that?" asked Eliza with dread.

"Why little by little, you know. If he suits me, I'll pay it all; but meantime I'll give you—how much shall I give you till we get acquainted?"

"Ten cents would do for tonight," said Eliza.

The lady took up a dangling silver purse and, holding it out of reach of the baby's fingers, she extracted a dime.

"I suppose you'll give this to your mother," she said gravely.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Eliza with greater gravity.

"And here's one cent for you to spend. And here's my card to show your mother who's bought the baby."

Eliza stood looking at the lady.

"Good-by," said the lady. "What's his name?"

"David," answered Eliza.

"David and I are going into the house," said the lady. She gathered the baby up in her arms, and he, playing with the silver purse, never looked at Eliza.

"Do you—do you"—asked Eliza, "know how to take care of babies?"

The lady's lips quivered. "Very well indeed," she said, and then she went into the house and shut the door.

"I'll leave the cart," shouted Eliza; "you may need it."

Nobody answered, and Eliza walked slowly away. She tied the card and the dime in the corner of her pocket handkerchief, but she held the penny in her hand. When she reached the postoffice the boys were gone, so she went in and bought ten candy marbles for a cent. Then she went on to Amy's house. The candy was delicious and sticky and Eliza's marbles were delightfully hard. The little girls kindly inquired about David, but did not follow up Eliza's evasive answers. Eliza ought to have had a beautiful time; but she did not.

"I'll walk home with you," she said to Catharine Whitney, who lived at the other end of the village.

"It's way out of your way," said Catharine, with more truth than politeness.

"I don't care," said Eliza; but she walked so slowly that Catharine protested:

"You act dreadful queer, Eliza; are you sick or anything?"

"No," answered Eliza.

She said good-by to Catharine at the gate, and then she waited some time before she began to walk towards home. The sun was setting and pouring a golden glory over the world, but it all seemed dark to Eliza. She walked more and more slowly. Her head was hanging low, so that those who passed should not see the tears in her eyes. What was the matter? She took out her handkerchief and felt the ten cents in the corner. She was coming to the postoffice now. Up that street she had trundled David to his new home. Eliza stopped and threw up her head.

"David!" she called; then up the road she went like a deer.

The maid of the lady who had purchased David, had just said at the door of an upstairs room:

"A little girl to see you, mum," when Eliza pushed past her.

Eliza was breathless; there were tear-streaks on her cheeks; she threw herself on a baby sitting in sweet placidity on the floor.

"Oh, David, David," she cried, "don't you know sister, don't you love 'Liza?"

David gurgled and thrust the nose of a woolly lamb in Eliza's face. Then the lady who was sitting very, very near David said:

"What do you want, little girl? This is my baby, I bought him today."

"Oh, no, he isn't, he isn't, he's mine." Eliza caught David around his fat shoulders and dragged him toward the door. "I'll give you back your ten cents and your penny when I earn another, but you can't, you can't have him."

"Wait, little girl, wait, you are hurting him," for David had begun to whimper. "Let me speak to you a moment, dear."

Something in the lady's eyes made Eliza let her take David into her lap, though Eliza stood close by.

"Once I had a baby something like David," the lady put her lips against David's curls. "And God took him away—and—and I can't have him back. You can have David back—but don't try to give away or sell or lose anything that loves you. Some day there won't be so many and you'll want to remember that you always loved everybody God gave you to love. You should be very happy to have so many people."

"Yes-m," said Eliza. "Here's your ten cents."

"Thank you," said the lady. "David is going to take the woolly lamb home with him and—has he a pretty coat and hat? It's cool now the sun is down."

"Mother is going to make him a nice coat when she has time," said Eliza.

"I have one that will just fit him," said the lady.

As they went creaking down the driveway a little later David had on a pretty coat and hat and the woolly lamb in his arms. The lady walked beside Eliza to the gate. Then she said good-by.

"Bring David to see me sometimes."

"Yes-m," answered Eliza. "Good-by."

Eliza flew toward home with now and then a careful backward eye on David and the cart. Near her own house Mary came running toward her.

"Oh, Eliza, where've you been so long? Mother's most crazy. She's afraid something's happened to you or David."

"There hasn't." Eliza nodded happily. "She might have known I wouldn't let anything happen to David."

"Oh, be humble my brother, in your prosperity? Be gentle with those who are less lucky, if not more deserving. Think, what right have you to be scornful, whose virtues is a deficiency of temptation, whose success may be a chance, whose rank may be an ancestor's accident, whose prosperity is very likely a satire?"—*Thackery.*

AN INHERITANCE.

"I just can't help it," said Alice, impatiently. "I get my high temper straight from grandfather, and my blues from mother's side of the house. When a thing's born in you in that way, what are you going to do?"

"Well," said Mrs. Wharton, thoughtfully, "I should say that you could do one of two things. The first is to carry out your inherited tendencies, one by one, to their logical conclusions—to be just as angry and just as cross and depressed as you feel like being, because your grandfather and your mother's side of the house have had those faults before you."

"Oh, I don't exactly mean that!" cried Alice, rather startled.

"Still, that is really what you might logically do; especially if, as you said, you couldn't help doing it. The other way, though, I must confess, always seems to me the more reasonable one for a sane and responsible human being. That is, having ascertained your ancestral traits—the good as well as the bad—to go to work to shape out of them the character that you want. Of course, there will be some places rather hard to work into shape, but, knowing your material, after all, gives you a great advantage."

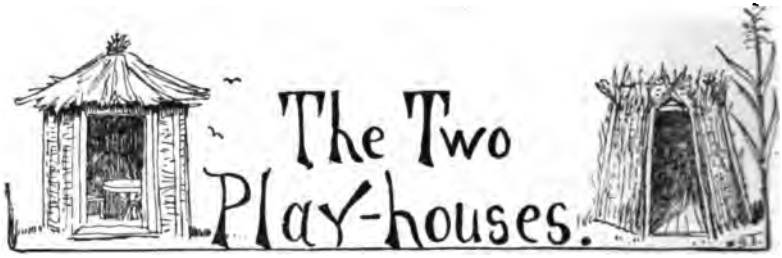
"Grandfather's temper an advantage!" cried Alice. "I never looked at it in that light, Mrs. Wharton."

"Your grandfather was a man of strong will and great energy. I have always heard," said Mrs. Wharton. "Those qualities often go with a high temper. Suppose you fix your mind upon shaping a strong character out of your inherited temper. It will take thought and time and prayer, but it can be done, as dozens of people will tell you who have accomplished it. Take your Cousin Will—with the same ancestral temper."

"Oh, but I never saw Cousin Will angry in my life," said Alice. "When he doesn't like a thing, he just shuts his lips together and keeps quiet. I've often noticed it."

"Yet your Cousin Will told me once," said Mrs. Wharton, "that when he was a boy his temper was most ungovernable. 'But,' he said, 'I knew I had it, and that it was an inheritance, and I determined to watch it. "Forewarned is forearmed," you know, and I found it so. When I felt myself getting angry I went off somewhere alone and fought it out—and every time told. And when I got it once under control I was surprised to find how much power I had gained. I have often been thankful to my grandfather since for the moral gunpowder, so to speak, that he left to me—now that it doesn't explode any more, but drills holes in the rock for me instead.' You can appreciate that, Alice, for you know how many rocks of hindrance your cousin has met and overcome."

"It's a new idea," said Alice, slowly; "but I think it's a good one. Thank you, Mrs. Wharton. I'll let the first way go and try the second, from this day forward."—Selected.



"Our papa is very good, isn't he, Bobbie? Other papas do not make such beautiful playhouses for their children." That was what Bee said.

"I like to play down at the cornstalk playhouse the best," Bobbie said.

"Oh, Bobbie, how can you?" Bee said: "We haven't any dear little yellowbird down at the cornstalk playhouse. I like this one the best!"

"I get tired here keeping still," Bobbie said, yawning. "I wish she would get her eggs hatched so we could see the little birds."

Bobbie and Bee were in the hemlock playhouse; and this is the way the hemlock playhouse was made. First there were poles, many poles, nailed between two hemlock trees, and then there were many hemlock boughs woven in and out, and overhead, forming a fine strong roof.

A dear little yellowbird had built her nest in the boughs in one corner of the playhouse, and had laid four tiny eggs, and now she was sitting upon them waiting for her babies to come out.

Bobbie and Bee sat at a little round table spread with bits of broken dishes. They had a nice feast of bread and butter and doughnuts and apples, and they were as cosy as cosy could be.

"Once when I was in here alone the mother-bird flew out of the nest and came down and lit right near my foot," Bee said, looking up at the two bright eyes watching them from the nest. "I held out my hand and said, 'Come little sweetheart, Bee will not hurt you,' and she flew right down to me, Bobbie!" She truly did.

"Try now, and see if she'll fly down to you," said Bobbie. "I'll keep still."

"Won't you squeal if she starts to come?"

"No, I'll keep just as still as still," said Bobbie.

Bee held out her little hand.

"Come, little sweetheart, Bee will not hurt you," she said in coaxing tones.

The yellowbird stepped out on the edge of her nest. "Peep!" she said.

Bobbie crammed his fist into his mouth to keep from squealing—he was so excited and pleased.

"Come, and see what we have for our dinner, darling," Bee said, reaching out her hand a little further.

And what do you think that yellowbird did?

Why, she said, "Peep, peep," and down she flew and lit on Bee's shoulder!

"She didn't do that before!" Bee whispered. "Oh Bobbie, keep still, keep still!" And she took a crumb of bread, and held it up quite near the yellowbird's bill—but no, oh, no, that yellowbird did not quite dare to eat from little Bee's fingers! Away she flew, out of the door of the hemlock playhouse, and up, up, up into a hemlock tree.

And Bobbie jumped up and said, "I am going to look into the nest while she is away and see if her little eggs are hatching." And he took his little chair and stood on tiptoe and looked into the yellowbird's nest.

"Oh, Bee!" he cried, and his blue eyes opened very wide. "There's a little baby bird peeking at me out of one of the little shells."

And Bee stood in the little chair beside Bobbie, and looked into the nest. "Oh, isn't it funny," she said in a whisper. "How could a little bird grow into a little bird, when it was all shut up in an egg-shell, Bobbie?"

Bobbie said nothing, and jumped down from the chair and ran out of the playhouse. "Come home! you have a baby bird in your nest!" he called, looking up into the tree where the yellowbird was sitting.

And that yellowbird mother flew down from the tree, and into the playhouse and lit on the edge of her nest. "Peep, peep! peep! peep!" she said, which meant, "Oh, you darling, I am glad you have come!"

And down the yellowbird mother sat in the nest and cuddled that dear little baby bird up close to her breast.

And Bobbie hopped on one foot and said to Bee, "Come, let the little bird sleep, and let us go down to our cornstalk playhouse to play."

And Bee said, "All right. Goodby, dear mother-bird. We'll come again tomorrow and see your baby."

Away Bee and Bobbie ran out of the hemlock playhouse and out of the hemlock woods and down across the meadows to the edge of the cornfield, and there was the wonderful cornstalk playhouse.

And this is the way the cornstalk playhouse was made. First there were four strong posts placed in the ground, forming a square; and there were poles, many poles, nailed from one post to the other, and all between the poles the yellow cornstalks were placed; and overhead there was a fine strong roof made of cornstalks too.

And Bee clapped her hands and said, "Oh, see, see, Bobbie dear, our cornstalk playhouse looks like gold shining in the sun!"

And Bobbie said, "Yes, it does. Let us play that you live all alone in the cornstalk playhouse, and I'll be a bear and live in the corn and growl, and run after you!"

And Bee said, "All right, only I'll not be truly afraid for I'll know it's only you, Bobbie."

"Well, pretend afraid anyway," said Bobbie. And he ran in

among the tall corn and Bee went into the cornstalk playhouse and sat down and waited.

And all at once she heard a bear growling and running around outside of the playhouse.

"Oh, oh, I hear a bear! I hear a bear!" she said, and pretended to cry very loud.

And the bear growled louder and louder.

"Now I'm coming in and eat you up," said Bobbie. And he put his little head into the door of the playhouse and growled again.

"Oh, oh, it's only a little baby bear," said Bee, clapping her hands. "It's only a baby bear three years old, with golden hair—I'm not afraid!"

And Bobbie stopped growling and pouted his lips. "Now Bee, you've spoiled all the fun! Why didn't you pretend to be afraid?"

And Bee laughed and said, "All right, Bobbie dear, we'll play it again."

And they played it again, and this time Bee pretended to be afraid, and Bobbie pretended that he was a very large bear and ate her up.

Bobbie never was satisfied unless he had eaten her.

Bobbie always wanted to play "bear," when they came down to the cornstalk playhouse to play. He just loved to growl and to eat Bee up.

And there was no dear little yellowbird in the cornstalk playhouse to disturb, you see. And that was why he liked it best.

Now, which playhouse would you have liked the best?

"BE GENTLE."

"What is in the heart will appear in the face."

"What a pretty girl!" said the observer.

"Not so pretty as she was a year ago," said a quicker-eyed one, "for her temper is beginning to show through."

Five years later every one could see what he meant, for the "showing through" was too plain to be overlooked; and the pretty girl was a frowning, thin-lipped woman. We may be sure that what we are will write itself on our faces before we get through, no matter what the unformed outlines of youth may be.

Who has not seen the wrinkled and knotty temper "showing through?" "Be gentle!"—Selected.

"It looks sensible to avoid every spell of anger we can. We run from a hornet's nest, flee from mad dogs, jump from snakes, and shun poison vines. Why not observe the same care in avoiding things that bite and inflame our temper?"

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

Teddy was a strong, brave little fellow, clever at his books, though he didn't care much about studying. His worst fault was a fiery temper. But he was trustworthy and loyal and a great favorite with every one.

One day a game of ball was being played between the two divisions of Ted's school. One side was called the "Red," the other the "Blue." Teddy had a bright blue ribbon knotted in his coat. As the battle grew more and more equally contested every one became very much excited, and Teddy, who was "fielder,"—I think you boys call it—was bound to win.

All the girls from the schools, and the boys who were not playing, were watching eagerly. Shouts for the "Red" were met with louder shouts for the "Blue." Just at the most exciting point an old white-haired Negro with a large pack on his back seated himself under a tree to watch the game. With him was a dirty little black terrier, who, when he saw that his master was interested in the game, ran up nearer the players.

Just then the ball came flying through the air and Teddy made a rush for it. He just missed catching it, and before he could pick it up the little black terrier had saved him the trouble. With the ball between his teeth, the rascally little dog went scurrying away from the players and ran down the road.

Of course, the game was interrupted, and Teddy's anger rose to white heat. He tore after the dog, the other boys following him, and, hobbling along in the rear, came the dog's bewildered old owner.

The dog, thinking he was adding greatly to the pleasure of the occasion was enjoying the sport more than those who had been interrupted just at the most exciting part of the game. He led his pursuers a great chase; down the road, across a field, through a wood and across a brook. He was finally caught, just as he was recovering the ball, which he had dropped. It was Teddy who pounced upon him, threw the ball to one of the boys and, picking up a stick, beat the frolicsome little dog furiously.

Teddy's comrades were half frightened by his terrible rage and did not dare to interfere. When at last he flung the stick to one side the old colored man, breathless from his hard walk, pushed his way through the crowd of boys, took the quivering, moaning little dog in his arms and bent over him tenderly, the tears running down his cheeks:

"He didn't mean no harm, pore li'le Tip, an' youse hurt me a great deal wusser'n you hurt him, ma boy, caze he's all Ise got."

The game was not finished. Teddy's anger suddenly left him. He walked off home without a word to any one. After that he refused to play ball. You see he was punishing himself for his cruelty.

He never spoke of the incident to any one, and when the other boys alluded to it he looked so solemn that they all hushed up, and gradually the old colored man and the little dog were forgotten.

Several months later Teddy and some companions were walking home from school in the afternoon. They had been laughing and talking until the sight of a familiar gray-haired figure in front of them made them suddenly stop and look at Ted.

The old colored man was shambling along as fast as he could, crying as he went:

"Oh, ma dog; ma pore li'le dog. They'll kill him sure. Oh, gimme ma dog, caze he's all Ise got."

Ted took in the situation in a minute. He stripped off his jacket and called to the old man:

"They shan't hurt him. I'll get him for you." Away he rushed, every boy following at his heels.

Down the road was a lumbering old hay wagon driven by two big farmer boys. When they saw they were followed they whipped up their horses.

"Stop there, you and give up that dog," Ted shouted.

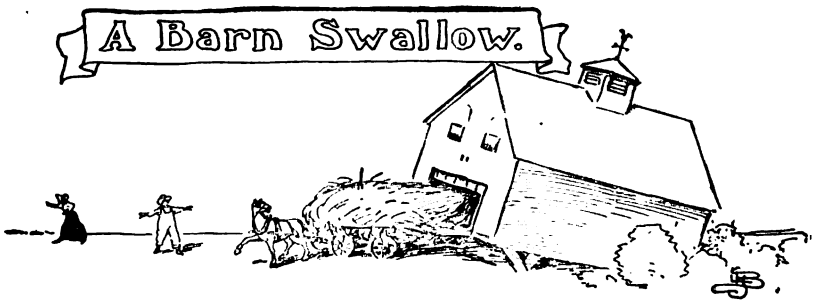
At last the wagon stopped suddenly and Teddy tore up to its side. One of the boys seized an armful of hay to throw in his upturned face, but Teddy was too quick for him. Dodging the hay he sprang up into the wagon and grabbed Tip. The boys in the rear cheered and shouted. Ted turned to jump to the ground, but at that instant the horses started off, throwing the gallant little fellow off to the front of the wagon, and a dreadful wheel went over him. Tip ran to his master, unhurt. But Teddy—well, Teddy, it was a long time before he was able to run again. But one day, long afterward, as he lay propped up in his chair, he said:

"Grandmother, if I had to be hurt, I'm glad I was hurt when I was and not at another time."

"Why, what do you men?" I asked.

"Well," he explained, "you see the other time might have been when I was running after Tip in such a rage; then I could never have run to save him, to try to make it up to old Ben, you know."

Teddy got well again, but he was lame always, and his fiery temper never returned to him. He lost it for good the day he tried to "make it up to old Ben."—Washington Star.



A BAD-TEMPERED ELEPHANT.

BY WILLIAM RITTENHOUSE.

Last November, in the winter quarters of the Barnum and Bailey Circus, the famous elephant, Columbia, was put to death. It is no easy matter to kill a big elephant, and Columbia was so clever a creature that she would not take either poisons or anæsthetics in her food. It took twenty canvasmen to strangle her to death with a block and fall. Her trainer superintended the execution, and was sad over it, for Columbia was a most intelligent and valuable elephant. She was a native American elephant, having been born in Philadelphia twenty-eight years ago—the original baby elephant. She was worth a great many thousands of dollars, and nothing but the most absolute necessity compelled the keepers to kill her.

Why was Columbia killed? She had no incurable disease, she was healthy and strong. Elephants live a hundred years and more, so she was yet very young. Where was the necessity for ending her career- The answer is in five short words: Columbia had a bad temper.

Now, a bad temper is a dangerous thing, even in boys and girls. When a boy is in a bad temper, he wants to hurt somebody, or knock something around. When a girl is in a bad temper, she is often filled with hatred against those around her. "I wish you were dead!" "I would like to kill you!" are terrible words often said in the heat of anger. Luckily for most people, the fit of anger passes before they have a chance to harm anybody. But with an elephant, you see, it is different. The elephant is so tremendously strong, and the keepers are among the herd so frequently, that a bad-tempered elephant can usually kill or injure a man whenever it gets into a fit of sullen rage. Columbia had made a number of attacks upon her keepers. The trainer was unable to do anything with her when she became angry, and neither he, nor anyone else, could tell when she would get angry next. So, valuable and clever as she was, her ill temper cost her her life. Nothing else could be done but to kill her, for she was a daily danger to everyone who went near her.

Now, Columbia's ill temper was not a sin. An elephant, though a most intelligent creature, has not a reasoning mind nor a responsible soul. It could not be explained to Columbia that what she was doing was wrong, or that she would be killed if she went on in her fits of rage. Her anger was just a blind animal thing. So, of course, is almost all human anger. But boys and girls, and men and women, have reasoning minds, and immortal souls. They can hold down the raging animal nature within them, and control themselves. Unlike poor Columbia, they know better, and they know that anger is a sin and will be punished. The smallest child is more powerful in this than the biggest elephant; for the smallest child can begin to control himself or herself before the habit of bad temper gets started, or even can conquer

it when it has grown quite strong. If a boy wants to be valuable in the world, he must control his temper. If a girl wishes to be influential and beloved, she must conquer bad temper. Otherwise, the value of life will go steadily down, as it did in Columbia's case, till only a worthless man or woman is left, more fit to die than to live. When you are tempted to indulge in anger, boys and girls, think of Columbia—and keep your temper and your value.

LEAP-FROG.

CARRIE'S COMPOSITE EXPRESSION.

PRISCILLA LEONARD.

Carrie is an only daughter, and some say that she is spoiled. It would not be much wonder if she were; she has four big brothers who pet her a great deal. Carrie is just twelve, but she feels much older, and perhaps more important than is good for her. She is accustomed, too, to having her own way, and gets out of temper if things are not as she likes them.

She has never been out of temper with Cousin Ethel, though, because she admires her so much. Cousin Ethel is the best sort of company when she comes on a visit; and she always has some new and bright idea that she is carrying out. This year she is deeply interested in composite photographs. She always has taken beautiful photographs, and now she is trying experiment in this novel line. You know that a composite picture is the result of a great many photographs, thrown one after another on the same plate or film, until the leading points stand out, and the rest are obscured. Perhaps you may have seen the composite photograph of the American college girl, or the one of all the madonnas of the old masters. Such a photograph, as Cousin Ethel explained to Carrie, brings out the type that underlies all the different faces, and leaves out the more unimportant variations.

Carrie was very much interested. So one day, when Cousin Ethel said, "Now, Carrie I am going to make an experiment on you; I am going to take a composite picture of your face in all its expressions," Carrie thought that would be great fun. Cousin Ethel went out to explain that she did not want Carrie to sit for her, but would just take "snap shots" at her whenever she thought it best. The first picture was taken when Carrie was reading on the porch, looking very quiet and studious. The next was taken when she came in, bright and smiling, from a ride on her wheel. A third was taken when she was teaching the dog to sit up. Carrie got accustomed to the click of the little camera, for Cousin Ethel took her dozens of times that week. It was a week when several things put Carrie out of temper, and she had one or two quarrels with her brothers and her playmates. Once, she heard the click of the "snap shot," but she was far too angry to care, and only tossed her head. Another day, because she could not have her own way, she sulked for an hour or two, and the camera caught that, too. "I think I have about all of your moods and tenses by this time, Carrie," said Cousin Ethel, tapping the camera smilingly, at the end of the week, "and now we shall see what we shall see."

Carrie, who was in a very good humor again, waited impatiently for the result of all Cousin Ethel's careful processes of work; but when the composite photograph was ready, after some days, it was an unpleasant disappointment. Carrie, of course, always looked pleasant

when she glanced at herself in the glass, and she knew only that one round, smiling, young face as her own, so that it was hard to recognize this unfamiliar composite expression. Such a lurking frown on the picture's forehead; such ugly lines round the mouth; such a disagreeable, imperious expression about the eyes—was that the way she really looked? Carrie laid the photograph down without a word. She did not know, indeed, what to say when her brother broke in:

"Say, it's good, isn't it, Cousin Ethel? It's so natural."

"Oh, I don't look like that!" cried Carrie appealingly, to her Cousin, "do I?"

"It isn't your best expression, remember, dear," said Cousin Ethel cheeringly; "it's all your expressions. An angry expression, you see, stamps itself very deeply on the face, and affects all the smiling pictures."

Carrie didn't say anything more, but she took up the photograph again, and went upstairs with it. Carrie, however, can do a good deal of thinking, sometimes, and Cousin Ethel was not very much surprised when she saw, pinned up in her little cousin's room, not long afterwards, the composite picture of the Madonna, cut from a magazine, side by side with the other composite photograph which had turned out so disappointingly. The serene, peaceful, noble type of the one contrasted strikingly with the petulant lines of the other. "Carrie is preaching herself a silent sermon, and is doing it well," said Cousin Ethel to herself. "She needs it, too; but she is a dear child, and she will get the right kind of composite expression yet, even if it is hard work."

But nobody knows how Carrie cried when she first put those pictures up, and saw the contrast. Nobody but Carrie, either, will ever know how hard the work of changing her composite expression has been. Yet everybody notices a change; and when Cousin Ethel comes next year, if she tries the experiment again, she will find that one or two expressions, at least, have been banished from Carrie's face forever, and that a new type is slowly forming its sweeter and nobler lines there. Perhaps it would be a good thing for the rest of us to have a composite photograph of ourselves to look at, and remodel on Carrie's plan—though the first sight of it might be even a greater shock to us than hers brought that day to her.

UNCLE DAN'S CURE.

BY DAISY WRIGHT FIELD.

Isabel, I am sorry to say, often pouted, and if anyone missed her, it was always easy to think where she might be found—under the stairs, or behind the parlor door, or in grandfather's easy chair, or on the garden seat—pouting!

Anyone who chanced to see Isabel as she sat there, must have said that she was not by any means a pretty, little girl. Far from it! Her

eyes were bright enough, and she had real, golden-brown curls that were the envy of her playmates, pink cheeks, and a dainty, white frock tied with a gay, silk sash! But did you ever see a little girl pouting who could be called pretty? Lips forlornly drawn down at the corners, and deep puckers between the downcast eyes. There is nothing more unlovely! But at any other time, Isabel might have been considered a very pretty, little girl.

It wasn't surprising that when Uncle Dan, coming up the walk, quite failed to recognize her. He took off his hat, and bowed with distant politeness, and inquired in his best "company" voice, if she had seen anything of his little niece.

The surprise in Isabel's eyes chased away one half the frown, as she answered:

"Why, I'm your only niece, Uncle Dan. Don't you know me? You've only been gone a month!"

With a puzzled air, Uncle Dan slowly shook his head. "I'm sure I don't know you. My niece is a pretty, little girl, who smiles. I was bringing her a storybook. But if she isn't here, I can take it to Mamie True. She smiles—oh, 'most all the time! And she never, never pouts!"

The sight of a bulky package under Uncle Dan's arm, as he was turning away, quite chased away the other half of the frown, and the corners of her mouth slowly but surely went up. One dimple peeked out beside her nose, and her white teeth showed.

"Oh Uncle Dan, a truly storybook—for me?"

Uncle Dan's eyes widened in apparent amazement as he turned back again.

"Why Isabel! To think I didn't know you! This book came very near going to Mamie True! After all," reflectively, "Mamie doesn't waste any time pouting, and a girl who pouts until her own dearest uncle doesn't know her by sight, hardly deserves"—

Now, if there was anything on earth Isabel dearly loved, it was a new storybook. She flung herself down from the step and clasped both arms round Uncle Dan's knees, and cried: "Please, uncle, please I'll not pout any more for days and days!"

Uncle Dan considered a moment. "On your promise of future good behavior. I will leave the book here. But—mother is to let you read just one story a day—on the days that you do not pout!"

Uncle Dan's scheme, if he had any, worked admirably. There were just forty-eight stories in the book, and in order not to miss a single one—for they were all equally fascinating,—Isabel omitted her customary pout for just forty-eight days!

And when, having finished the last story, she sat down under the stairway, on the forty-ninth day, for a good pout, she found that she couldn't enjoy it as she used to do, at all. Isabel's pouting days were over.

THE WHOLE WORLD KIN.

BY BERTHA M. SHEPHERD.

'Well, this is slavery," muttered Peter, the elevator man, to himself as the bell sounded imperiously for the first floor. "Not a breath of fresh air have I had since noon. I might as well be a machine. No man can stand this never-ending down and up, up and down, in a six-by-seven iron cage."

Peter was new to the running of an elevater. He had been a foreman in a big manufactory until the hard times that compelled his firm to shut down and discharge the majority of its workmen had finally forced him to accept any kind of work he could find.

That day the breath of spring was in the air out doors, while within the burden of steam heat added to the season's languor and intolerable weight. Peter had sought repeatedly to escape for a moment's respite, but in vain. And now, as he slammed the door after his passengers, he drew his cap down over his surly eyes and pulled the cord with an angry jerk that indicated a desire to send the car either through the roof above or the bottomless pit below. At least, so it seemed to a portly, gray-haired gentleman who had entered the elevator and had answered "Seventh" to Peter's gruff "What floor?"

Peter frowned more deeply than ever as he observed the costly shoes and clothing of the gentleman. "The bloated bondholder," he thought to himself."

"A murderous anarchist," was the mental comment of the elderly passenger, as he caught a glimpse of the dark face.

Up they flew for several stories, but suddenly stopped between the fourth and fifth with such precipitateness that the pasengers were thrown in sharp collision with one another and Peter.

'What's the matter?' exclaimed the gentleman.

No reply from Peter save a pull of the rope that caused the car to dscend a few feet, where it caught again. An upward pull and it rose, but not more than five feet. Then up and down, up and down, succeeded in a sickening repetition for several minutes. Then the elderly man, holding wrath in stern control, placed a firm hand on Peter's arm and said:

"Young man, what do you think you are doing with this car?"

And Peter, with equal control of his unreasoning hatred for his passenger answered coldly, "The machinery is out of order. It's not my fault, but we shall have to stay here," stooping to look through a small crack made between the floor of the elevator and the door of the fourth floor.

A messenger boy was passing. He stopped aghast at the sound of a voice, close behind him. yet with no visible owner.

"Up here! I say, Johnnie look up here!"

"Well, I never! Goin' up?"

"No, we're not," growled Peter. "Say, run down to the boiler room and tell them the elevator is stuck between the fourth and fifth, and be quick, will you?"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the boy. "That's a good one," as he raced three steps at a time down the stairs.

In a few minutes sounds of pounding and wrenching of machinery were heard below, and the boy reappeared. "They said sumpin' broke in the machinery, but they're fixin' it right up, and they'll let yous out in about ten minutes. My! but you look like a Cochin China in a hen coop." And, not waiting for Peter's angry reply, he sped chuckling exasperatingly down the stairs.

The young girl seated herself on the one chair reserved for passengers and proceeded to unwrap a box she had evidently just received from the mail. The gentleman paced angrily about the narrow space, and Peter bent his sullen eyes upon the floor, turning his back to his passengers.

Gradually a delicate perfume filled the car. The girl had taken off the box cover and was lifting out a handful of lilies of the valley, the dainty bells lying cool and sweet on long, green leaves.

Neither of the men in the car noticed her or realized the soothing sense of fragrance, but Peter's rebellious heart seemed suddenly calmed and the old gentleman curbed his restlessness.

Pictures formed themselves in Peter's mind of a cool, green forest and a far-off German home, while to the old gentleman it was as though a soft hand touched his and the presence of one whose life had been to him as pure and sweet as the lilies that she loved seemed near. A tear rising to his eyelids fell gently on his cheeks, and Peter, raising his head just then, thought, "Poor old chap, how tired he looks!" but he did not say so. He pushed back the cap from his eyes, and, turned toward the girl, caught sight of the lilies in her hand.

"Maiblumchen!" he exclaimed, "Das schonen Maiblumchen—that is their name in Germany. They grow wild there in the woods," and a bright smile changed the hitherto dark face.

"Would you like a few?" she said, extending a small bunch to each.

The old gentleman took his with trembling hands. "They remind me of one whom I have loved and lost," he said.

Peter touched his hat respectfully. "It seems good to see the spring again, sir," he said, hesitatingly.

"It does indeed," replied the gentleman. "The winter has been hard—very hard—but with spring comes hope. I have lost almost every cent I had. I am alone in the world, but I have not lost hope."

A look of surprise passed over Peter's face. He had not thought of the winter as hard for any but the laboring man.

But a rapping on the pipes and a voice from below calling, "All right there, Peter," made him spring to the rope. The car rose smoothly. He stopped it carefully at the seventh floor, and as the old gentle-

man got out, he again touched his cap and said heartily, "Anything I can do to serve you, sir, I would be glad to do."

"Thank you" replied his passenger, "I'll not forget that."

Then, the car rising to the eighth, the young girl and her box of lilies went their way, not knowing that she had brought summer to wintry hearts.

LUCKY.

Tink-*a-tink-a-tink!*
This is what I fink;
I'm a *lucky* darkey chile,
Feel like singin' all de while—
I've a norange, an' a pine, sah,
An' they bofe o' them are mine, sah!
(Tink-a-tink-a-tink,
Dink-a-dink-a-dink!)
An' a melon, an' a mango,
An' a little dinky banjo!
Feel like singin' all de while,
Such a *lucky* darky chile;
That is what I fink—
Tink-a-tink-a-tink!

—C. S. P.

THE WEEDS THAT BOTHERED DORA.

BY LINNIE HAWLEY DRAKE.

"I don't see who plants 'em anyway!" exclaimed my little neighbor. She was such a little neighbor that she had squeezed herself through the fence where a picket was broken out.

"Did you do it?" she asked, reproachfully, and I came around to her side of the bed.

"Plant the weeds? Oh, certainly not; they never need planting."

"But how does they come then?"

"Very much like the bad thoughts and ways that come into our hearts—just spring right up and grow and grow and grow—if we don't pull them up, until all the dear little lovable flowers are quite choked out."

"Has I any in my heart?"

She had quite left off tugging at those in the ground, and the big blue eyes looked straight into mine.

"Let me see! You shall find out for yourself. If truth is a beautiful little flower, what would a falsehood be?"

"Tellin' stories—lies? Why—I 'spect they's weeds—"

"Yes, indeed, and terrible weeds they are. Now, did Dora or Jack break the vase yesterday? You know you told mamma it was Jack?"

Dora hung her head.

"And bad temper is another—a real nettly one. You know how those little sharp things hurt when you pull them up. When one is angry, they prick everybody that touches them—themselves most of all. If we don't get this weed when it's little, by and by we grow to be a garden so full of thistles we sting everybody."

"Is kickin' the door, an' screamin', an' slapin' back, weeds—prickles?"

"Would you call them pretty flowers?"

"No, I wouldn't. I guess I's mostly all weeds!" This with a profound sigh.

"That's what I thought of this bed when I came out an hour ago; but you see how many dear little plants we've found."

"Yes, isn't 'em sweet! We won't let the horrid old weeds sting you to deff" (caressing them). "An' I'm goin' to get 'em out o' here, too. If I don't tell stories; nor slap Jack; an' mind mamma quick—an'—an'—be pleasant when I don't want to be, will they go away?"

I assured her of this, and it was several days before I thought again of the lesson of the weeds, until the sequel came out in a remark from her much-perplexed mother:

"I never saw Dora so good and sweet-tempered as she has been for a week past. Really, I thought she was ill; but she rambled on continually to herself, her dollies, to Jack, of weeds, weeds, weeds. Jack seemed to understand; but to me she would make no other reply than, 'Oh, it's something—I know.' "

THE BABY'S PAGE.

Bare feet has Baby Dot, for the day is long and hot, and mama lets her walk around with bare feet on the cool, soft ground. And mama says, "Take care, my sweet, don't walk where stones will hurt your feet." But now the time is long past noon, and Dot must have her shoes on soon, she must not have bare feet too late.

August in the months counts eight.

Father in Heaven, through long days of heat, please always guide the little feet.

L. Lula Greene Richards.

THE NASTURTIUM SEEDS.

BY JEAN K. BAIRD.

"I don't like it a bit," said Rachel Rohe, entering the living-room and throwing down her books on the table. "I don't see why I must stay here when I don't like it one bit."

"I do not like it myself very well,' said Mrs. Rohe. "But then you and I must not forsake your father. It would be very lonely for him if we should pack our trunks and go back to grandmother's. I'll tell you a secret, little daughter; I do not like this dirty mining town any better than you do, but I love your father so much that I would not make him miserable by telling him. I shall never let him know that I do not like it. Then too, I can be happy where my little girl and her father are, because I love them better that I love anyone else."

"Well, of course—" Rachel began slowly and ended abruptly. "Well, of course. I couldn't be very happy without you and father, but I do wish that my father was something else than a mine superintendent. I wish he would be something that would keep him in a nice clean town."

"But he isn't, dear. So we must all be happy together here in Bitumen. We must think what a nice home we have, and be glad that we can always be together."

"But, mother, you can stay at home and not go to school. This is what makes it very hard. The school is simply dreadful."

"Isn't Miss Thurston a nice teacher?"

"Oh, she is perfectly lovely. She wears the nicest shirt-waists, and such pretty ties. She teaches us songs, and every day she reads a story to us. I like her as well as any teacher I have ever had. But the pupils are not nice. The boys are so rough, and the girls come to school as dirty as girls can be. Sometimes they do not even have their hair combed. They do not use nice expressions either, mother. I wish I did not have to go. I'll be just like them."

"I wish all the girls and boys were clean and good. But if they are not, we must try to help them. We must keep so clean and sweet and wholesome, in body and mind and soul, that they will try to be as we are."

"I never could help them. I—"

"My dear little girl, no one ever knows how much she can do. The greatest influence in the world is that of which we are unconscious. Living as we should, everyone about us is better. They cannot help it. Did you ever hear the story of the nasturtium seeds?"

'No, mother. Is it a real story or a made-up one?"

"Both. The story itself is not real, but the truth in it is perfect truth. This is it:

"One fall day a little old lady went through her garden, picking seeds for the next spring's planting. She had a number of little boxes,

In one she put sweet-pea seeds; in another the seed of the pansy, and so on. The nasturtiums had been particularly luxurant that summer and the vines were filled with seed-pods. The box was filled to overflowing. The lid did not go down tight, but the little old lady did not notice that. With her bundles and boxes of herbs and seeds she started to walk into the town, for it was only in summer that she lived on the little farm.

"As she walked along, planning how she would have her flower-garden when summer came again, the nasturtium pods became restless and began pushing each other about. 'It's too crowded in here,' said one. 'I would rather have stayed at home than to travel in this style. I was hoping we could see a little of the world. Perhaps we shall when we come to the city. I've heard that they have fine times there, and that the flowers are invited to all the fine social affairs.'

"'But not seeds!' cried one. 'Flowers must have on their finest attire if they attend dinners. I heard a woman say that faded ones were never taken any place.' 'Well, if that is the case, I think I shall look out for myself," said a little pod which was being wedged tightly in one corner. 'I have never had a desire to enter society, but I would like to help in civic reforms, and philanthropy. That is why I was eager to leave the garden. The city offers great advantages to the social worker.'

"Just then a great big pod pushed forward. 'I must get some air. I shall stifle.' The little pod moved away to give her room and, as luck would have it, lost her foothold and rolled out of the box, and the little old lady never noticed it.

"'Oh, this is dreadful!' cried the pod. 'I never can be here in the middle of the road. I shall be trampled upon, and that will be an end of me and my fine work. I must hurry from this!' The poor little thing had never been away from the vine before, and knew no more of the world than a little child. Its own desire was to move on and get to the city as soon as possible. It rolled as fast as it could across a stretch of green, where it had work to keep from entanglement and then—oh, horrible! the land began to slope downward, and the pod found itself tumbling head over heels down the bank leading to the river. The place was filled with stones; refuse of every kind had been dumped there. Suddenly the pod stopped in its wild career. It had lodged against a stone and, before it knew what had happened, there it was embedded deep in the soft earth, with the stone, like a great wall, impeding its progress. The fall had stunned it. For a time it became unconscious of all about it.

"When it opened its eyes again snow was over all and the air was bitterly cold. It snuggled close under the protection of the stone, and was thankful that it had such a fine roof over its head. 'Now I shall go to sleep until summer comes again. One cannot travel in such bitter weather.' So it closed its eyes and slept until it felt the soft April rain falling upon it. Then it raised its head and looked about it. Then it shuddered. Into what horrible place had it fallen? Refuse

of all sorts covered the bank. The sight was offensive. With a shudder she closed her eyes again. She felt that her finer nature would not let her look upon such a sight.

"For a while she lay bewailing her lot. She had been ambitious to do good in the world. If she could only be in the city where she could bloom out in civic reform, or brighten the rooms of the sick. It grieved her to think her life would be wasted here. She must have lain with her eyes closed for a longer time than she thought, for when she opened them again the 'jimson-weed' had sprung up about her. It is a coarse plant, and so offensive is it that it has received the name 'stinkweed.'

"The nasturtium pod was just about to give up and fall back and die. She felt that she would rather be dead than alive among such environment. But then a change took place. A throbbing little seed within the pod whispered: 'Let us do the best we can. Our place is to grow and produce flowers. Nature never appointed any special place. We are here and without any fault of our own. Let us make the best of it. Let us grow.'

"'Very well,' said the pod. 'You seeds are the ones to decide. I'll let you lose." So she burst open and let them roll out.

"It did not take long for them to find a nice soft place for a bed, where the sun would shine upon them and where the spring rains would bathe them. Then they began to feel strange thrills in their hearts. They felt that they must move. Then a litle sprout of green came from their hearts and crawled over the rough ground, and at intervals it spread out a leaf so that it might keep cool on its travels. When it came to the jimson weed it clung to it and went climbing to the very top. Then what a surprise awaited it! The view from this height was beautiful. Then it called to the others. 'Hurry, little sisters, and climb to the top of the jimson. You can see the river on one side, the green fields on the other. There are daisies everywhere.'

"Then there was a scrambling and a hurry. Every plant grew as fast as it was able. Soon every weed was covered with the fragrant vine; a spicy aromatic odor was in the air.

"In September a gay crowd of picnickers came along the river. 'Come here and see how beautiful this spot is,' said one. 'The nasturtiums have covered the whole bank and there is a mass of beautiful flowers. It is like a picture.'

"The others hurried to her side. 'Is it not wonderful!' they exclaimed. 'Do you remember last spring how the place looked? It was then but an offensive rubbish place.'

"'Do you think of that now. Remember it as you see to-day. The nasturtiums have made beautiful what had been offensive. See how their leaves are moving in the breeze!'

"The nasturtiums were quivering with delight, but the woman did not know it. 'This was the place nature intended us to be," they whispered. 'Our work was here instead of the great city. We have

made the place beautiful everyone who passes is refreshed and made glad.' And the nasturtiums were well content."

Rachel listened to the story and then said: "It is a made-up story and yet it is true. I suppose I'm to be a nasturtium, mother."

"If you can be, little girl."

STRUGGLES.

BY VALESS DEWEY.

The fire in the grate roared and crackled. The little, old fashioned stove was growing red under its tremendous heat. This was very pleasing to a certain little boy who stood by, hat in hand, rubbing his ears which where crimson with cold.

There was a second person in the room—sitting in the big rocker on the other side of the stove. A young woman, with a pleasant face and the most beautiful eyes in the world, at least, this is what Tommy thought as he stood there by the stove warming his half frozen hands and ears.

"Mamma," said the little boy, "don't you think it is going to be awful cold tonight?"

The young woman arose from her chair and came over to Tommy. "I'm afraid it is," she replied, laying her hands on the boy's cold face. How light and warm that touch seemed to Tommy!

"I'll go get an extra bucket of coal," he said manfully; "guess we'll need it tonight." And the little boy put on his hat and, bucket in hand disappeared through the doorway.

Mrs. Woodruff closed the door—which, of course Tommy had forgotten to do,—and then began to spread the evening meal. It was a simple little tete-a-tete, but then, everything was of that nature hereabouts. The house was a two-roomed one, modest and cozy, but large enough for its two occupants. Mrs. Woodruff was a widow. Her only possessions consisted of a small lot upon which stood her cottage, and her litle boy, Tommy. True, she had a wealthy relative, her dead husband's brother, who was the most prosperous merchant in the city, but there were numerous reasons why she could not accept charity from him.

The mother's thoughts were interrupted by the return of Tommy with his bucket of coal. He placed his load under the reservoir and then looked up. "Anything else, mamma?" he enquired.

"No, dear." The mother was just placing the last dish on the table. 'Hurry and wash," she said; "supper is already."

And Tommy was not long in obeying. He possessed the appetite of the average boy at nine years of age. A large bowl of bread and milk was placed before him and after the mother had asked a short blessing, the meal was begun.

"Do you know, mamma," said Tommy between mouthfuls. "I

believe Uncle Woodruff is getting to like me better now." The boy referred to the great merchant whom he served as office-boy.

Mrs. Woodruff looked up in surprise. "What makes you think so, Tommy?"

"He only said one cross word to me, today."

The mother smiled and then her face became instantly serious, "When is your uncle going away?" she asked.

"To the East, you mean?" enquired Tommy.

"Yes."

The boy looked at his mother curiously. "In a few days maybe; I heard Mr. Ludolph say he might go any time now." Mr. Ludolph was the manager of the store.

"I though so," said Mrs. Woodruff. There was that look on her face which the boy did not understand. "Tommy," she said at length, "whatever happens, *be honest.*" The mother arose from the table to put some coal in the stove; and Tommy, having also finished his supper, began to clear away the dishes. He insisted on doing this part of the work alone, so that his mother might sew. It was her means of obtaining a livelihood. This, with the small wages which Tommy received from his uncle, constituted their income.

Tommy passed the evening in trying to read and write. He had never been to school, but his mother had taught him the alphabet and was now encouraging him to continue on. Tommy, however, did not need much encouragement to study. He knew that he was behind most boys of his age in education and besides, he found that he needed it in his uncle's office. He must have been unusually interested tonight, for before he could imagine it possible it was nine o'clock and his mother said that it was time to go to bed.

"Why, I didn't think it could be more than eight o'clock," exclaimed Tommy in surprise.

Mrs. Woodruff smiled. "And so you like your studies," she said, "I'm so glad."

"Do you think I shall ever become a great man if I study hard?" enquired the little boy.

"Yes, dear; I think you will. but you've studied enough now. Come and kiss me good-night."

And somehow, when Tommy had kissed his mother good-night and was tucked in his little bed, the words of his mother earlier in the evening kept coming back to him. "Tommy," he could almost hear her say, "Whatever happens,*be honest.*"

* * * * * * ** * * * * * *

Arthur Woodruff, the great merchant, sat at his office desk engaged in writing. Evidently, he was agitated about something, for he cast several glances toward the door as if expecting someone. Twice in the short space of three minutes he took out his watch, only to replace it in his pocket with increased anxiety. It lacked just seven minutes of five o'clock.

"Hang it all," hem uttered to himself, "why don't he come," Then after a pause, "Tommy, come here."

The door opened from an adjoining room and our hero came into the office. He waited for his uncle to speak.

'Has Ludolph returned yet?"

"I'll go see, sir."

Tommy left the office and walked down the full length of the store. Several clerks were busy behind the counters and one or two looked at him enquiringly. But there was no trace of Mr. Ludolph, the manager.

Have you seen Mr. Ludolph, lately?" Tommy asked one of the clerks.

"Not since he went out," was the reply.

On the way back Tommy met a tall, dark man, who had just came out of his uncle's private office. Our hero recognized him as the new book-keeper who was to take charge of the books during Mr. Woodruff's absence. He had a pair of keen, piercing eyes, and rather a distrustful look, Tommy thought. But he passed by without so much as a glance; at least, not while the little boy was looking.

Tommy found his uncle with his overcoat on, ready to leave. "The manager hasn't come back yet," he said, in response to his uncle's enquiry. The great merchant muttered something under his breath. "Well, Tommy,' he said aloud, "I've just got time to catch my train. Tell Ludolph when he comes that the keys to my private desk are in the first drawer. Don't forget." Mr. Woodruff hurried out to the waiting cab and was driven rapidly away.

After his uncle left. Tommy went into the room adjoining the office where he had some straightening up to do for the night. The winter twilight was fast approaching and the room was getting quite dark. Tommy hurried to get through. He had just finished his work preparatory to going home, when he heard footsteps in his uncle's office. Glancing through the glass door, Tommy saw a man bending over the desk. At first he thought it was Mr. Ludolph; but no, the figure was too tall and slender. It was too dark to see the man's features but Tommy thought he saw, in the form, a resemblance to the new book-keeper whom he had passed in the hallway. A suspicion flashed across Tommy's mind. *His uncle was being robbed.*

To say that Tommy was just a little afraid would have been no more than the truth. It certainly was a trying position. But his mother's words came to him just then and, come what may, he felt that he must save his uncle from being robbed. Keeping his eyes on the robber, Tommy moved toward the door. The noise of footsteps startled the man and he jumped to his feet. But Tommy saw him put something that looked like several pieces of paper in his pocket.

'Stop there, you," he called, as he saw the robber hurrying out of the office. He tried to open the door but it was locked. What could he do?

There was only one thing to do and Tommy did that at once. He jumped up and down and called until a clerk, in alarm, came to see what was the matter.

"My uncle's been robbed," exclaimed Tommy, excidedly, "and I'm locked in."

But the robber had taken the keys away with him and there was nothing to do but wait for Mr. Ludolph. Fortunately, that was not long. He came before Tommy had half finished his story. And so the boy began again and told it all over; taking care to reveal just what he thought as well as what he saw. "Yes, it must have been our new bookkeeper," said Mr. Ludolph when Tommy had finished. "I'm sorry that I did not get back in time to take the keys from Mr. Woodruff before he left.

But there was no time to lose. A description of the man was given to police headquarters and every precaution was taken for his capture. Mr. Ludolph dismissed the clerks and closed up the store. And Tommy hurried home to tell his mother the strange news.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The next morning Tommy found Mr. Ludolph alone in his uncle's office. "Come in here, my boy," said that gentleman, kindly, "I want to speak to you." Tommy wondered what was coming.

"You acted splendidly last night," said Mr. Ludolph, when the boy was seated; "I hardly know what we could have done but for you. At any rate, the problem would have been much more difficult. As it is," continued Mr. Ludolph, "the man has been captured and the papers recovered. The value of the papers is such that had they been lost. it would have practically ruined your uncle."

Tommy almost gasped for breath. Could it be true that he had done so much?

"Now," went on Mr. Ludolph, "you can understand something of the service you have done your uncle. The manager took up a paper from the desk. "I received a telegram from Mr. Woodruff this morning," he said, "here is what it says.—'I can hardly express my gratitude to you and Tommy for what you have done. I will return at once to look after my interests, and to reward both of you as far as it is my power to do so."

Tommy's face beamed with joy. He could hardly realize it. "May I go home and tell mama about it," he asked, shyly; "she will be so glad."

And Mr. Ludolph gave the required permission.

"Learn anything new at school, Tommy?"

"Yes grandpa. Teacher told us that shoes are made from all kinds of skins."

"What about banana skins?"

"Oh, they often make slippers."

JOHNNY'S RECITATION.

A seven-year-old orator made his debut in front of a large audience at a west side club-house the other night. His deluded but loving family who had egged him on to this sacrifice were mostly with him in the dressing room; they wanted to be sure that his bangs did not fall over his eyes and obstruct the view of his mother, father, aunts, uncles and cousins in reserved seats directly in front.

"Now, Johnny," said his mother, "be sure you make a nice bow."

"You bet I will,' said Johnny, with a swagger.

"And let your hands fall easily by your side, like this," and his father struck an attitude.

"Of course," said Johnny.

"Are you sure you know your piece?" asked his sister.

"Yep," said Johnny and he recited the first two lines:

I wish I had a little dog,
To pat him on the head.

"That's right, he'll do splendidly," remarked his mother. "You'll go in a minute now, and we must get into our seats. Don't you be scared a bit, Johnny."

"Whoth thcared?" asked Johnny, who began to feel a sinking of the knees, while his heart began to rise until it was in his mouth, and then somebody was pushing him forward, and he saw a lot of faces, not one of which he had ever seen before, and it was lighter than any electric searchlight he had ever seen. "Speak up now," said the manager. "Make your bow and say your piece."

Johnny made his bow and the audience applauded, but he had difficulty in finding his tongue. His hands hung down as his father had suggested, making him look like a little wooden man, and when he forgot and stuffed them into his pockets the audience applauded again. The manager took that opportunity for a stage whisper:

"Speak up, now," and he began the first line. Then Johnny said in a strange, hoarse voice:

I wish I had a little pat,
To dog him on the head.

Roars of laughter. Frantic demonstrations on the part of Johnny's family. He began again.

I wish I had a little pat,
To head him on the dog.

His father rose in his seat; that added to Johnny's confusion. Again the brave boy essayed:

I wish I had a little dog,
To head him on the pat,

Then a weary family took Johnny by the hand and led him home.—Detroit News-Tribune.

JUST FOR FUN.

A small boy in the juvenile grammar class, being asked to compare the adjective "little," answered: "Little, small, nothing at all."

"Tommy," queried his father, "how do you stand in school these days?"
"In the corner most of the time," replied truthful Tommy.

GABE. "What is an optimist?"
STEVE. "An optimist is a cross-eyed man who is thankful that he isn't bow-legged."

She (on the Atlantic liner.) "Did you observe the great appetite of that man at dinner?"
He. "Yes; he must be what they call a stowaway."

Uncle John. "Willie if you could have your way, who would you rather be than anybody else?"
Small Willie. "Just me—if I could always have my way."

Parents and children often differ in their views concerning the uses to which various articles should be put. As thus:
Mother (at breakfast.) "You ought always to use your napkin at the table, George."
George. "I am using it; mother. I have got the dog tied to the leg of the table with it."

Edgar, aged four, came running into the house one day with a long scratch on his hand. "Why, Edgar, how did that happen?" asked his mother.
"It didn't happen," replied Edgar. "The old cat done it."

That's a terrible noise in the nursery, Mollie," said her mistress. "What is the matter? Can't you keep the baby quiet?"
"Sure, mum," replied Mollie, "I can't keep him quiet unless I let him make a noise."—Lippincott's.

Mother. 'What's the matter, Willie?"
Willie. "Boo-boo-oo! Yesterday I fell down an' hurt myself."
Mother. "Well, what are you crying today for?"
Willie. "You weren't home yesterday."

LOUIE B. FELT *President.*

MAY ANDERSON, *First Counselor.* CLARA N. BEEBE, *Second Counselor.*

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

THE PRIMARY TEACHERS CLASS.

The Primary Teachers Class of 1913 has passed into history, leaving in its wake a trail of tender memories, and carrying with it the best wishes of a host of admiring friends. The Class has reason to be pround of its success and each stake to congratulate itself on its choice of representatives.

The inauguration of the course just completed was not the result of hasty speculation, but of serious reflection on the part of President Felt and her fellow workers. The welfare of the Primary organization, its growth, its development, its future, is the constant care of the sisters comprising the General Board. How to place in the hands of our workers the most effective means of promulgating the Church doctrines among the boys and girls of Zion, how to smooth the path of the small army of teachers—many of them hard-working mothers of large families—and employ the best methods of broadening, developing, and enriching our outline work, has been a much mooted question, and one difficult to solve. When, after much discussion it was finally decided to send out a call for at least one representative from each Stake, to take a six weeks course of instruction at Salt Lake City, the Board awaited with eagerness the response to that request, for we realized that it meant much to our cause.

Well, they "came," they "saw," they "conquered," and a more valiant crew of workers never trod the deck of the ship "Courage;" for it took spirit, loyalty, and a strong sense of duty to enable many of the visiting sisters to leave their homes and families for so long a period, and devote themselves with such tireless energy to the strenuous tasks before them.

That they were indeed strenuous, none will deny—strenuous for teachers, for class members, and for the office force. No one had an idle moment, for when she was not in class, or studying, or taking notes, or asking and answering questions, she was being royally entertained by Counselor Clara W. Beebe, our committee of one on amusements; for it was not all hard work—there was plenty of fun mixed in. The part played by Sister Beebe in keeping up the spirits of the class cannot be overestimated.

At the head of the whole enterprise, ever smiling, indefatigable in her efforts to help—mother, comforter and guide, stood our beloved and honored President. Early and late she was always at her post, and into the souls of those who watched was borne the conviction that God must be near her, or she never could endure the nerve-racking strain

SOME OF THE CLASS OF 1913.

resulting from the scores of pleas for assistance and counsel that came to her every day.

At her side, as usual, with characteristic energy and tireless support, stood Counselor May Anderson, managing the business end of affairs, solving transportation difficulties, furnishing supplies, ordering the books needed, and attending to numberless other matters coming up in addition to the ordinary routine. She, too, was marvelously blessed and given the strength that meant so much to the success of the undertaking.

We began, the first day, with a prayer to our Heavenly Father, that all might go well with those who had assembled in behalf of the cause; that each would remember her duty to herself, to her God, and to her stake, and so conduct herself that no reproach would fall upon the class during the weeks we were to mingle together. Instructions were given regarding class rules and regulations, and members were invited to make the Board rooms their resting place, where there were plenty of good books to be read, and other comforts obtainable. "Aunt Zina," our matron, had arranged for comfortable quarters where all who applied might be well taken care of, and there were many who went to her for counsel.

No word of complaint, in any shape whatever, has reached our ears from any source, and all honor should be given to the class that deported itself with such credit.

The aim of the instructor in each of the six departments was to make the course as practical, as extensive, and as broadening from the Primary teacher's point of view as was possible in the limited time at our disposal. Lectures were given by prominent educators of wide and varied experience in order that our workers might have the benefit of thoughts and conclusions reached by men and women who are devoting their lives to seeking out the best methods of teaching children.

Outlines were furnished in each department to assist the workers in taking notes, and hope is entertained that with the help these outlines give, a concise resume of the entire course will be possible with each member.

As the course neared completion some of the workers, despite new aspirations cultivated, and the energy, enthusiasm and patience manifested, began to show feelings of anxiety and concern, lest they might not be able to re-render the instructions received by them in class, after their return to their respective stakes. Such questions as: "What method shall we use in giving these instructions in the stakes?" were continually being asked. The General Board, in reply, offered the following suggestions: Each representative to the Primary Teachers' Course, whether stake or local, should consult first with her Primary stake president, give a brief resume of the work covered during the six weeks' period, review the outlines with the stake board, and request that individuals be appointed from that Board to specialize in each of the six departments of study; all instruction to be given out according to

EDITH HUNTER.

MARGARET H. EASTMOND. LAURA FOSTER.

ANN NEBEKER.

FRANCES THOMASSEN EMMA R. MORRIS.

THE TEACHERS.

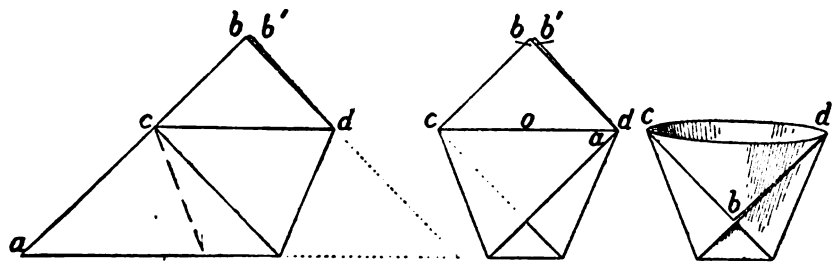
the discretion and under the direction of the Primary stake president.

For want of space we must omit many interesting details, but one climacteric incident, indelibly imaged in memory, should be mentioned. In future years, as we look back upon that Saturday afternoon, June 7, 1913, we shall see again the group of kindly faces endeavoring earnestly and lovingly to stretch the rainbow across a mist of tears.

It was Sister Felt who began it. We had been asked—we of the General Board—to meet the class in the reception room, immediately at the close of the afternoon meeting. We went, not knowing what to expect, and when we were showered with flowers, and presented with that beautiful picture, "A Little Child Shall Lead Them," so fitting and appropriate an adornment for our walls; when our efforts to make the class a success were so tenderly and appreciatively recognized in words of noblest gratitude; when our president, requested to speak, endeavored to comply—tried and tried again, and finally sobbed out her affectionate response, then—well, we all cried together.—F. K. T.

A SANITARY DRINKING CUP.

How to Make. Take a piece of white writing paper six inches square. First, fold the square diagonally through the middle; then fold one of the lower corners or angles *c* so that it will touch the line *a b* about the middle, as shown in the first figure. Next fold point *a* upon



d, as in the second figure. Lastly, fold *b* outward, making a crease along the line *c o d*, and fold the point *b'* over the other side in the same way. Open up along this double fold, and you have the completed cup as shown.

THE TALKING FACE.

"I didn't say a single word," said Annie Barton to her mother, who was reproving her for her temper.

"I know you didn't, Annie; but your face talked."

What volumes your faces say! Some speak of love and kindness, some of anger and hatred, and others still of selfishness.

We can't help our faces talking; but we can make them say pleasant things, and all should try to have them do so.—Selected.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Subject for the Month: Temper.

THE LESSON HOUR.

LESSON THIRTY-THREE.

SUGGESTIONS FOR ALL THE TEACHERS.

Chapter eight in Character by Smiles will help us to understand the value of temper, good temper. In the preparation meeting discuss the meaning of tempers, good and bad; if possible have some of the teachers prepare a talk on the subject, then a general discussion in which all take part; give personal experiences of the giving way to ill temper and the results of overcoming the feeling of anger.

If possible, read chapters 6 and 8 in Every Day Living by Annie Payson Call; or talks on Temper by others, writers, or teachers.

FIRST GRADE.

Text: Character by Smiles, chapter 8.

Bible: Some incident showing the patience and kindness of the Savior.

Other Materials.

Memory Gem.
Games.
Songs.
Pictures.
Rest Exercises.

Aim.

The overcoming of tendencies to anger, resentment, discontent and faultfinding is the duty of all and gives the greatest return in happiness, contentment, and blessings of the Lord.

Illustration.

"Jimmie at Home." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, or "New Year's at Buddie's House," in the same volume, page 7.

Suggestions for the Teacher. Review the lesson on truthfulness and lead the children to understand how unhappy people feel when they do wrong things. Have some pictures which illustrate happy children,

talk about them, finding out why they are happy and suggest things which little children may do to keep happy themselves and help to make others happy too. Use some incident from the life of the Savior which shows His constant desire to make people happy. You might mention very briefly how much misery comes to a little boy or girl who lets bad temper come into its heart; describe how ugly it looks and acts.

The supplementary stories will help to impress the truth. If possible use a hand mirror with the poem.

IN THE LOOKING-GLASS.

This world is like a looking-glass,
  And if you want to see
People frown at you as you pass,
  And use you slightingly;
If you want quarrels, snubs, and foes,
  Put on a fretful face;
Scowl at the world—you'll find it shows
  The very same grimace.

The world is like a looking-glass,
  And if you wish to be
On pleasant terms with all who pass
  Smile on them pleasantly;
Be helpful, generous and true,
  And very soon you'll find
Each face reflected back to you
  An image bright and kind.

—Priscilla Leonard.

Memory Gem:

I'll be a little sunbeam true,
  A tiny ray of light,
And try in all I say or do
  To make the world more bright. —Selected

SECOND GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text: Character by Smiles, chapter 8.
Bible: Incident from life of the Savior.

Other Materials.

Memory Gem.
Games.
Songs.
Pictures.
Rest Exercises.

Aim.

The overcoming of tendencies to anger, resentment, discontent and fault-finding is the duty of all and gives the greatest return in happiness, contentment and the blessings of the Lord.

Illustration.

"Runaway Ralph" THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 5, page 92, or, "Alfred's Prayer," THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 5, page 239.

Suggestions for the Teacher. Review the lesson on truth, help the children to see the value of telling the truth. Notice the value of self-control and how much more one is liable to tell an untruth if anger is permitted to enter into the heart. Encourage the children to tell how unhappy they feel if bad temper comes to them, then help them to know how to control it. Use some incident from the life of the Savior which illustrates His great patience and good temper. The stories, poem, and memory gem will help to impress the value of good temper.

Memory Gem.

With sunshine bright and music sweet begin each day anew;
For nothing half so dear is found, in garden, field, or wood,
As the precious litle boy or girl, who's trying to be good.
—Clara Louise Burnham.

Poem:

DO SOMETHING FOR SOMEBODY QUICK.

"Are you almost disgusted with life, little man?
I'll tell you a wonderful trick
That will brink you contentment, if anything can,
Do something for somebody, quick.

"Are you awfully tired with play, little girl?
Weary, discouraged and sick?
I'll tell you the loveliest game in the world,
Do something for somebody, quick.

"Though it rains like the rains of the flood, little man,
And clouds are forbidding and thick,
You can make the sun shine in your soul, little man,
Do something for somebody, quick.

"Though the stars are as brass overhead, little girl,
And the walks like a well-heated brick,
And our earthly affairs in a terrible whirl,
Do something for somebody, quick."

—Selected.

THIRD GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text: Character by Smiles, chapter 8.
Bible: The Prodigal Son.

Other Materials.

Memory Gem.
Poem.
Songs.
Pictures.

Aim.

The overcoming of tendencies to anger, resentment, discontentment, and fault-finding is the duty of all and gives the greatest return in happiness, contentment and the blessings of the Lord.

Illustration.

"Elinor's Wolf-Skin Rug." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 5, page 81; or "The Discontented Pumpkin" in the same volume page 370.

Suggestions for the Teacher. Use the material given for the lesson on truthfulness and help the children to understand how much more danger there is to do wrong if anger fills the heart. Review the story of the prodigal son. Let the children tell how the giving way to fault-finding, resentment and anger brought the young man to the place where he was foolish enough to run away from home. Notice how he was punished and then show the value of the patience and kindness shown by the father; if he had been like his son and been cross and angry and said unkind things to his boy, maybe the boy would never have come back. Impress the memory gem as you relate this story.

Memory Gem.

Is there a cross word that tries to be said?
  Don't let it, my dear, don't let it!
Just speak pleasant ones, quick, instead,
  And that will make you forget it.

—Selected.

Poem:

"WHO WILL JOIN."

We've formed a new society—
  The order of the Smiling Face,
An honored member you may be,
  For every one may have a place.

The rules say you must never let
  The corners of your mouth drop down,
For by this method you may get
  The habit of a sulky frown.

If playmates tease you, let your eyes
  A brave and merry twinkle show.
For if, the angry tears arise
  They're very apt to overflow.

If you must practice for an hour,
  And if it seems a long, long while,
Remember not to pout and glower
  But wear a bright and cheerful smile.

The rules are simple, as you see,
  Make up your mind to join to-day.
Put on a smile—and you will be
  An active member right away.

—Selected.

FOURTH GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text: Character by Smiles, chapter 8.
Bible: Story of Job.

Other Materials.

Questions.
Memory Gem.
Poem.
Recitation.
Reading.
Quotations.

Aim.

The overcoming of tendencies to anger, resentment, discontent and faultfinding is the duty of all and gives the greatest return in happiness, contentment and the blessings of the Lord.

Illustration.

"The Education of Bones." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol, 5, page 88.

Suggestions for the Teacher. Review briefly the thoughts given on the value of truth. Give some of Mr. Smiles, ideas about anger and help the children to appreciate the worth of a good temper. A brief recital of the trials of Job will help to illustrate this point. The

readings, etc., will also help. The teacher should impress the fact that in all efforts to overcome weakness the children of the Latter-day Saints must never forget to call upon the Lord for His assistance.

Questions.
What is temper?
What is the difference between bad temper and good temper?
What is the use of getting angry?
What are some things that make one angry?
Does it make things any better to get angry?
Could we not get the same results without being angry?
How do people look when they are angry?

Memory Gem.
"He that brings sunshine into the lives of others cannot keep it from himself."

Poem. SHALL I—

Grumble?—No; what's the good?
If it availed, I would;
But it doesn't a bit;
Not it.

Laugh?—Yes; why not?
'Tis better than crying, a lot:
We were made to be glad,
Not sad.

Sing?—Why, yes, to be sure;
We shall better endure
If the heart's full of song
All day long.

—Selected.

To be memorized and recited.
"Only a fit of ill temper!" We might just as well say, "Only a box of dynamite!" or, "only a bottle of poison." Ill temper wrecks and poisons more lives, young and old, than dynamite or prussic acid ever will destroy.—*Selected.*

Reading. OIL YOURSELF A LITTLE.

Once upon a time there lived an old gentleman in a large house. He had servants, and much riches, yet he was not very happy; and when things did not go as he wished, he was very cross. At last his servants left him. Quite out of temper, he went to a neighbor with a story of his distresses.

"It seems to me," said the neighbor, sagaciously, "'twould be well for you to oil yourself a little."

"To oil myself?"

"Yes; I will explain. Some time ago one of the doors of my house creaked. Nobody, therefore, liked to go in or out by it. One day I oiled its hinges, and it has been constantly used by everybody ever since."

"Then you think I am like the creaking door?" cried the old gentleman. "How do you want me to oil myself?"

"That is an easy matter," said the neighbor. "Go home and engage a servant, and when he does right praise him. If on the contrary, he does something amiss, do not be cross; oil your voice and words with the oil of love."

The old gentleman went home, and no harsh or ugly words were ever in the house afterwards. Every family should have a bottle of this precious oil; for the family is liable to have a creaking hinge in the shape of a fretful disposition, a cross temper, a harsh tone, or a fault-finding spirit.—*Selected.*

Quotations.

Proverbs 16:32; 22; 24-26; Ephesians 4:26; James I: 19-20.

FIFTH GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text: Character by Smiles, chapter 8.
Bible: Cleansing of the Temple.

Other Materials.

Questions.
Memory Gem.
Poem.
Reading.
Recitation.
Quotations.

Aim.

The overcoming of tendencies to anger, resentment, discontent, and fault-finding is the duty of all and gives the greatest return in happiness, contentment and the blessings of the Lord.

Illustration.

"Desk Mates." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 5, page 210.

Suggestions for the Teacher. Smiles will give you the best kind of suggestion about the use and value of good-temper, use as much as you can from chapter 8. In reviewing show the close relationship which exists between self-control and temper and how much easier

it is for one to do wrong under the influence of bad-temper. There are times when it is right for one to use force, the incident of the cleansing of the Temple will illustrate this point, but one must be very sure that they are justified before attempting to set another person in order. Temper is like all the other emotions given to us, of great value when we know how to use it.

The materials given with this lesson will give the children a good view point of good and bad temper. Be sure to impress the children with the thought of the necessity of always appealing to the Father in Heaven for help in fighting the evil and encouraging the good.

Questions.

What is an emotion?
Name some of the emotions?
What are their value?
What is a good emotion? A bad?
What do we mean by saying that we give way to bad temper?
What are some results of bad temper?
What are some results of good temper?

Memory Gem.

"Ill-temper is a weed that grows rankly in many young hearts. Its root is not high spirit, as many boys and girls think, but just plain, ugly selfishness. If the root is once plucked out and looked at, the young gardner will be ashamed to have a root or a weed in the heart henceforth."

To be memorized and recited. HOLD ON.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to do an unkind act. Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to speak harshly. Hold on to your heart when evil persons invite you to join their ranks. Hold on to your foot when on the point of going in the wrong path. Hold on to the truth, for it will serve you well, and do you good throughout life. Hold on to your temper when you are excited or angry, or others are angry with you.

Reading. WHAT TO DO WITH A BAD TEMPER.

Starve it. Give it nothing to feed on. When something tempts you to grow angry, do not yield to the temptation. It may for a minute or two be difficult to control yourself; but try it. Force yourself to do nothing, to say nothing, and the rising temper will be obliged to go down because it has nothing to hold it up. The person who can and does control tongue, hand, heart, in the face of great provocation, is a hero. The world may not hold him or her as such; but God does.

The Bible says that he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.

What is gained by yielding to temper? For a moment there is a feeling of relief; but soon comes a sense of sorrow and shame, with a wish that temper had been controlled. Friends are separated by a bad temper, trouble is caused by it, and the pain is given to others as well as self. That pain, too, often lasts for days, even years—sometimes, for life. An outburst of temper is like the bursting of a steam boiler; it is impossible to tell beforehand what will be the result. The evil done may never be remedied. Starve your temper. It is not worth keeping alive. Let it die.

Poem: THE BARBAROUS CHIEF.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

There was a kingdom known as the mind,
  A kingdom vast, and fair,
And the brave King Brain had the right to reign
  In royal splendor there.
Oh! that was a beautiful, beautiful land
  Which unto this king was given;
It was filled with everything good and grand,
  And it reached from earth to heaven.

But a savage monster came one day,
  From over a distant border;
He made war on the king and usurped his sway,
  And set everything in disorder.
He mounted the throne, which he made his own,
  And the kingdom was sunk in grief,
There was sorrow and shame from the hour he came—
  Ill Temper, the barbarous chief.

Then bent on more havoc, away he rushed,
  To the neighboring kingdom of Heart,
And the blossoms of kindness and hope he crushed,
  And patience was made to depart.
And he even went to the isthmus Soul,
  That unites the mind with God,
And its beautiful bowers and fragrant flowers
  With a reckless heel he trod.

Oh! to you is given this beautiful land
  Where the lordly Brain has sway—
But the border ruffian is near at hand—
  And be on your guard, I pray.

Beware of Ill Temper, the barbarous chief,
He is cruel as Vice or Sin;
He will certainly bring your kingdom grief
If once you let him in.

Reading. CONTROL OF TEMPER.

What would you think of a man who had a certain amout of money given him at his majority, with the understanding that that was all he could ever have—that it must be his entire purchasing power for comfort and convenience while young and strong and his dependence in sickness and old age—yet who spent freely and for the most trivial things, that were of no importance to himself or others, from the very outstart?

Why, I am sure that with your fine judgment you would say. "How foolish. Even if he cannot gain more money by labor or by judicious investments he can at least take care of what he now has and look on each side of a dollar before he spends it, questioning, 'Is it worth while?'

Just so, my dear. And the girl or boy who does not early learn to control temper is just as foolish as that spendthrift man; for at each outbreak a certain amount of vitality is used up, the heart beats more quickly, the blood rushes to the vital organs (sometimes congesting them), and the quality of the blood is entirely changed. "Is it worth while?"

You have been training your will, and have learned in a measure how to control thought. Now you can bring both of these forces to bear on your work in the control of temper, and from being a hot-headed, passionate, disagreeable youth whom everyone dreads you may soon and quite easily in some cases, dependent on will power—develop into one of the gentlest, most manly and Christian-like of any of your set. "Is it worth while?" Yea, verily, for "he that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

Here is the process:

1. Find your weak points. Know just what stirs your choler the quickest. Avoid those things, where possible; but when they must be met face them with a resolute "I will be on my guard, and will not be made angry by this coming onslaught," and then stick to it. "Forewarned is forearmed," you know; so let nothing swerve you from your firm determination to control your temper instead of being controlled by it, to be master instead of mastered.

2. Make a habit of pausing, however slightly, before speaking—even when not angry. This will enable you to control speech when angry, and one who controls speech has half won the battle. Control of speech is a good thing to carry around in your mouth, any way, often

befriending you when you would otherwise be distressed, and proving as great a comfort to others as to yourself; and you are under some obligations to look out for others.

3. Plan your day ahead, mentally, and see what trying things are most likely to come into it and what uncommon ones may be foreseen, and ask the father to help you bear emergencies with brave self-denial in the matter.

4. If the impulse to speak becomes overpowering, and you "must speak or burst," say something as irrelevant to the matter in hand as possible, even if it is nothing but "Charlie said he was going to have a picnic in the icehouse today," or counting aloud or the repetition of a syllable (la, la, la), or the singing of a stanza of some popular air. An old rule, and one not to be despised, is: "If angry, count ten before speaking; if very angry, count one hundred." This should be silent counting, of course, unless the "speaking" only refers to your argument with your opponent.

5. Remember, finally, that bodily conditions help make it easy or difficult to control the temper, for every added irritant "gets on your nerves" and helps make you an easy victim of what might otherwise pass unnoticed; so look out for cleanliness (a dirty skin stops the pores, heating the blood), and use plenty of cold water for the daily bath, even if the bath is only a rub from the damp cloth.

Look after the diet, too, and avoid the "hot" condiments, for these, too, heat the blood besides destroying the digestion, and who is more easily angered than the dyspeptic? Make the every day diet as plain and wholesome as may be, and so help yourself to gain control of temper while you are building up bodily wealth and preparing for added enjoyment of the rare days when you feel entitled to indulge in table luxuries.

So, too, of dress. Don't ignore the effect of tight shoes, bands, etc., on nerves and temper, and avoid whatever tends to discomfort, so far as you can, even if you have to sacrifice a well-earned reputation for "style" in order to attain comfort.

6. Finally, begin the day right. Get up early enough to have a few minutes in quiet communion with the Source of all wisdom and strength, and recall your very pleasantest, most hopeful thought-friends. Carry a bright face to the family—the reflection and result of your morning quiet. Say "Good morning" in your sweetest voice and happiest manner, so helping dissolve "the blues" which may have become rampant before your arrival, and making the home atmosphere one of cheer and sunshine, where Lord Temper finds no lackeys to do his surly bidding—and "God be with you till we meet again."

Quotations.

Proverbs 15:1-15; 19:11-19; Ecclesiastes 7:8-9; Matthew 22:26.

LESSON THIRTY-FOUR.

THE BUSY HOUR.

Suggestions for the Teacher. Pinwheels, darts, rugs and mats are given for this month's busy work. The teachers will find it advisable to make the forms suggested and then decide which grade can do the work.

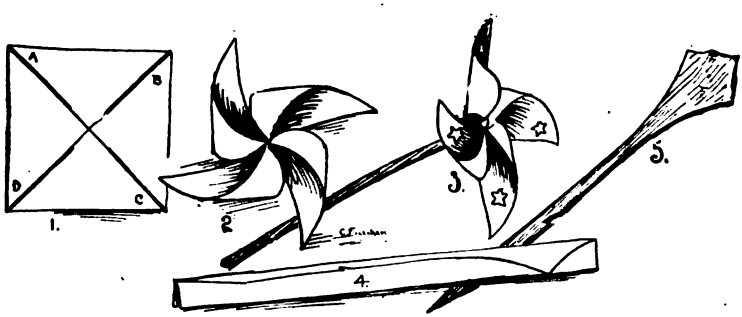
It is suggested that the children be shown how to do the work, let them make a good start and finish at home or if agreeable and possible work may be done during the Story Hour.

PINWHEEL—DART.

Material. For the pinwheel, use any common paper about 9 inches square, some small pieces of colored paper for decorative purposes, a straight branch for the handle, and a pin for axle of the wheel.

To Make the Wheel. Rule or fold diagonal lines on the square or paper, from corner to corner, and cut heavy lines figure 1. Then pin the center points A, B, C, D, so that the object appears as figure 2. The wheel is attached by a pin to the end of a straight branch and placed against the breeze. The children delight very much with this toy.

Material for Dart. Use straight grained shingle, a common pocket knife, and a piece of common paper for the pattern.



To Make Dart. The pattern should first be made, as shown by figure 4, by drawing one-half of the dart on the fold of the paper. Trace the pattern on to the shingle with a lead pencil. The wide end of the dart must be placed at the thinner end of the shingle. In cutting the shingle, care should be taken against splitting. The children must cut accurately to the line as far as possible. After the dart is whittled out, place it across the finger so that each side will balance and at the

point where the finger is holding the dart, cut a notch as shown in figure 5.

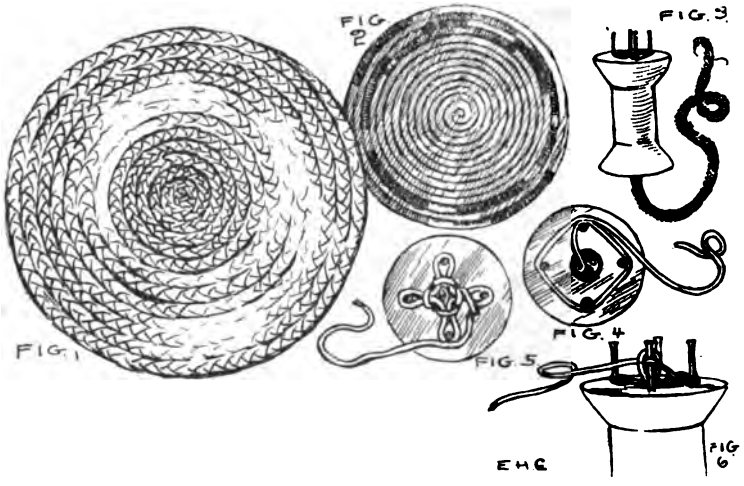
A loop of a string is placed in the notch. The dart is held in the right hand, the string in the left, then with energy of the left arm the dart is sent in the air. The wide end of the dart acts as a balance and thus holds the heavy pointed end in place, as it extends forward in the air. If this dart is made true and shot properly, it will extend into the distance perhaps fifty feet.

RUG—MAT.

Materials for Rug. For the rug use strips of cloth that may be found in mother's rag bag, needle and thread.

To Make. First begin to braid in a neat way, the strip, then lay together in a coil and sew, as shown by fig. 1. Stripes may be placed by using colored cloth. The coil should not be drawn tightly or the rug will be uneven.

Materials for Mat. Use pieces of yarns, a spool, brads, and darning needle.



To Make. Place brads in the end of the spool as shown by figs. 5 and 6. Place the yarn through the spool and around the brads. See fig. 4. On the second round with the yarn, loop the under thread over the upper—see figs. 6 and 5, and draw into the hole of the spool: continue the process and get the knitting as shown by fig. 3. Make the mat in the same manner as the rug. See fig. 2. Various colors may be run in with pretty effect.

LESSON THIRTY-FIVE.

THE STORY HOUR.

FIRST GRADE.

Stories. Pippa, Child Stories from the Masters, page 11; or,
The Fairy in the Mirror, Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories, page 40; or,
Picture Books; or,
The Weeds That Bothered Dora, in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

SECOND GRADE.

Stories. The North Wind and the Sun, Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories, page 74; or,
The Discontented Pine Tree, Household Stories, page 85; or,
Uncle Dan's Cure, in this issue THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

THIRD GRADE.

Stories. Diamonds and Toads, Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories, page 63; or,
Giant Bad Temper, Among the Giants, page 65; or,
A Bad Tempered Elephant; or,
The Sale of David, both in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

FOURTH GRADE.

Stories. A Man Without a Country; or,
Among the Giants; or,
An Inheritance; or,
Grandmother's Story, both in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

FIFTH GRADE.

Stories. The Boy Scouts of Woodcraft Camp; or,
Rick Dale; or,
Polly Oliver's Problem; or,
Carrie's Composite Expression; or,
The Whole World Kin, both in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

LESSON THIRTY-SIX.

THE SOCIAL HOUR.

Suggestions for the Teacher. Impress upon the children the value of *good temper,* use songs, poems, memory gems and stories which best illustrate the value of *good temper.*

Preliminary music.
Prayer.
Singing.
Story.
Singing Games. "Ace of Diamonds." Cramptons Folk Dance Book.
Games. All from Plays for the Playground.
"Squirrel in Trees," page 264.
"Duck Dance," page 185.
"Hopping Relay Race," page 106.
"Desk Relay," page 309.
"Hands up," page 221.
Memory Gems.
Song.
Benediction.

WHERE THE HEDGE IS LOWEST.

Says old Richard Sibbes, of long, long ago, "Satan goes over the hedge where it is lowest." Isn't it true? This enemy of ours does not waste any time or strength. If there is a weak place, a low place in the guarding hedge, he will take that rather than batter and pull down the defenses where they are strongest.

What shall we do then? Make up the hedge. Be watchful at the weakest points, and build highest, set the hedge thickest there. If there are no low places, we will at least make it hard for the enemy to get in.

The law does not allow anyone to carry concealed weapons. But some boys carry tempers round with them that are quite as dangerous as revolvers, and very much more likely to go off at halfcock. An explosive temper is a thing to be disposed of, no matter how much trouble it takes. George Washington mastered his in youth, and set an example to all American boys.—Selected.

"PHI, A GREAT DEAL DEPENDS UPON YOU NOW!"

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

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LITTLE PRINCESS WISLA.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

CHAPTER IX.—BETTY BROOKS LENDS A HAND.

"Tick-tick-click-click," went the machine in the telegraph office, until Phi, who had been waiting, waiting since early morning, felt as if it were ticking and clicking in his head. Half the men in Pollywhoppet seemed to be having telegrams that morning but no answer came from Jo Peebles to Dr. Brooks.

At last, late in the afternoon, the operator, who was interested in the search for Peggy—as, indeed, who in Pollywhoppet was not?—called to Phi and read him the message just as she had ticked it off.

"Dog cur belonging to Indian girl. No white child. Nothing suspicious."

Old Winne-Lackee had done her work well with the pokeberry ink, with the Indian way of combing Peggy's straight black hair and with her Indian dress.

And Peggy's loss of memory, together with her quickness in learning the Indian speech and all the Indian ways, had made the old Squaw's success complete.

Only a fortnight had passed since Peggy had dropped out of her own world—and, already she looked to Jo Peebles like "a thorough little Indian!"

Poor Phi! When he read that message his heart sank low indeed.

He went out of the office without a word. He heard the telegraph operator say before he closed the door, "Poor little Peggy was drowned in the river. They might as well give up the search!"

And he knew that the throng of people in the telegraph office, which was the post-office as well, were all nodding their heads in sad agreement with the operator that Peggy was drowned.

When he handed the telegram to Dr. Brooks the strong man's lip trembled.

"I had not much hope, Phi, my boy," he said huskily, when he had read it. "The old times when Indians made captives of white chil-

dren are gone by. Those Indians on the island would not be likely to kidnap a child. Such things are done for money, nowadays. The rich old Squaw who rules up there on the island has no need of money and I don't believe she would allow such a thing if she had. I set a broken arm for her once and I found that there was something really human about her. No, no, Phi! She has only her own little granddaughter with her and the granddaughter's dog. As for Stumpy he probably fell off a raft into the river and was drowned. He was always getting upon the rafts you know, and especially since—since Peggy went."

"I—I guess I know the wag of Stumpy's tail!" insisted Phi hoarsely, because he wanted to cry. "And I guess Rex has too many dog-brains to make a fool of himself!"

Phi broke down after that out-burst. He felt heart-broken now and scarcely cared who saw him cry.

Dr. Brooks put his arm around the boy's shoulder. "Phi, a great deal depends upon you, now!" he said gravely. "Your father is going to take your mother to Europe and you will be the man of the family while he is gone. You know how this trouble has broken your grandfather down. Even he will lean upon you!"

"Going to Europe?—now, with Peggy gone?" gasped Phi.

"A report has come of a little girl having been picked up by a Norwegian vessel from a raft that was adrift far out at sea. There was a small raft missing, that day, you know; the owner thought that some Freeport ruffians had stolen it, as they had stolen others. It is possible that it went adrift with Peggy upon it, but I am afraid this may prove a false hope like so many others. But it will be good for your mother to go. So, Phi, you must be the strong man of the family and keep up your grandfather's heart."

Phi held his head a little higher now, and the tears on his cheeks were hastily brushed away.

"Grandpa doesn't believe that Peggy was drowned, I know," he said slowly. "But it wasn't a bit like our Peggy to get on to a raft and be carried off to Norway! She had more sense! And, whatever anyone may say, it wasn't a bit like Stumpy to be drowned. And maybe"—Phi's eyes shone now through a mist—"maybe Grandpa and I and your Sidney and Betty and all the Pollwhoppet boys and girls, who thought such a lot of her that they can't bear to believe she is dead, may find her instead of Papa and Mama and all the detectives and things who are going off everywhere. Anyway we shan't give up trying! And whatever Jo Peebles may say I am going up to that Indian island again when the old Squaw comes home!"

Down in the ship-yard on the very day when his father and mother sailed for Europe, Phi had a chance to find out just what a need there was that he should be, as Dr. Brooks had said, "the man of the family."

Twelve years old is not very far along towards being a man, but Grandpa's great need of him was going to bring upon Phi a sense of strength and manliness. For poor Grandpa, who had been a strong

man in mind and body for his years, seemed to have been brought suddenly to his second childhood by the loss of Peggy.

Phi found him wandering around the ship-yard, searching, searching in the piles of sawdust, under the great piles of boards—where there were no "teeters" now—and even all over the new ship, the "Margaret Piper," still waiting upon the ways, for some trace of his little lost granddaughter.

Phi remembered the water-soaked hair-ribbon in his pocket but he had the broken coral bead to keep it company and there was always hope in that bead.

He followed Grandpa up to the deck of the new ship. The old man's gaze was wandering wistfully over the river as he stood there.

"We don't believe Peggy was drowned, Grandpa!" said Phi earnestly. "Not one of the Pollywhoppet boys and girls believes it! And not one of them is going to stop trying to find her. They—they all know that our Peggy was just the right kind of a girl!"

What he meant was they all loved Peggy but he felt that that would be talking like a girl. Besides he had to try pretty hard, anyway, to keep back the tears.

Grandpa didn't try. His face had looked hard and set, but the tears rushed to his eyes now in a flood and his lips quivered like a child's.

"The Pollywhoppet boys and girls—bless them!" he murmured softly. "So you think they will find our Peggy when the grown people can't? Well, well, the children can do great things! We'll see, we'll see who will find Peggy!"

Sidney Brooks was coming toward the ship with Rex at his heels. Rex, who remained at his old home, now annoyed no one. The dog seemed too depressed by the disappearance of his old friend Stumpy to bark. Sidney and Rex came up to the ship's deck.

"Grandpa, Sidney and I want you to promise us one thing!" said Phi earnestly. "The 'Margaret Piper' is your ship and we want you to say solemnly that she never shall be launched until Peggy is here to christen her."

Grandpa gazed into the boys' eager faces and then again at the deep, swiftly-flowing river.

Although he had become almost a child again Grandpa could not hope quite so strongly as the children.

But his face suddenly caught the brightness of the boys.

It was almost as if something had whispered to him, that hope is always the good, true thing to trust.

"I'll promise you! We'll shake hands on it!" he said, almost happily. "The ship's launching-day shall never come until our Peggy christens her—not if she goes to pieces on the ways!"

The boys hurrahed. Phi tried his best to keep the tears out of his voice; it was so good to see the hope in Grandpa's face! But as for that dog Rex, he would not bark and frisk as he usually did when the boys

hurrahed; he only sat down upon his hind legs and howled dolefully!

"Rex, old fellow, we are going up to the Indian island again next week," said Phi—for he had persuaded Sidney to go and see what they could find out, even in the absence of the old squaw and her little granddaughter and the little stumpy-tailed dog.

They would row up in a boat and take Rex with them. The Indians might not allow them to land but they would try it, anyway! Rex pricked up his ears when he heard that.

But alas! measles had broke out in Pollywhoppet. On the day when the boys had planned to go to the Indian island Sidney was in bed, in a darkened room, and Phi's severe cold and sore throat made it evident what was coming to him.

Mrs. Brooks said that Betty must be sent away. The child was worn out with grieving for Peggy and she did not wish her to take the measles just now. It was fortunate that Betty wished to go away with Aunt Rebecca Style, who was willing to take her; very fortunate, but a little queer, because Aunt Rebecca Style thought that little girls should always be too much dressed up to play and that dolls were silly and puppies and kittens too troublesome!

"You are a little goose! You won't have a good time," said Sidney when Betty was taking leave of him—through the keyhole for fear of the measles.

"Oh, don't you know why I am going with Aunt Rebecca Style?" whispered Betty. "She is going to Canada and I am going there to find Peggy."

For, in spite of Jo Peeble's message, the Pollywhoppet girls believed that the old squaw was carrying Peggy off with her little granddaughter. There was even a whisper that she might have turned Peggy into a bird or a beast like an old witch in a fairy-book. Betty Brooks herself knew better than that—but perhaps she did not know, as Sidney scornfully told her, "how big a place Canada was."

She didn't seem to lose courage after he told her that, for she simply whispered, again through the key-hole, with every word like a little explosion:

"I—am—going—to—find—Peggy!"

(*To be continued*)

OFF TO SCHOOL.

TRIED AND PROVEN.

"Wanted: A bright, intelligent office boy, not over sixteen years old. Must be quick and not afraid to work. Apply with references No. 64 Times Building, Friday morning at nine o'clock."

Julius read and reread this advertisement in The Evening Post. He had already made up his mind that he would, at least, try and get the place. "But what is the use?" he said to himself, "there will be lots of other boys there all dressed up in fine clothes; of course one of them will get the place." But Julius had already made up his mind to try for the place, and he was not the boy to give up without good cause.

When he told his mother about the plan she herself had little hope of Julius getting the place.

"Julius, my dear boy," she said, "mother certainly hopes you will be successful; I am quite sure if the party knew you as well as your mother does, you would have no trouble in securing the place, but then—"

"Now, mother, please don't let's have any 'but thens,' for I mean to try at all odds." Here Julius looked puzzled. "Who could I get for reference?" he added. "I have never worked anywhere before."

"You might get our neighbor, Mr. Dobbins; he has known you since you were a baby."

"But, mother, he could not recommend me as an office boy," and Julius's face still bore a puzzled look.

"That's so, my son. Mother never thought of that. And if he cannot I don't know who you can get. Maybe you will just have to put on a bold face and do the best you can. Explain to the gentleman the reason why you haven't any references, and —"Here Mrs. Peyton remembered that this would hardly suffice in a business transaction. "Julius, you must have references of some kind," she concluded.

The next day, bright and early, Julius, attired in his best suit, which was very skillfully patched in several places, and his white shirt, done up by his mother's own loving hands, started to town.

At the Times Building he took the elevator to room No. 64, which was on the sixth floor. When he went to the office he was told to have a seat, and that Mr. Hamilton would see him when his turn came.

Mr. Hamilton, a prominent lawyer, had put a notice in the St. Louis Post, and Julius found, as he had expected, a large number of applicants waiting in the office.

He felt somewhat ashamed when he glanced at the boys before him and noted that nearly all were dressed much better that himself.

When Julius's time came he was the last but one, and as he was ready to go into Mr. Hamilton's private office Bob Black, who lived in an elegant house on Madison Avenue, stepped in front of him saying: "Let me go first. I haven't time to hang around here all day." And

without waiting for an answer he threw away his cigarette stump and passed in, thinking he had gained quite a point toward getting the position, and saying to himself. "Soft guy, that country is."

Mr. Hamilton kept him but a short time, however, and then came Julius's turn. He felt his chances were not very good after Mr. Hamilton had seen all of those well-dressed fellows, but with a dauntless spirit he held his head up and walked in.

Mr. Hamilton, a kind-looking middle-aged gentleman, was sitting at his desk, surrounded by masses of books and papers, but as Julius entered he looked up. "Have this seat, my son," he said, "I suppose you came in answer to my notice?" He spoke in such a friendly tone that Julius felt more encouraged.

"Yes, sir; I read your advertisement in last evening's Post and thought I would try for the place, as mother needs my help so much."

"So you want the place to help your mother?" said Mr. Hamilton. "That is one good thing in you to start on. I always like a boy that really wants to help his mother. Your name, my son, is—?"

"Julius, Julius Peyton, sir, and I live out on Sixteenth Street, in the Liberty Addition," and Julius's big honest brown eyes looked straight into those of Mr. Hamilton.

Mr. Hamilton turned around and in doing so he pushed, with his elbow, several packages of papers off his desk. At once Julius was on his knees, carefully gathering them together.

"Never mind that, my son; I will attend to those."

"O, sir, there is no need," said Juilus, as he carefully replaced them on the desk, "I have them pretty well fixed now."

Mr. Hamilton watched him and noticed how quick his movements were and how neatly he arranged the papers. On the whole, Mr. Hamilton liked Julius very much, but he gave him no encouragement in so many words.

"You may go now, my son, and if I should decide to employ you, I will let you know. Your address again, please."

"Julius Peyton, No. 118 Sixteenth Street, Liberty Addition. Here is my rference, sir; I was about to forget it; your advertisement called for references," said Julius, as he handed Mr. Hamilton a brief commendation which Mr. Dobbins, after all, had gladly given him.

"So it did—so it did, my son," said the lawyer, "I had forgotten to ask for your reference," and as Julius closed the door he said to his private secretary: "It never occurred to me to ask such a gentlemanly little fellow as he was for reference; his very actions are worth more than a dozen references." He then turned to his stenographer and said, as he handed her Julius's address: "Write this young man to call Monday morning at nine o'clock."

The stenographer looked puzzled. "What about those other boys whose names you gave me? What do you want done with them?"

"Write them to call here also, and make it the same hour Monday morning," he replied. "I am going to do what I have never done

before, and that is, I am going to give my reasons before them all for employing this young Peyton gentleman. Perhaps it will be a lesson to them, some thing which some of them seem to need."

When Julius got home he was hot, tired, and somewhat disappointed.

"Mother is so sorry for you, son; you deserve better, but those other fellows just outdressed you. I am sure if this Mr. Hamilton had really known how very badly you needed the place he would at least have given you a trial."

The next morning the postman brought Julius a letter, and upon seeing Mr. Hamilton's address on the envelope he lost no time in finding out its contents.

"Mother, read this," he said, a minute later, handing her the letter. "Mr. Hamilton wants me to come up to his office Monday morning at nine o'clock. I hope he has decided to give me a trial."

Monday morning, promptly at nine o'clock, every boy that had been there before was again present. They did not understand why so many had been notified to return, but each one seemed to expect the place to fall to him. Mr. Hamilton had them all come in his private office.

"Boys," said he, when they were all before him, "I am going to do something that I have never done before. In selecting the right boy for this place I had to bear in mind whether or not that boy was a gentleman. Boys, a gentleman embodies all that is good and noble in a boy, and you should remember that good clothes do not necessarily make a gentleman. I have decided to give this position which can easily in time he made to lead to a more valuable one, to Julius Peyton, and you, my son," he said, laying his hands on Julius' shoulder, "are well worthy of the choice, and I have no fear but that you will improve your opportunities." And without waiting for Julius to make a reply, and to the astonishment of all the other boys, he called his stenographer and said to her: "Miss Kepwith, this young man, Julius Peyton, is to be my office boy. He is to help you all he can. I wish you would show him about filing those letters, so he can get at it at once; they are accumulating rapidly."

Then turning to the other boys, he said: "Young men, you will always find it a good plan to watch the little things in your conduct; to be courteous, thoughtful, and not vain of what you wear or who you are. These are very simple things, but when coupled with industry and an honest desire to please, they do not often fail to bring that success which no doubt all of you hope some day to attain. Let this experience be a lesson to you, in that it may emphasize the advantage of always being a gentleman. Good day."

Nor were these words lost, for each boy went away more thoughtful and wiser than when he came.

Before Julius left that night he went to thank Mr. Hamilton,

and he did it in such a way as to cause Mr. Hamilton much satisfaction over his selection as office boy.

His mother was very much elated over her son's success.

"It is all due to your love and training, my dear, good mother," said Julius, as he finished relating the events of the day.

BILLY.

Aunt Jane's little nephew was cross and out of sorts. It was rainy and he hadn't been able to go outdoors all day. He had played with his cart; he had played with his blocks and spools, and now he was tired of doing anything in the house and wanted to go outdoors.

"But, my dear Billy," said Aunt Jane gently, "we cannot help it because it is raining. Why what do you think we would do without the gentle rain? We wouldn't be able to get anything to eat if it were not for the rain that feeds the flowers, the grain and all living creatures."

"I know that, Aunt Jane; but why does it always rain when I want to go outdoors? I want some dinner, too, and it is twice as long to dinner time when I have to stay in the house. I don't care, Aunt Jane, I think it is real mean!"

"Why Billy, you remind me of a little fellow that I met once when I was traveling in Mexico. He was called Billy, too. Billy was all right as long as things went his way, and as long as he was fed with plenty of good things. But if his friends tried to get him to do things that he thought he didn't want to do, he would simply refuse even to eat. Now you don't want to be like that Billy, do you? But after a while his friends found that if they put a handkerchief over his eyes, so that he couldn't see what was going on, Billy would do anything, or try to do anything for his friends But that Billy was a little donkey."

"Come, now, do not be fussy or out of sorts any more, and Aunt Jane will make better use of a handkerchief and play blind man's buff with this Billy until dinner time."

And do you know, it didn't seem ten minutes, although it was really nearly half an hour, before mother called, "Come, folks, dinner is ready, and I know that Billy is hungry."

And Billy laughed as Aunt Jane took off the handkerchief from his eyes, and he said with a smile, "I am glad the other Billy's friends discovered how to make him forget his load, for this handkerchief has made me forget the time, because I couldn't see the clock."—Selected.

UNCLE RALPH'S BROWNIE.

BY KATE UPSON CLARK

When Rose and Nannette Snow went out to the Yellowstone Park with their mother, what they really wanted most to see was Uncle Ralph.

Uncle Ralph was an uncle of Mrs. Snow, but he was not much older than she was. Many years ago he had gone to Montana. He had expected to make his fortune in the mines, but he had not had very good luck. Still, he had stayed on and on, working and hoping. All the time he had been writing to Mrs. Snow and the children often. He made pictures on the letters and told funny stories. Many of these stories were about his wonderful collie dog, Brownie. The children wanted to see Brownie almost as much as to see Uncle Ralph.

Every little while, Uncle Ralph would send a box of presents to the children. He had never seen them, but they had sent photographs back and forth so often, that they felt sure they would know each other when they met. Many photographs of Brownie, too, had been sent to the children. They were sure they were going to know Brownie the very first minute.

There was a great time finding out what train to take to get to Uncle Ralph's. He lived at Tentacle—a tiny mountain village, twenty miles up from a railroad. Traymore was the nearest railroad station to him. But the express trains ran over another road—what was called "the Short Cut," a new track, not yet entirely finished, but still so

that it could be used. Axtell, on the "Short Cut," was the most convenient station for the Snows to come on. It was finally arranged that Uncle Ralph should come down to Axtell, and they would all spend the night there and have a good visit.

In point of fact, Uncle Ralph was so impatient to see them that he arrived at Axtell three days before the Snows were due there.

This made some confusion, as you will see.

For, at the last moment, Mrs. Snow decided to go to Traymore, instead of by the "Short Cut" to Axtell, so she telegraphed to Uncle Ralph at Tentacle. But, as we know, Uncle Ralph was quietly waiting up at Axtell, and never got the telegram at all.

Behold, the train drawing into Traymore! Out tumble two excited little girls, and their excited mother. The porter follows, carrying their bags.

"Set them right down," said Mrs. Snow.

Yes, Uncle Ralph will take them," cried the children.

But no Uncle Ralph was there. Off went the train, and the little group felt lonely enough, in the strange wild country—for there were only a dozen or so shanties in the whole village of Traymore.

As they stood there looking gloomily around. Nannette's quick eye spied a dog prowling about a stage-coach which was standing not far away.

"Look!' she cried. "There's Brownie!"

"It does look like his pictures," admitted Mrs. Snow. "Let us ask."

They walked over to the stage-coach. The driver was just mounting the box.

Yes, that was Mr. Ralph Kane's "Brownie."

"But where is Mr. Kane?" asked Mrs. Snow.

The dog pricked up his ears.

"Brownie!" said the stage-driver, sternly. "Go over there and lie down under the shed—clear over—clear over, I say! There—now stay there!"

"You see," he explaimed to the Snows, in a low voice, "Mr. Kane told me not to say before Brownie where he was. He's gone to Axtell, to meet some friends—but if Brownie knew it, he'd be in Axtell too, as quick as he could get there."

"Oh, Mr. Kane has gone to meet *us!*" cried Mrs. Snow, explaining in her turn to the stage-driver. "He could not have received our telegram."

"Probaby not," answered the driver. "Telegrams are mighty uncertain around here. And now you can't send any telegrams up Axtell way anyhow, for a dam broke out up there, and all the poles went down for miles."

"But we can't stay long," cried Mrs. Snow, "and we wouldn't miss seeing Mr. Kane for the world. What shall we do?"

The driver scratched his head.

"You might tell Brownie that he's at Axtell—and tie a note to him—and Mr. Kane'd get it before dark tonight." (It was then about two o'clock.)

"Really?"breathed Mrs. Snow.

"I'd be willing to bet 'most anything on it," said the driver. "He is so crazy to find his master that he has run twice from Tentacle here with me, and back again. It's a good twenty miles and he gets tired—but he will go every time till his master gets back to Tentacle. I never saw such a dog."

So Mrs. Snow wrote a note. It was put into a tin box, and then tied securely around Brownie's neck. Then the stage-driver said, "Mr. Kane is over to Axtell, Brownie—*Axtell.* You understand?"

The dog barked excitedly.

"Well—you get along there and find him, and bring him back with you as fast as ever you can. Now right up the mountain there, as fast as you can go!"

So up the steep rocky side of the mountain bounded the good dog. and late that afternoon, watching the trail which had been pointed out to them, the Snows saw through a strong spy-glass, the faithful creature toiling over the upper rocks of the great hill nearly at the top. When he reached that point, he would be in sight of Axtell.

The next morning, just as soon as breakfast was over, they began to watch the trail again. Everybody said that Mr. Kane would probably take a burro and come right over the mountain just as the dog had gone. By any other route it was a good day's round-about ride from Axtell to Traymore.

It was nearly eleven o'clock when a speck appeared on the exposed part of the trail. You never saw more wildly excited people than Rose and Nannette, when they saw through the spy-glass that the speck was a man riding a burro—and that a big dog was running along beside him!

"Mama!' the girls cried, "it is Uncle Ralph and Brownie!"

Coming down a mountain is quick work, and it was only a little past noon when Uncle Ralph rode into the yard of the rough inn where the Snows were waiting for him . Then they had some happy hours together—and the happiest one in the whole party was Brownie.

"Oh, you good, wise dog! You do understand words, and names of places, too, don't you?" Rose said to him. "I wish somebody would invent something nice to do for dogs when you love and thank them very much. All we can do is to pat them and give them bones—and we mustn't give them many *bones* or else they will be sick!"

And surely if it had not been for Brownie, they would not have seen Uncle Ralph—for he had risen before sunrise that morning in order to make the hard journey over the terrible mountain.

The girls begged to take Brownie home with them, they loved him so much—but their mother said she would not for the world take away that faithful friend from Uncle Ralph.

PETER.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE

There was no denying the fact that Peter Larkin was a hard case. No one could say that he ever had done anything specially bad. "That will probably come as he grows older," had been said with a groan by some of those who were striving to win the boys to pure lives, and true manhood.

Peter was a knotty problem. His honest face, the frank eyes with which he looked straight into the eyes of those who could hold his attention long enough to catch their natural expression, made one feel sure that slyness or underhand dealing could not be numbered among his faults. The trouble seemed to be a wide streak of perversity, causing a stubborn resistance to all attempts to tame him.

"I don't believe there's any good in him," said Ned Brand.

"Oh, we'll not say that," said Miss Janet, his Sunday School teacher. "The thing is to get down to the good. You should have seen the grace with which he picked up my bag the other day when I dropped in on the sidewalk. Handed it back to me like any little gentleman."

"He might have run away with it," admitted, Ned.

"Yes," said Miss Janet. "Now, if only we could hold Peter down long enough to get to the good that must be somewhere in him. Don't you think you could get him to come here? If we could manage to interest him at first, he might keep on."

The boys promised to try, but still with the underlying feeling that there was not much good lying loose anywhere in Peter's make-up.

He came, but the result was not encouraging. Taking his seat next to the aisle he tripped up the small boys who passed him. He whispered loudly, entered into small scuffles with boys who sat near. and made those who were farther away laugh at his grotesque grimaces. Finally, in the moment in which the teacher began to hope that she was engaging his attention, he got up and stamped noisily out at the door, giving a long, loud, whoop as he rushed away.

"Didn't I tell you?" said Ned.

"But," Miss Janet said, "we'll not give him up yet."

So no opportunity for a pleasant word with him was lost. It became known that his home life was unhappy, that he lived with a dissolute father who gladly would have taken him from school and put him to work.

By degrees Peter got into a way of listening for the pleasant words, so rarely coming into his forlorn life. Many times he lingered about the small building, sometimes with a wistful look that led Miss Janet to the belief that with a little more coaxing he might be persuaded to come among them. But the boys who formed the missionary committee headed by Ned, said:

"We'll leave him alone a little longer. All he wants is a chance to make a disturbance again."

Ned and Sam, who as time went on, had constituted themselves staunch supporters of everything connected with the little chapel, were one evening going by it when Sam suddenly grasped his companion's arm with a suppressed, "St—what's that?"

On one side of the little bulding was an alley, now, in deep shadow. Through a chink in the wall bounding it, they saw something which looked suspicous.

"What are they up to?" said Ned below his breath.

"That is more than I can tell, Ned."

Two boys, larger than themselves, were silently busy close to the wall of the building, piling up fragments of wood and paper. Ned grasped Sam's arm in excitement, both knowing what it meant. The stand taken by the chapel people against neighboring saloons had aroused deep indignation among some of the surrounding dwellers, and many threats had been made.

"Look here!" again whispered Sam. In still deeper shadow stood a boy, evidently, like themselves, watching what was going on.

"That's Peter, waiting to give notice if anybody comes. "Let's run for the police."

But sooner than might have been looked for, a brisk little flame shot up from the kersoene-soaked combustibles.

"Hurry! Hurry!" cried Sam, and both rushed to prevent the mischief. But the wall was too high to climb and they had to run some distance to get around.

In those precious moments the lightly built little structure might have been in serious danger, but for something which caused the two to pause for a moment in surprise. For, eyes as quick as their own had caught the first gleam of fire, and Peter sprang forward with a shriek which frightened the incendiaries, who melted into the darkness, while he threw himself on the threatening peril. Pulling, stamping and kicking—at first, single-handed, he fought bravely. But willing hands soon joined his, and only a few minutes had passed before the three were gazing at each other over the subdued foe.

"Did you get burned, Peter?"

"No," growled Peter.

"If it hadn't been for you the whole thing would have burned up."

"Me, nothing," said Peter turning his back and walking away.

Once a week those interested in the exercises gathered for an evening of a little study, with a great deal in the way of songs and games—a "regular good time," the boys called it. As the evening succeeding the attempt at burning the building aproached, a little more than the ordinary stir might have been noted. Pictures were hung, vines draped, and recitations studied.

Ned and Sam had bound themselves to every effort within human means to see that Peter should be present. As the hour approached

they "lay low' for him, knowing about the time when he would come out from his miserable home and stray aimlessly, trying to weary away time before going back.

"We're going to have a good time tonight, Pete"—

"I know what you mean," said Peter shortly, " but I'm none of your goody sort."

"We're not that sort either. We're too jolly for that. Just come, and look on."

As the boys gathered later, Peter hung about those in the rear and did not resent it when Ned offered a word of kindly encouragement.

Many of the company must have had a sly understanding, for as they crowded in, Peter seemed, in spite of himself, to be in their midst. And in the walk down the aisle—how was it that he was getting nearer and nearer the front, never suspecting the cunning of the concerted movement by which others quietly fell back until he found himself among the very foremost.

He could not help it, as he still pressed on, until, before he realized, he was occupying a seat which he thought unpleasantly prominent.

This, however, was soon forgotten in the interest of what was going on about him, and he laughed and stamped with the others, finding it good for a while to forget the troubles of his unhappy life.

After much of the jolly doings a man began talking about a boy who had done some good, brave thing. It did not at first quite appear what, but as he went on, telling about the kind of boy of whom such things might be expected, Peter thought it would be nice to be such a boy. Faces grew brighter, boys laughed, and clapped their hands, and there was at length a shriek of noisy enthusiasm as the man said:

"We are all proud to be friends of this boy who by his quickness in seeing a thing to be done, and his bravery in doing it, saved this house from burning the other night."

And, could it be? That compelling hand had urged him to his feet, and it was he upon whom all those eyes were turning in kind friendliness, he of whom such things were being said and such thoughts being thought.

"It's all a mistake." Peter had lingered until all this, and much more was over, and then, in the quiet, sought speech with the man who had talked of him. "It sounded real good, but I'm not that sort of boy."

A kindly hand was laid on the boy's shoulder. "We all like you. And if there was any mistake, you can set it right if you're not that sort. You can be, you know."

"I will be, if I can," said Peter humbly.

GOOD MANNERS.

How needful it is that the young should cultivate good manners! They cost you nothing, and make you many friends.

Have you ever noticed the difference in the conduct of children at the table?

There is a boy, who, when he eats, makes a noise with his mouth like a pig drinking.

He puts his knife into his mouth, and sometimes he licks it, and then helps himself to the butter with it.

He wipes his face with his napkin, or the table-cloth.

He fills his mouth with food, which he swallows without chewing.

When he wants to be helped, he cries out to some one, without a word of thanks; or, perhaps, he reaches across the table and helps himself.

Have you ever seen this boy? He lives somewhere, I am very sure.

Now, here comes another boy to dinner. We will watch him. He quietly takes his seat. He waits to be helped. If he afterwards desires anything, he says, "Will you please help me?" If he does not wish what is offered, he says, "No, thank you."

He uses his knife to cut up his food, which he puts into his mouth with his fork.

He eats slowly and quietly, and chews his food well.

When he has finished he does not tilt his chair back and pick his teeth, nor leave the table without asking to be excused, until all present are ready to rise.

He places his knife and fork side by side on his plate; and, when all are through, he rises with the rest.

Which of these boys do you admire the more?

—Selected.

TWO WAYS OF TELLING A STORY.

In one of the most populous cities of New England, a few years since, a party of lads, all members of the same school, got up a grand sleigh-ride. The sleigh was a very large one, drawn by six gray horses.

On the following day, as the teacher entered the schoolroom, he found his pupils in high glee, as they chatted about the fun and frolic of their excursion. In answer to some inquires which he made, one of the lads gave an account of their trip and its various incidents.

As he drew near the end of his story, he exclaimed: "O, sir! there was one thing that I had almost forgotten. As we were coming home, we saw ahead of us a queer-looking affair in the road. It proved

to be a rusty old sleigh, fastened behind a covered wagon, proceeding at a very slow rate, and taking up the whole road.

"Finding that the owner was not disposed to turn out, we determined upon a volley of snow-balls and a good hurrah. They produced the right effect, for the crazy machine turned out into the deep snow, and the skinny old pony started on a full trot.

"As we passed, some one gave the old horse a good crack, which made him run faster, an old fellow in the wagon, who was buried up under an old hat, bawled out, 'Why do you frighten my horse?' 'Why don't you turn out then?" says the driver. "So we gave him more rousing cheers. His horse was frightened again, and ran up against a loaded team, and, I believe, almost capsized the old creature—and so we left him."

"Well, boys," replied the teacher, "take your seats, and I will tell you a story, and all about a sleigh-ride too. Yesterday afternoon a very venerable old clergyman was on his way from Boston to Salem, to pass the rest of the winter at the home of his son. That he might be prepared for journeying in the spring, he took with him his wagon, and for the winter his sleigh, which he fastened behind the wagon.

"His sight and hearing were somewhat blunted by age, and he was proceeding very slowly; for his horse was old and feeble, like his owner. He was suddenly disturbed, by loud hurrahs from behind, and by a furious pelting of balls of snow and ice upon the top of his wagon.

"In his alarm he dropped his reins, and his horse began to run away. In the midst of the old man's trouble, there rushed by him, with loud shouts, a large party of boys, in a sleigh drawn by six horses. 'Turn out! turn out, old fellow!—Give us the road old boy!—What will you take for your pony, old daddy?—Go it, frozen-nose!—What's the price of oats!'—were the various cries that met his ear.

"'Pray do not frighten my horse!' exclaimed the infirm driver. 'Turn out, then! turn out!' was the answer, which was followed by repeated cracks and blows from the long whip of the 'grand sleigh,' with showers of snow-balls, and three tremendous hurrahs from the boys.

"The terror of the old man and his horse was increased, and the latter ran away with him, to the great danger of his life. He contrived, however, to stop his horse just in season to prevent his being dashed against a loaded team.

"A short distance brought him to the house of his son. That son, boys, is your instructor; and that *old fellow*, and *old boy*, that *old daddy*, and *old frozen-nose*, was your teacher's father!" Selected.

"IN A MINUTE."

BY SARAH N. M'CREERY.

Whenever Ned Staples was asked to do an errand he said, "In a minute!" He always wished to finish his game, read another page in his book, or fly his kite a little longer. He forgot that he hindered other people by asking them to wait and that it was a very rude thing to do. His minutes often lengthened into half an hour, and sometimes he entirely forgot that he had been asked to do anything. The family made up their minds to break Ned of this bad habit, but he knew nothing of their intentions.

A few days later Ned wanted his mother to sew a button. "In a minute!" she answered, but didn't do it for twenty. Ned was very cross about it, for the boys were waiting to play a game of leapfrog.

In the evening Ned asked his grandmother to tell a story. 'In a minute!" was the reply, and she read on unmindful of the fact that Ned was drumming impatiently on the windowpane.

"I wish folks would do things when they are asked!" muttered Ned.

His grandmother smiled. "I just wanted to finish that chapter, Ned, and I knew you wouldn't mind."

The next day Ned's Uncle planned to take ten boys on a fishing party. Ned had looked forward to the event for two whole weeks. His uncle had said that they would start at eight o'clock and he told Ned to be up early. Ned was up early, and he had the fishing poles on the hayrack before half-past six.

Just five minutes before eight Uncle John's merry voice called, "All aboard for fishing, Ned!"

By this time Ned was deeply interested in a story, and he wanted to see how it ended, so he said, "In a minute!"

Mr. Lamb gave Ned's mother a knowing wink as he left the house. In a few minutes Ned picked up his hat and started on a run for the barn. When he reached there he looked around in amazement, for no Uncle John and no hayrack were in sight. He called again and again, but there was no reply, then he went back to the house. "Where's Uncle John?" he asked his mother.

"I suppose he has gone," was the reply.

"Gone! Without me?" he exclaimed.

"My son," said Mrs. Staples kindly, "your uncle told you he was ready to go. You had nothing to do, but you said, 'In a minute!"'

"I just wanted to finish my story," sobbed Ned. Then something came into his mind and he stopped crying. "I guess you are all tired of hearing me say 'In a minute!' I am never going to say it again." And Ned's disappointment helped him to keep his word.

COURTESY AND SUCCESS.

"Be courteous," is an injunction as old as the Bible. Paul was himself a model of courtesy, Christ has been called "the most perfect gentleman." Courtesy is a grace that adorns the noblest and ennobles the humblest.

True courtesy is not self-seeking. At the same time when Raleigh cast down his cloak for the foot of Queen Elizabeth he was not the first or only one who has found it a path-way to success, and for this reason, if no other, it were well for every boy to cultivate this grace.

The story is told of the owner of a nursery who was called from home; one day during his absence, a customer came, and finding two boys, his inquiry was caressly answered by the oldest, that his father was away, "didn't know when he would be back." But the other jumped up at once and followed him out with a polite offer to show the stock, with the result that the stranger, irritated by the manner of the first lad and on the point of leaving, stopped, examined the nursery, and left an order of such an amount that the father said to his son on returning, "You have sold the largest bill of any this season."

On one occasion a poorly-dressed boy of sixteen was riding on a street-car when a middle-aged gentleman entered. There was no seat for him, but he had hardly reached for a strap to cling to when the lad was on his feet, and, touching his hat, had politely offered his, at the same time picking up and returning the cane the other had dropped. Presently, when he had again secured another seat, he yielded it to a lady, and with the same polite manner.

Th next day the lad, who was a poor boy seeking employment and sadly discouraged that he had been unable to find any, was told that a certain firm intended enlarging their business, and hurried to the place, only to be answered by the manager that no more help was needed. Sorely disheartened, he was turning away, when the same gentleman to whom he had given his seat the previous afternoon came out of a private office. He was the head of the firm. Recognizing the boy and learning his errand, he called the manager to him and said, "I want you to make a place for this boy. He will be sure to treat our patrons politely, and I feel confident that he will do good and faithful work for us."

And that lad, grown to a man, and holding a responsible position with the firm, says, "I owe my pleasant and profitable place to something that did not cost me anything, and that is—courtesy."

Again, an office boy had often occasion to go into a business place, where he was only known in that way. One day a clerk asked, "Who is that boy?" I always like to see him come in. He is such a gentleman in every way." The member of the firm to whom he had spoken answered, "I only know him by seeing him come in so often,

but I like him very much. He certainly is a gentleman, boy though he is, respectful, courteous and neat."

A little later this same firm sent for the boy, and offered him a position, far better than he had ever held. In short they offered to take him and teach him their business from the bottom up. That boy's future was also made possible by his courtesy.

Not long ago, it is said, the Russian government sent two representatives to this country to place a large order for a certain kind of machinery, requiring great skill in the manufacture, and in the making of which the Americans are their superiors. They first visited a very large and famous establishment in one of our great cities, where the attention shown them was so scant that they soon left. They next went to a shop so much smaller that it would have been classed as fourth-rate, but where the manager received them with the utmost courtesy. The result was that this superintendent of the shop was offered one hundred thousand dollars a year to go to Russia and superintend similar work there. "A large premium," was comment of the paper which published the item, "paid for a little gracious courtesy.

—Selected.

AN ASTONISHED CONDUCTOR.

"Get aboard, old limpy,' said a pert conductor to an aged, plainly dressed, lame man standing on the platform, waiting for the signal to depart; "get aboard, old limpy, or you'll be left!"

At the signal, the old gentleman quietly stepped aboard and took a seat by himself. When the conductor, in taking up the tickets, came to him and demanded his fare, he replied: "I do not pay fare on this road."

"Then I will put you off at the next station."

The conductor passed on, and a passenger, who had seen the transaction, said to him: "Did you know that old gentleman?"

"No, I did not."

"Well, it is Mr.——,the president of this road."

The conductor changed color, and bit his lips, but went on and finished taking up tickets. As soon as he had done he returned to "old limpy," and said:

"Sir, I resign my station as conductor."

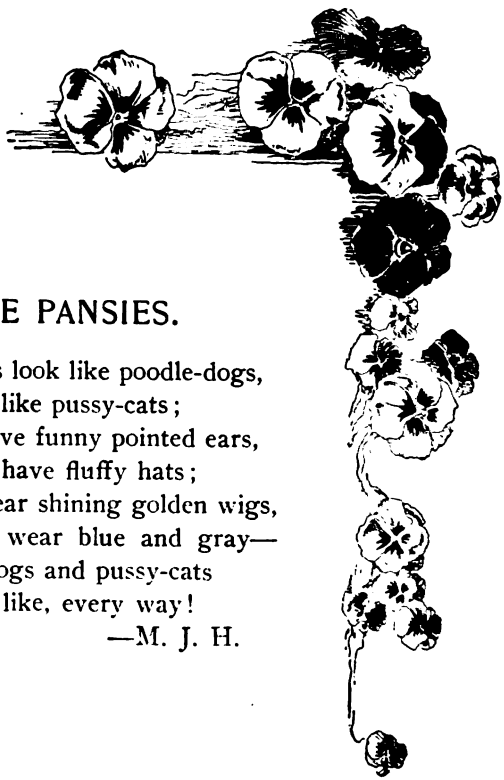
"Sit down here, young man. I do not wish to harm you; but we run this road for profit, and to accommodate the public; and we make it an invariable rule to treat every person with perfect civility, whatever garb he wears, or whatever infirmity he suffers. This rule is imperative upon every one of our employees. I shall not remove you for what you have done, but it must not be repeated."

This is a true story. The "old limpy" was the Hon. Erastus Corn-

ing, of New York. He was a member of Congress for eight years, and one of the leading railroad capitalists of the United States.

That conductor never addressed another passenger as "old limpy."

It is unsafe as well as ungentlemanly to be impolite to the poorest-looking stranger. Many a boy has started on the straight road to success by gentlemanly conduct, while others have made a dismal failure because they were rude and impolite.—Kind Words.



SOME PANSIES.

Some pansies look like poodle-dogs,
  And some like pussy-cats;
And some have funny pointed ears,
  And some have fluffy hats;
And some wear shining golden wigs,
  And some wear blue and gray—
But poodle-dogs and pussy-cats
  They look like, every way!

—M. J. H.

A BAD EXAMPLE.

BY M. VAN R. FRENCH.

The zoo was just a short way from their home, so mother was not afraid to have the children drive their little friends over there to look at the animals, and have luncheon by the beautiful creek where the swans and pelicans had their homes.

They drove off merrily, Roger thinking it great fun to ride on the pony's back. They drove through the big, iron gates past the huge cage where storks, herons, gulls, ibises, and the pretty pink spoonbills all lived together so contentedly, though they did quarrel once in a while over the fish the guard would throw into the water for them. "Oh, whoa, Jack! we want to stop to see the llamas," said Belle. And they all tumbled hurriedly out of the cart.

"They're so near the fence, let's feed them the same as we do the deer."

They gathered long grass and clover, but when Belle went near with a handful, just think what that llama did to her!

You couldn't think, I'm sure, for it's what only very naughty children do. It spit at her! It really did!

Belle jumped back very quickly. "O Jack, did you see what it did? How very rude of it! Try giving it your grass and see if it'll mend its manners."

Very cautiously Jack went near and held out a tempting bough of clover, but he had to jump, for it laid its ears back and looked angrily out of its beautiful, big eyes, and spit at Jack, too.

"Well, such manners! He's no gentleman! I remember now, that father read to us that the South Americans used llamas in place of donkeys and horses or ponies and when they got tired or angry they would just turn around and behave as badly as they did to Belle."

"Humph! I'm glad our pony has better manners than that! But come on now, let us go and have our luncheon and then feed the swans with the scraps. They're polite and bow every time they take a mouthful."

They drove off, resolved never to do such a rude trick as that llama had done, though it didn't know any better.

"ME TOO."

To Mabel, at six, the distance between herself and her eight-year-old sister Florence seemed very small. To Frank, who lived next door, and was just going to celebrate his ten birthday with a party, there was a very long stretch between eight and ten. Still, after thinking it over, he had decided to ignore the difference in age, and invite Florence. She was so pretty, and besides, hadn't she said that he was the nicest boy on the street?

Accordingly, one morning, he rang the bell at Mrs. Thurston's door. Two little maids answered it, and Frank made his errand known to Florence, who received his invitation with delight. Neither of them noticed that the bright face of Mabel suddenly disappeared. Presently, her voice was heard.

"Frank, did you mean me, too?" she chirped, and waited, breathless, for the answer.

Poor Frank! It was a trying moment. He had a tender heart, and he could not help seeing that the brown eyes were trying bravely to hold back some crowding tear drops. The struggle was short.

"Why—yes," he said, "yes, if your mamma is willing."

Then the sunshine of smiles struck through her tears, and Mabel showed a rainbow face. "Oh, well," she laughed, "then I'll come, for she said she was perfickly willing if you meant me, too."

Frank touched his cap and said "Good-morning" in a very manly way; but instead of going on, he went directly home and straight to his mother's room. He threw his cap on the floor and himself into a chair beside her.

"Mother," he groaned, "the party is spoiled! I've invited a baby!" And he poured out the story of his trouble.

It was a beautiful and sympathetic face that looked at Frank; a tender hand that smoothed the ruffled hair from his forehead, and a dear voice that said at last, "Frank, I want to read you this morning's message on the calendar papa gave me at Christmas time."

Together they bent over it, her arm about his shoulders as she read—

"Happiness is a perfume that one cannot shed over another without a few drops falling on one's self."

Then she turned to Frank. "You see, dear—you understand?" she said. And into her eyes there came a certain lovely look, which Frank had never yet been able to resist.

"I see, mother," he said, "and I'll try!"

What a beautiful party it was, to be sure—with the games and the music and the fun! Here and there moved Frank, his face aglow, with always a special smile for little Mabel. A word to one and another, and soon what seemed to be the very best game of all made every face bright, as all the children there joined with Frank in trying to make one little girl perfectly happy.

At last, the dining-room doors were thrown open, and here was a surprise even for Frank. What a picture the table made! In the center was a large bowl of red and white carnations. At every place, laid diamond-wise, was a Japanese napkin, decorated with the same brilliant flower, while on the plate's white surface lay one of the spicy blossoms. The little white turnips, all the same size, made cunning holders for the red candles blazing before each guest.

It was decided that the youngest one there should make the first wish. It proved to be Mabel! Then, when the beautiful cake was

brought in, they voted as to who should cut it. Strangely enough, the lot fell to Mabel! But most wonderful of all, the ring, which was found in the cake and tried all round the circle, could only be made to fit on the little third finger of Mabel!

When the last pair of feet had tripped down the carpeted walk, Frank's mother turned to him.

"Dear son!" was all she said, but Frank's heart swelled until he did not dare trust his voice, so he gave her a kiss for answer.

Next door, a rosy-cheeked little girl, with her arms around her mother's neck, was saying, "Oh, mamma, it was the loveliest time! I was choosed and choosed, and they all said they wouldn't think of having a party without me, too."—Selected.

TABLE MANNERS.

We have learned of various foods and something of the best ways of cooking them, and yet there are many other things for us to learn before we can get the most good from a meal.

First the table should be made to look as pretty as possible. The cloth should be white and clean; for a soiled cloth would not be pleasant to look at while eating.

Next the very prettiest dishes that one can afford should be used, and placed in the best order. Flowers help to make a table look bright and fresh, and should be used if one has them. The food should be made as tempting as possible before bringing it to the table, by arranging it tastefully on the dishes.

Now the well set table is not all that should be considered. Those who are to sit at the table should look their best. There should be no soiled hands or faces. The hair should be neat and the clothing clean and tidy. There should be no frowning faces, sour tempers, nor cross words.

To say things that hurt people's feelings is wrong at any time, but to say them at the table is doubly wrong, for an unhappy state of mind will affect the work of the stomach.

Never tell unpleasant news at the table, nor talk about sickness or death. We should think up the good, funny stories we hear or read to tell at the table. Those with compliments and pleasant jokes are good table talk.

Table manners, as a rule, readily show whether or not a person is truly polite. There are certain rules about eating that each person should learn while young, and practice until they become a habit. A few of these are:

Never eat fast; always wait to be helped; never put the fingers into the mouth; never make a noise with the mouth while eating or drinking; never carry food to the mouth with a knife.

We should know how to handle our knife, fork, spoon, and napkin

in the proper way. We should try to learn more of table manners, and practice what we know.

If we are always kind and thoughtful of others, we will show good manners at all times, and never seem to see the mistakes of other people at the table or elsewhere.

A story is told of a king who once gave a dinner. At the table were two ladies who did not know good table manners, and they made the mistake of putting food into their mouths with their knives, pouring the coffee from their cups, and drinking from their saucers.

Some of the guests saw this, and began slyly to laugh. As soon as the king saw it, he began to put food into his mouth with his knife and to drink from his saucer. The other guests then stopped laughing, and did the same.

The two ladies made a mistake, but the guests who laughed made a greater mistake, and were even rude. The kind thoughtfulness of the king saved the two ladies from seeing they had made a mistake, but it would have been much better had they known good table manners.—Selected.

IF YOU WISH TO BE BELOVED.

Don't rudely contradict people, even if you're sure you are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend.

Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.

Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't believe all the evil you hear.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you.

Don't be rude to your inferior in social position.

Don't overdress, or underdress.

Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.

Learn to hide your aches and pains under a pleasant smile. No one cares whether you have the earache, headache, or rheumatism.

Learn to attend to your own business—a very important point.

Don't try to be anything else but a gentleman or gentlewomen and that means one who has consideration for the whole world, and whose life is governed by the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would be done by."—Word and Work.

THE GODS SEE EVERYWHERE.

The old professor paused and leaned forward over his music desk, baton in hand, regarding the rows of girlish faces before him. "I want you to feel ze music," he said. "I want you to mean it, every word. You must sing from ze heart, or you will not have success. And I want you to give me your best"—a smile flashed over his thin face. "I want ze flowers of your voices, not ze weeds."

There seemed to be fire in Bess Templeton's eyes as she listened, with her face upturned toward his, comprehending, responsive. Every nerve in her tense little body tingled. She was ready for his signal, to sing with all her might, with all her heart, in her sweet voice. A soft little voice it was,—nobody ever was able to hear it among the others,—but although the tiny ripple of sound was lost in the tide of melody, she gave all she had, careful that every note should be steady and true.

Again he lifted his baton, and the trained young voices, soft, intense with earnestness, rose and fell at his behest. He led them on to the end, with a shining face.

"Zat is ze way, young ladies; zat is ze way I want you to sing it at ze concert. Forget ze people, forget yourselves; sink of ze music. But ze fourth chorus—it is ze difficult one—you must learn ze notes better. You sit wiz ze eyes on ze book, while zay must be on my face. You must watch my stick."

Bess closed her book reluctantly, and turned to go. "Isn't it too bad that I shall have to miss all the rest of the rehearsals!" she said, as she went down the steps with Blanche Everton and Margaret Blair. "Aunt Fanny sent for me this morning; her girl is away. I shall be back only just in time for the concert."

"Oh, well, it won't matter much, Bess," Blanche answered, carelessly. "Nobody will hear whether you sing it right or wrong."

Margaret saw the flush that sprung to Bess's cheek, and hastened to slip a friendly hand into hers. "One voice among so many," she said, sweetly. "It wouldn't seem to matter if it sang the wrong notes; but I suppose it does. It makes the music less perfect."

Bess turned a grateful face toward her. "I can't help thinking what Longfellow sang:

'For the gods see everywhere'

"It makes me want to do my best, whether anybody knows or not."

"And you always do, you dear little thing," said Margaret, stopping for a good-night kiss at the corner where Bess turned off toward Harvey Street.

"Isn't she an odd piece, though?" said Blanche. "She just fits that queer little house. I'm glad I wasn't born to Harvey Street and

plain bread and butter. Here comes the professor. Let's wait and walk with him."

All the girls adored the old professor, notwithstanding the fact that his black suit was always shabby, and that he seemed to have worn that same funny, fuzzy silk hat from time immemorial.

There was something in his fine, worn face that commanded even the daring Blanche, and made them all fond of fancying that he lived on a higher plane than common mortals do, in a region where the air was filled with music and dreams.

For didn't he have the loveliest thoughts, and interpret the music for them till it was all informed with light and beauty? They went on with him now, one on either side, as if they had been children, instead of young ladies, as they felt themselves to be.

"The new music is so hard!" drawled Blanche, in her soft, indolent voice. "I wish you would always let us do easy choruses that we shouldn't have to slave over so!"

"It is ze hard sings are good for us," smiled the professor.

Blanche made a little face. "I never did like to take medicine," she said, saucily. "I like candy best. And there is so much else crowded into these next two weeks!"

Professor LeBaron sighed. "Ah, Miss Blanche, it is always ze 'much else!' If you would all be like ze one!" he added, wistfully. "When I am discouraged, when you sing ze notes wrong, zare is ze one little face all uplift, all full of ze light—" He flung out his hands and sighed again.

"Oh, do tell us whose it is!" giggled Blanche. "I'm sure I always like to look at you, professor, only I just have to keep watching the notes."

"Zat is ze trouble, Miss Blanche. You have ze voice— and you, Miss Margaret. But it is ze industree, ze work—it is zat you must have. But no; you make me discouraged."

"We don't mean to be careless," said Margaret, penitently. "We will try to work harder."

"Zat will please me, Miss Margaret," he answered, simply; then he took off his hat and bade them good night, going on alone down the side street to his shabby little rooms, where there was a very big piano and a great deal of music, but where there seemed to be very little of anything else.

Bess thought herself lucky the next day to make half of her eight-mile journey in a farmer's wagon. She had tucked her music book into a corner of her satchel, for she knew there would be odd times when she could practice the choruses. She would have Aunt Fanny's melodeon to help her—such a queer, tiny melodeon, a trifle wheezy now, after fifty years of service. Its four octaves of keys were worn and yellow, and one was silent here and there; still it could help her a little.

Bess cherished for the poor old instrument a whimsical regard, which dated back to her babyhood and her first visit to the farm, when

her mother found her standing before the melodean, reaching up to strike the keys and trying to make them sound, as she did those of the piano at home. When they failed to respond, she sighed patiently, and gave it a consoling pat. "Never mind," she told it. "When oo get big, then oo play." But the poor thing never had grown any larger, and every year found it more feeble and asthmatic. Even now Bess could not be impatient with it, but bumped industriously at the rattling old pedals, and tried not to mind when, now and then, its voice gave way with a sudden wheeze.

The two weeks of her stay were busy ones, but there was hardly a day when she did not find time to run over her score. In that difficult fourth chorus, one page tried her patience sorely; a change of key and tempo, and half a dozen accidentals, made it puzzling. It seemed as if she never could master it; but she tried it over, day after day, with patient care.

On rehearsal afternoons it was hard to be content, remembering that the girls were all singing together, with their leader's inspiring face before them. It seemed lonely then, out there in the wide, still country. But at last she was free, and back in the midst of it all, having her share in the pleasant buzz of excitement that pervaded Edgewood as the time for the song festival drew near.

The professor had pressed and brushed his threadbare coat with his own hands, shaking his head a little dubiously over it when he had finished; but Blanche herself pinned a white carnation in the buttonhole, and there was not a girl among them who did not feel proud of the shabby old professor when the audience smiled and clapped as he appeared.

He wondered if they understood—these butterfly girls, with their flower faces and dainty gowns—what it meant for them to sing this grand old music that for more than a century had stirred the hearts of men. Was it not too much to expect of them, with their untouched hearts and unawakened souls, waiting there on the green-wreathed stage for his signal to begin? But as he turned his face toward them, the fluttering of handkerchiefs back and forth from stage to audience, the rustling of books and settling of flounces ceased; they were hushed, ready.

Bess was there; her face shone white above the soft pink of her gown. Her dark eyes were full of light. He could almost feel the answering thrill that flashed through her veins as her gaze met his, both uplifted, upheld, by the enthusiasm of the hour.

A quick lift of the baton brought the singers to their feet. He swept his eye across their faces, with a look of compelling appeal. They breathed forth the first soft notes; hushed, tender, the music rose and fell, reverent as a prayer. A slight flashed into his face; he led them on and on, the sweet young voices rising as the music gained in intensity; leaping on, strong and glad and beautiful, to the triumphant close.

As the music ceased, Bess drew a breath that was almost a sob.

Her throat ached with the beauty of it; she felt herself uplifted, as if her spirit had found wings.

They came at last to that difficult fourth chorus, and the professor's face grew anxious. Would they be able to carry it through? That difficult page—even at the last rehearsal they had blundered with it. If Blanche failed, that strong, leading voice—if they all failed—but they must not—they should not fail!

He led them out through the opening measures; then a low, minor melody began—the page that followed was the crucial one. They turned the leaf. Almost by main force, it seemed, he held their voices steady and true. But suddenly the whole line faltered. The music wavered, like the wavering of a candle-flame in a breath of air.

Blanche herself turned pale—stopped. But one brave, sweet, soft little voice sang on, for one brief moment absolutely alone. Bess needed not even to glance at that difficult page, so familiar it was to her.

It was only for an instant; few of the audience noticed the hesitation. Then Blanche's strong, grand voice caught up the notes from the little singer beside her, and once again flung herself into the music, reassured and confident, faltering no more.

When it was all over, the audience filed out, pleased and smiling. They were all friends of the young singers, and rejoiced at their success. But Blanche, coming upon Bess in a dim corner of the dressing-room, put her arms around her with a little excited sob.

"O Bess Templeton," she whispered, "if it hadn't been for you!"

Bess opened her eyes wide. "Me!" she said, softly. "O Blanche, if I could only sing as you can!"

But the wonderful part of it all happened next day, when the professor himself knocked at the door of the little house in Harvey Street, and went in, holding his fuzzy silk hat in his hand, and bowing to little Mrs. Templeton as reverently as if she had been a royal princess.

"It is about little Miss Bess I have come," he said. "She must have ze music—ze private lesson—every week."

Mrs. Templeton's gentle face flushed slightly; she opened her lips to speak. "Pardon, madam; it is not for ze money I teach her; it is for my pleasure. Ze rest—zay not care; zay have ze paint, ze embroider, ze dance, ze theatre, ze beau; little Miss Bess, she have but ze music. Look!" he cried, turning the girl's bewildered face toward her mother. "Is it not ze musical little face? Is it not ze one in all my chorus zat respond to me? Zat answer every motion of my stick, every suggestion of my face—almost my every thought? Ah! madam, last night at ze concert—ze audience did not know, but I knew, madam, —she saved ze chorus from failing!"

"As you say, madam, it is not ze big voice. But it is not ze sunflower I would have, no; it is ze lily, ze violet. And Miss Bess not know—I teach her. I make her a voice two times, three times as big as now. Ah, madam, my heart shall be broken if you do not permit!"

He looked so kind and so earnest, and yet so comical, as he stood

there bowing and flourishing his old silk hat, that Mrs. Templeton smiled, although her eyes were full of tears.

"It has been my daughter's dearest wish," she said tremulously. "I don't know how I can thank you—" But the professor suddenly looked very much bored and abashed.

"Pardon, madam," he said, backing toward the door, "it is ze engagement I have—ze most pressing engagement. And Miss Bess, on Tuesdays at four, it is zen I may look for her?" He bowed and smiled, then hurried away before they could find breath to thank him further.

"Zat engagement of his," smiled Bess, as the gate clicked behind him, "it is all ze myth!" Then she turned and laid her tremulous face against her mother's shoulder, too rapturously happy to speak another word.—From the Youth's Companion.

A REAL TRUE STORY.

BY ELIZABETH R. DICKERSON.

"Grandma, tell us a story, will you? Not one of those 'bout fairies you make up as you go along, 'cause I think those are really 'bout us; but a real story, and please don't end it by asking if we don't think we ought to be as good as fairies, seeing we're so much bigger. Please do, Grandma."

Grandma laid down her knitting and rested her head against the back of the chair, with her eyes shut and her hands folded. Gradually a smile spread over her face, and Katharine knew her wish was already granted.

"Yes, dear, I will. Come and sit in this chair with me, so that James and Sterling can draw their chairs nearer, and I'll tell you about something that happened to me when I was as old as your mother is. How would you like that?"

"Fine!" they all cried, and Katharine cuddled down at Grandma's side, feeling sure that this story would be a "good one."

"But Grandma," asked Jimmie, who said he was going to be a soldier and play on the big bass-drum, "is it exciting?"

"Please keep still, Jimmy," inturrupted Katharine, "how can Grandma begin while you are talking?"

"Yes, James, it is very exciting, and I wished then that I had a big boy with a sword like yours to protect me. This story is about the time when grandfather and I and my sister Faith were visiting at the old farm where Aunt Sabrina and Uncle Ephriam lived.

"One night grandfather sent word out to us that he and Uncle Ephriam would not come home that night, for they were going to stay in town on business. Just the way your father does, don't you know, Sterling?"

"Yeth, Gwandmothah."

"Well, Aunt Sabrina was afraid to stay alone, but Sister Faith, who was brave like James, said she wasn't frightened, and I thought I wouldn't be, so we stayed alone."

"But, Grandma," said Katharine, sitting up, "where were the cook and Anna?"

"Oh, they were both there, but they slept in the third story and were more afraid to be alone than we were, for it was lonesome in that old-fashioned, many-roomed house. The windows could be reached from the ground, you see, and there were so many dark corners. We three went around together and carefully locked all the windows and dorrs, and then went to bed. But I mustn't forget to tell you one thing that belongs to the story. Aunt Sabrina had a bad cold and had lost her voice." "Where did thee looth it, Gwandmothah?" Stirling inquired seriously.

"That means, Sterling, that she couldn't talk out loud, but could just whisper. Well, I had just dozed off into a light sleep, when a fearful pounding on the back door made me start up in bed. Aunt Sabrina, in nightcap and night dress, was already in our room, saying in a tragic whisper, 'Don't you hear that noise? I fear some one is trying to break in?' Sister Faith and I listened and once more heard a great commotion at the back of the house. Going into the hall, we found two servants already there trembling with fear. The noise would stop for awhile, and then a pounding and a thumping would come which fairly seemed to shake the house.

"We decided that when we were sure the burglars were really in the house, I should jump out on the roof of the front porch and scream for help. Just then a terrific pounding came, and we thought the back door had been broken in. I was on the roof in a second, screaming as hard as I could. Aunt Sabrina kept saying in her awe-struck whisper, 'My dear, you have a fine voice for screaming, a fine voice for screaming.'

"After a few minutes I heard an answering call, and two men came running down the road offering to assist us. But how to get them inside? For we were all afraid to go down and open the front door. While we were trying to think up some way, the men had climbed up the pillars of the porch and were ready to go downstairs.

"We went quietly down the dark stairway, the men first and we three following. The men were armed, but we each carried a hat pin, and Sister Faith had a poker too. Through the dining-room we went, then softly opening the kitchen door, what do you think we saw?

"What?" the three asked, their eyes like saucers.

"All the milk-pans were on the floor, and a basket of potatoes which had stood on a shelf near the door had been over-turned, but the door was whole and locked. The pounding still kept up, so one of the men carefully opened the door and saw—not an awful masked burglar, but the old Jersey cow which Pat had forgotten to milk that night. We could hardly believe our eyes, but there she stood, and had

been pounding on the door with her horns to remind us of forgotten duties.

"Oh, Grandma," they cried again, somewhat reproachfully.

"My dears," and the old lady smiled again, "that's a true story. But old Buttercup was the only cow I ever saw that knew enough to do that. Yes, it's a true, a real true story."

ON THE PECULIARITIES OF LUCK

Johnny Powers came home last week from Nebraska, where he had been making a long visit at his uncle's. Johnny's folks live across the street from Otis, and Ot had a story for us last meeting night.

"I tell you," he said, "some fellows have all the luck. Johnny Powers prevented an awful wreck out in Nebraska, just 'cause he happened to be around at the time. Nothing like that ever happens to me, whether I go visiting or stay home."

"I don't believe in luck," said Billy.

"You don't hey? But this is a sure-enough case, my wise friend. You see, Johnny's big cousin Fred is night-operator at Maple Valley station. Johnny used to go with him lots of nights, because he liked railroading.

One night Fred went into the dark baggage-room and stumbled over the plat-form scales. He hit his head on a barrel as he fell, and it stunned him. Johnny was scared but he tried hard to bring him round. While he was working over him he suddenly realized that somebody had been calling Maple Valley over the wires nearly all the time since Fred fell. You see, Johnny knew a little about telegraphy, and recognized the station call. He left Fred, and answered.

It was the train-dispatcher at Fort Morton, and, what do you think? The east-bound passenger and an extra west-bound freight were headed toward Maple Valley, and neither of them had orders to stop. Somebody had made a mistake, and the dispatcher's message told Maple Valley to flag both trains, or there would be the worst kind of trouble. Johnny left Fred to come to by himself, grabbed up a couple of lanterns and lit them, and rushed out, wondering how to get both trains. He wasn't long deciding. He put one lantern in the middle of the main track to stop the freight, and then raced over the ties to the river curve to flag the passenger. Of course, you know the rest. Fred was coming to when Johnny came back on the express. There was a vote of thanks from the passengers, and, later a nice letter from the company, with a hundred-dollar check in it. Wasn't that great luck?"

"Don't you wish you had been there instead of Johnny, Ot?" Billy put the question with that old queer look of his, but Otis never saw it.

"Sure I do," he answered, confidently. "I guess I've got a place to put that hundred dollars."

"I don't quite see where the check would come in," said Billy, as though he were studying about it. "If you had been there, how'd you know that those trains were coming head on to each other?"

"Why, I'd have—a—well, I declare, I never thought of that! Guess I wouldn't have amounted to much, unless I understood telegraphy. But Johnny was lucky, after all, for he had a cousin to teach him how to use the instruments."

"No, my son," said Billy, in his preaching way. "There's no luck about it at all. Johnny had just the knowledge that was needed, when it was needed in a hurry. You see, there's no time to learn telegraphy when two trains are fixing for a head-on collision, and don't know it. Johnny spent a month or two in learning just enough to make him ready for that busy five minutes."

"I agreed with Billy, of course, but I wanted to let Otis down easy. So I said: "That's all right; but after all, it was just a happen-so that Johnny was on hand, and that his cousin fell and fainted just at that particular time on that particular night. Suppose he hadn't fallen. Then he would have flagged the trains in the regular way. Suppose he had fallen where Johnny couldn't have heard the telegraph instrument. Suppose Johnny hadn't gone to the station that night at all?"

"Certainly," said Billy, promptly. "There's a lot of things that a fellow can't control. But nobody ever learns anything useful without getting plenty of chances to use it. And, what's more, he can always see the chance when it comes. The boy who isn't prepared passes it by, and never knows he has missed an oportunity. If one of us had been in that station that night we'd probably be able to tell a great story about a railroad wreck, but it would never occur to us that we might have prevented it."

"Do you mean that everybody ought to know telegraphy?" asked Otis. "That sort of argument would keep us all busy learning everything on the bare chance that we might be able to use it some day."

"No, no," protested Billy. "Not that. But don't call it luck when a fellow has a great opportunity, and is ready for it. It would be luck if the fellow who wasn't ready could do as well as the one who was. "But he can't ever."—Selected.

BRINDLE'S VISIT.

BY C. B. BRYANT.

"Come Marjorie," called Aunt May; "you and Helen run in now and get warm, and I will tell you a story."

The children had been building a snow man in front of the house.

and were cold and wet, so they said good-by to their white figure and promised to finish him later.

When they were curled up snug and warm on the sofa Aunt May picked up her mending and began.

"Last summer Mr. and Mrs. Rice and your uncle and I went camping in the country. We had a tent and oil stove, and cots to sleep on, also a table made out of a dry goods box. For chairs we used the boxes which had contained our provisions."

"How funny!" said Marjorie.

"Did you have a table cloth?" Helen asked.

"Yes, Mrs. Rice brought one, but it met an untimely end. One morning Mrs. Rice and I went berrying and picked two quarts of big raspberries while the men went off fishing. Those berries were delicious, so we decided to save them for supper. After dinner we washed the dishes, tidied up the tent, and set the table for tea. We lined the bowl with large green leaves and filled it with the berries; they looked so pretty that we left the bowl on the table for a centerpiece. All four of us were going for a long walk, and we were anxious that everything should be in readiness for the evening meal when we returned. The camp was so far away from any people excepting one farmer, who was our friend, that we gave no thought to fastening the tent; instead we tied one flap of the tent back before starting to let in the air. The day was perfect and we walked a mile or more; then climbed a high hill to get a view of Roods Creek, as it tumbled over rocks down the hill-side to the Delaware River. The daisies and black-eyed Susans were everywhere so inviting that Mrs. Rice and I stopped to pick large bouquets. The sun was fast sinking toward the horizon when we started for the camp that we now called home. As we trudged along the thought of those delicious berries was uppermost in our minds, and we found ourselves imagining how good they would taste with homemade bread and butter and rich Jersey cream that our neighbor provided.

"As we came in sight of the camp we thought we could see something moving by the tent door. It was impossible in the dusk to tell whether it was man or beast, but it seemed big and ungainly. What could it be? Closer and closer we crept, as silently as possible. When we reached the door the bulky form had disappeared, and in its place swung a cow's tail from between the flaps of the tent. Bossy had worked her way inside, until now she was monarch of the place. The bowl of berries, our pretty centerpiece, was scattered on the floor and the leaves had disappeared. Knives, forks, and spoons were strewn about like playthings, while a loaf of bread lay nearby half chewel. But worst of all was our snow-white tablecloth; the unwelcome visitor had pulled it half off the table, and stood there contentedly chewing one corner as though it were her own cud. I was so disappointed about the berries that I almost cried, but, fortunately, the funny side of it came to us all suddenly and everyone broke out laughing.

"Just then Farmer Hayes, our neighbor, appeared and, seeing our plight, joined in the merriment. It did not take him long to rescue what was left of the tablecloth, and then he proceeded to back her majesty out of the tent.

" 'Now you must all come over to our house to supper,' said he. 'I picked a lot of raspberries myself this afternoon, and we shall try to give you supper that will be pretty nearly as good as the one my old cow has spoiled. I will run along and tell my good wife that you are coming and you must be on hand in half an hour.'

"With that he was off over the field as fast as he could go. We were a light-hearted party as we followed soon afterward. What cared we if Bossy had eaten our supper when we had a friend at hand who was ready to give us one still better.

"My, how good that supper tasted! Mrs. Hayes expected us to eat a lot, and we did not disappoint her. The walk and the late hour had sharpened our appetites. We stayed all the evening and sat on the cozy porch in the moonlight telling stories and singing.

"As we bade our friends good night, Mr. Hayes said he almost wished old Brindle would scatter our supper again some other day."

"CHIC'S" STEPMOTHER.

"Chic" had never been a bad boy, and there was no reason outside of the story-books why he should begin now, just because a sweet-natured woman had come to mother him and his two little sisters; but Chic could not see it in that way. He knew about stepmothers, how they told tales in whispers, and poisoned the hearts of kind fathers against their own children, so he decided to have his fling.

The first thing he did was to go down to Jim Harding's one evening after dinner and stay until eleven o'clock. That was as far as he really planned. It was no fault of his that the cable broke, and that he finally reached home at one o'clock of a cold Winter morning, to discover that the latch-key with which his father had entrusted him a few days before had disappeared from his pocket.

Here was trouble. The house was dark and silent, and Chic knew that his father, called from his slumbers at that hour to admit a twelve-year-old son, would need no stepmother's prompting, but would be quite capable of acting for himself. With this in mind, instead of ringing, he discreetly prowled round the house in search of a basement window that he could force. He found one at last, opening over the coal-bin; but the door leading up-stairs was securely barred, and at two o'clock in the morning a dejected boy lay down on the cement floor, with feet propped against the furnace, and fell sadly asleep, to dream of the things an irate father, egged on by a stepmother, would do to him in the morning.

The next minute it was daylight, and a pleasant voice close to

him was saying, "Oh, James, look! On that cold floor all night! He must have forgotten his key. I saw it on his dressing-table when I went in this morning. And we closed the house so early! He did it for me, James, I know he did. You spoke at dinner about my headache, and he wouldn't distrub me by ringing; but I couldn't have slept a wink if I had dreamed he was down here. He's waking up, James."

"There, son, there!" said Chic's father, with unheard-of gentleness, as he helped the astonished boy to his feet. "Pretty hard bed, wasn't it? You might have rung, my boy, I'm proud of you for being so thoughtful. Wash up now and come to breakfast."

With that he started up-stairs, but Chic, still blinking, stood and stared at his stepmother. Could it be—was she really so innocent, or—

"To think, Chic," she was saying, softly—and there was a look on her face that made him remember his own mother—"I was afraid you didn't like me!"

"Pooh!" he answered, with a sudden big lump in his throat. "I *guess I do!*"—Youth's Companion.

EVIDENTLY OF NO USE TO HIM.

The habit of being "just a little late" on all occasions, when once formed, is hard indeed to break. It was not long ago that the Emperor of Germany administered a rebuke to a delinquent which ought surely to have brought about the desired effect.

For some time, says an English paper, he noticed that his barber came always a few minutes late. Finally the emperor gave the delinquent a gold chronometer, and urged him to use it.

Strangely enough, the barber continued to be late, and after waiting in vain for signs of improvement, the emperor said to him at last:

"Have you that chronometer I gave you?"

"Yes, your majesty, here it is," replied the barber, taking it from his pocket.

"Give it to me," said the emperor. "It is evidently of no use to you, and you may have this one instead."

So saying, he placed the handsome gold chronometer on his dressing-table, and handed the amazed barber a nickel-plated watch worth about five shillings.—Selected.

The Baby's Page

"I love my Bepas, (Grandpas,) and Mama, (Grandma) too. And Papa, my dear Papa! You know how I love you. When I am cross and need to rest, and still my eyes will peep, my Papa is the best of all to help me go to sleep. I love my teddy-bear and horse, my kitty and my doll. My aunts and uncles, cousins, friends, I am sure I love them all. But O, my Mama is the dearest thing! She helps me to learn to talk and dance and sing. She gives me fruit and cake so nice and sweet and all I want or need that's good to eat. She makes my clothes and keeps me neatly dressed — O if you knew my mama dear, you would love her best!" This is Baby Afton's song; low her voice, but sweet and strong. September in the months counts nine, you know, and Afton was born in it two years ago. Father in heaven, please keep Afton's song, still sweet and clear, and glad and strong.

—L. LULA GREENE RICHARDS

JUST FOR FUN.

CONUNDRUMS.

If you fell into the water what fish would you like to see coming toward you? Succor (sucker).

If it came, what other fish would be likely to bring it? A dory.

What king always goes on foot? Stocking.

What boys live under water? Sea-urchins.

How do pillows differ from a pair of scales? The one that is down is always the lightest.

A COMPARISON.

Love's an umbrella
  We borrow from fate;
Keeps off the showers
  Of greed and of hate.

Then, to continue
  The simile stern,
Many who take it
  Forget to return.

—New York Sun.

A MONOPOLY.

A woman once asked a little girl of five if she had any brothers.

"Yes," said the child. "I have three brothers."

"And how many sisters, my dear?" asked the woman.

"Just one sister, and I'm it," replied the little girl.—The Little Chronicle.

A small boy, suffering from eating too many hard apples, sat under a tree in a farmer's orchard, doubled up with pain. The farmer, a kindly man, and a recent convert to Christian Science, asked the trouble.

"O, I ache so in my stomach," said the youngster.

"No, you don't either," remonstrated the follower of Mrs. Eddy. "You only think you do."

"That's all right for you to think," said the boy, "but I've got inside information."—The Expositor.

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

INSTRUCTIONS TO PRIMARY OFFICERS.

ORGANIZATION.

When a Primary Association is to be organized in any ward, the Bishopric confers with the Presidency of the Stake as to the advisability of such action. The latter may suggest names, but it is the right of the Bishopric to choose and appoint the officers. In consultation with the Primary Stake Presidency, the details of the organization are arranged, and the sister who is to preside is usually given a voice in the selection of her counselors and aids. Every officer, from president to aid, should be set apart by the Priesthood, in order that she may have the blessing of the Lord to sustain her in her calling, and sense, to the fullest degree, the responsibilities of her position.

At the first meeting of the association, when officers and members are called together to sustain the appointments, the Stake President of the Primary Association should be present, and if necessary, direct the proceedings.

At the death or release of a president, all officers are released except secretary and treasurer. In order that the work may go on without interruption, however, all officers continue in service until a reorganization is effected. The secretary and the treasurer retain their positions until an emergency requires their release.

The president presides at all official meetings of the association, but sometimes invites another to conduct the exercises. In the absence of the president the first counselor should preside, and in her absence the second counselor. If all three of the presidency are away, the presiding authority rests with the secretary, who may either conduct the exercises herself or appoint an aid to do so.

Stake President.—This officer is chosen by the Priesthood—the presidency of the stake, in consultation, if possible, with a member of the General Board. She should be spiritually minded, conscientious, energetic and self-sacrificing, quick to percieve, and tactful in speech and manner. Her duties are many, varying according to local conditions and needs, but may be generalized as follows:

First.—To preside and have watchcare over all the associations in her stake, and see that each is completely organized.

Second.—To carry out the instructions of the General Board in every particular, if possible, in the conduct of all branches of work outlined.

Third.—To attend, in person or by representative, all general conferences of the Primary Association, expenses, if necessary, to be paid from the stake treasury.

Fourth.—To arrange for all stake board meetings and preside over them; also, all meetings of stake and local officers. Stake Board meetings should be held as often as the need for co-operative planning becomes apparent. Weekly meetings are sometimes necessary in order that business matters may not consume the time required for the study of the outlines. All lessons should be thoroughly studied and discussed by stake officers before they are taken up in the ward organizations, and the president should encourage her associates to be prepared to answer any questions that may be put to her by a local officer in regard to them. Meetings of stake and local officers should be held once a month.

Fifth.—To visit the local associations in her stake as often as possible, in order that the officers may come in closer touch with her, and that she may learn the needs of each association. Visits to distant wards should be made, at least, annually; to those near at hand monthly visits may suffice.

Sixth.—To see that all reports are prepared and promptly forwarded, minutes recorded, treasurer's accounts accurately kept, and affairs in general managed wisely and well.

Seventh.—A president who expects to be absent from her post of duty for an extended time, should consult with the presiding priesthood as to the advisability of retaining her position. The organization should not be left without an authorized leader.

At the right and left of the president stand her two counselors. They should be chosen with prayerful wisdom, acting always under the guidance of the stake priesthood and the General Board. In all matters pertaining to the interests of the organization, counselors should be honored in their position and consulted frequently. A counselor presides only in the absence of the president, but as an act of courtesy she may be invited to conduct a meeting.

Whenever necessity arises for a change in the conduct of any organization, or when new features are proposed for introduction, the matter should be carefully considered by the board as a whole, in order that all rules adopted and all conclusions reached may be by common consent.

When a vacancy is to be filled, or a new officer is needed in the association, the name of the sister selected by the Primary Board should first be submitted to the priesthood—to the stake president if it be a stake officer, or to the bishop if a local officer, and he will call her to the position she is to occupy. This order of procedure is necessary to the welfare of auxiliary organizations, so that individiuals may not be overburdened with duties, and that each may feel the support that comes from being called by the priesthood.

The president should see that the general secretary is notified as

to the time and place for holding all conference or convention meetings, and should make provision for the entertainment of representatives from the General Board. The General President of the Primary Association should be notified of the release of a stake president, and the same rule applies to a similar notice from a local to a stake officer.

The duty of providing entertainment and accommodations for visitors from out of town districts devolves upon the members of the stake board, who should work harmoniously and diligently with the president, exercising a thoughtful interest in all the organizations under their jurisdiction.

Local Presidents.—The duties of a local president are similar to those of a stake president. She should maintain the dignity of her position by prayerful study and by careful attention to details, looking well after the needs of her association in all its branches. She should attend all meetings of stake and local officers, in person whenever possible, otherwise by representative, encouraging an attendance from each department in order that the officers may receive personal instruction.

The real perplexities of government in our work devolve upon the local president, with her corps of assistants. Her need, therefore, of spiritual guidance, intelligent forethought, tactful wisdom, and moral influence is greater than that of any other officer, and her success depends very largely upon the support given her by officers, associates and parents.

The General Board devotes much time and thought to the careful planning of the outlines published in the Children's Friend, seeking always the spiritual uplift of the children of Zion; yet, if the local officers fail, even in one department, to put these plans into working order, the efforts at headquarters are nullified and the system weakened. The local presidency must meet requirements, or we accomplish but little. The field of the Primary Association is boundless, the opportunities for advancement unlimited, and the influence of the teacher over the lives of the boys and girls under her care is so far-reaching that it must not be lightly valued. Let local officers discharge their duties valiantly and worthily, and great honor will be theirs.

Counselors—Stake and Local.—A counselor, as the name signifies, is an advisor or assistant to the president. She should be honored in her position and consulted in all matters pertaining to the interests of the association. Counselors should acquaint themselves with the workings of the organization in all its departments. They should endeavor to form personal opinions on all matters of importance, in order that they may be competent to advise and assist. Counselors should express their honest convictions when a subject is up for discussion, and although it is not their privilege to dictate to the president, and the right of decision must always rest with her, it is their duty to help her to a wise conclusion. They should share equally with the

president every responsibility, although it is necessary that she should take the lead. To advise, but not to dictate; to be original, yet not contrary; helpful, but not presuming, should be the aim of every counselor. Too often, counselors are prone to throw all unpleasant duties upon the shoulders of the president, forgetting that they stand with her as three in one, and one in three. It is their duty to accompany the president in her visits through the stake, sharing the responsibility of procuring suitable conveyances when necessary, assisting her in the supervision of the work, reorganizing, filling vacancies, and giving instruction in department labor. President and counselors should work harmoniously together for the welfare of the association, prayerfully considering and adjusting all difficulties that arise, and acting always in the spirit of love and kindness.

TEACHING MANNERS.

Whatever is or is not taught to our children in the coming year, let not the subject of manners be neglected. The following admirable summing up of this need is found in the course of study in Wallingford, Conn.—EDITOR.

Manners in general—Quotations about manners; golden rule; need of constant practice; learning by observation.

Manners at school—Entering and leaving room; laughing at mistakes or accidents; treatment of new scholars; conduct when visitors are present; raising hands; rights of property; distributing and collecting materials; conduct in wardrobe and at sink; in relating occurences; when to speak of one's self; tale-bearing, or telling about other children.

Manners on the street—Why specially important; noisy and boisterous conduct; calling across the street; obstructing the sidewalks; meeting and passing persons; returning salutations; tipping the hats; carrying an umbrella; throwing things on the sidewalk; marking fences and sidewalk; looking at windows of private houses and pointing at objects; staring or laughing at infirmities; answering questions; offering assistance.

Manners at home—Why most important of all; politeness to parents; politeness between brothers and sisters and to servants; treatment of company—grown-up company, callers, and visitors, young company.

Manners at the table—Promptness in coming to the table; when to be seated; waiting one's turn to be helped; asking for articles of food—how, when, and where; criticism of food on the table; use of napkin, knife, fork and spoon; haste in eating; attention to wants of others; conduct in case of accidents; mention of unpleasant subjects: when and how to leave the table.

Manners toward the aged—Respectful treatment at all times; mistakes in grammar and pronunciation; attention to remarks and

questions; patience in repeating answers; what to talk of and to read to them; waiting upon them and saving steps; giving them the best seats; helping them first at the able; giving up seats to them in cars and public places; never letting them feel in the way.

Manners in society—Entering and taking leave; removal of hat and care of wraps; various courtesies; staring at or speaking of defects and infirmities; treatment of accidents and mistakes; whispering, laughing, and private conversation; inattention to the company we are in; introductions; giving proper titles; attention in conversation; attention to reading or music; interest in what is shown us; asking questions of strangers; contradicting statements.

Manners at church—Punctuality; manner of entering; courtesy toward strangers; whispering, laughing, and moving about; turning the head to see who comes in; attention to the service; manner of leaving.

Manners at places of amusement—Punctuality; finding seats; waiting quietly; talking and laughing; applause; courtesy to others; time and manner of leaving.

Manners in stores and public places—Shutting doors; how to ask for articles in stores; making trouble for clerks; handling goods; finding fault with articles or prices; courtesy to other customers; courtesy to clerks; conduct in the post-office; entering in crowds; not waiting for others; noise and rudeness; visiting railroad stations.

OUT IN THE FIELDS.

The little cares that fretted me,
  I lost them yesterday,
Among the fields above the sea,
  Among the winds at play,
Among the lowing of the herds,
  The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
  The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might pass
  I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
  Among the new-mown hay,
Among the husking of the corn
  Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born—
  Out in the fields with God.

—St. Paul's.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Subject for the Month: Manners.

THE LESSON HOUR.

LESSON THIRTY-SEVEN.

SUGGESTIONS FOR ALL THE TEACHERS.

It is suggested that every teacher read chapter three in "Every-day Living" by Annie Payson Call. All the workers are urged to make as much as possible of the subject for this month, and by example and precept impress upon the children the worth and beauty of good manners. Mr. Smiles has given many beautiful thoughts for consideration, many of which the teachers will find easy to adapt to the understanding of the children in their classes.

"Manners rank only second to morals as an element in personality. Manners, indeed, act more quickly than morals in our intercourse with others, as they at once attract or repel. It is most unfortunate when a good and trustworthy character is marred by rude manners. Success in life is hindered by these grave faults, even when all the underlying qualities are noble. Attention to the rules that make the daily road of life pleasanter to travel, and obedience to the social code which regulates our intercourse with others, give an attractiveness that frequently outranks talent or knowledge. They, therefore, must not be neglected, but should be made part of the regular instruction.

"The necessity for better training in morals and manners is daily becoming more apparent to all, and from all sides comes the demand for it."—William J. Shearer.

FIRST GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text: Character, by Smiles, chapter 9.
Bible: The Lost Sheep.

Other Materials.

Memory Gem.
Games.
Songs.
Pictures.
Rest Exercises.

Aim.

Good manners should be cultivated and then, like the fragrance of flowers, they will shed sweetness on all with whom they come in contact.

Illustration.

"Good Manners." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 5, page 336.

Suggestions for the Teacher. Review the lesson on Temper and help the children to understand something of the relationship between good temper and manners. In playing the games help them to be polite, teaching the right way to shake hands, to salute each other and those who are older, and as many of the little courtesies as you can make time for. Speak of the unfailing kindness of the Savior, use the story of the Lost Sheep, making your point from the fact that He could not rest or be comfortable until all the sheep were in the fold and safe from all harm. Use picture of The Good Shepherd.

Memory Gem.

Hearts, like doors can ope with ease
To very, very little keys;
And don't forget that they are these:
"I thank you, sir," and "If you please."

—Selected.

Poem. "Three Little Pussy Cats."

Three little pussy cats, invited out to tea,
Cried: "Mother, let us go, oh, do! for good we'll surely be.
We'll wear our bibs, and hold our things as you have shown us how—
Spoons in right paws, cups in left, and make a pretty bow.
We'll always say, 'Yes, if you please,' and 'Only half of that.' "
"Then go, my darling children," said the happy Mother Cat.
The three little pussy cats went out that night to tea,
Their heads were smooth and glossy, their tails were swinging free;
They held their things as they had learned, and tried to be polite,
With snowy bibs beneath their chins, they were a pretty sight.
But, alas for manners beautiful and coats as soft as silk!
The moment that the little kits were asked to take some milk,
They dropped their spoons, forgot to bow, and oh, what do you think?
They put their noses in the cups and all began to drink!
Yes, every naughty little kit set up a MEOUW for more,
Then knocked the tea cups over and scampered through the door.

—Selected.

SECOND GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text: Character, by Smiles, chapter 9.
Bible: Feeding of the Five Thousand.

Other Materials.

Memory Gem.
Pictures.
Games.
Songs.
Rest Exercises.

Aim.

Good manners should be cultivated and then, like the fragrance of flowers, they will shed sweetness on all with whom they come in contact.

Illustration.

"Bertha May." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 10, page 381.

Suggestions for the Teacher. . The materials used for the lesson on Temper will be found very useful in introducing the new thoughts on manners, the two are closely related, for good manners help us to control bad temper and cultivate good temper. Have some exercises to teach the children how to be polite to each other and to those older than themselves. Tell the incident of the Feeding of the Five Thousand, making your point from the fact that the Savior was very weary and tired and needed rest, but that He could not think of Himself until He knew that the people had been fed and made comfortable. Emphasize the thought that a polite person will never choose the nicest chair or most comfortable place if there be older ones present or in less agreeable situations. Adapt the poem to the rest of the lesson by talking about the way boys and girls can help by remembering to be polite, even when one is not feeling just right. Use picture of Christ feeding the Five Thousand.

Memory Gem.

Be gentle and loving,
Be kind and polite,
Be thoughtful for others,
Be sure to do right.

—Selected.

Poem. "Two Ways of Getting Up."

When we tumble out of the right side of bed,
How bright the sun shines overhead!
How good our breakfast tastes—and, oh!
How happily to school we go!
And o'er the day what peace is shed—
When we tumble out of the right side of bed!

When we tumble out the wrong side of bed,
How dark the sky frowns overhead!
How dull our lessons, how cross our mother,
How perfectly horrid our sisters and brothers!
And they all say, too, it's our fault instead!
When we tumble out the wrong side of bed!

—The Outlook.

THIRD GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text: Character, by Smiles, chapter 9.
Bible: Washing Disciples' Feet.

Other Materials.

Memory Gem.
Poem.
Songs.
Pictures.

Aim.

Good manners should be cultivated and then, like the fragrance of flowers, they will shed sweetness on all with whom they come in contact.

Illustration.

"Alice and Allie." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 10, page 253.

Suggestions for the Teacher. Review the lesson on Temper and help the children to feel the relationship between control of temper and good manners. Talk about good manners at home and elsewhere, emphasizing the value of treating our own with the greatest politeness. Use picture of Christ Washing His Disciples Feet, tell story briefly, explaining the beautiful manners shown by the Savior who taught us by His example to honor one another. Use the memory gem to help to illustrate the point.

Memory Gem.

"Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of friends however humble, scorn not one;
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrops from the sun."

Poem. "A Gold-Plated Boy."

"I'm afraid, Jack," said grandpa, in a tone lacking joy,
"You are fast growing into a gold-plated boy!

"You take off your hat when you see Mrs. Vaughn,
When your mother you meet, though, you just keep it on.

"When with neighbor girls you're polite as can be,
But when with your sisters, Jack—oh, deary me!

"You run to help old Mrs. Bayne on the car;
When grandmother needs you—you stay where you are!

"You call to Dick Drew to come over and play;
When Tom asks, 'Jack, may I?' you say, 'Not today!'

"So you see what I mean—it is not to annoy—
When I say you're becoming a gold-plated boy!

"Were you polite to your own folks as to others, I hold,
You'd not be gold-plated—but a boy of puregold!"
—A. F. Caldwell.

FOURTH GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text: Character, by Smiles, chapter 9.
Bible: The Woman of Samaria.

Other Materials.

Questions.
Memory Gem.
Poem.
Recitation.
Reading.
Quotations.

Aim.

Good manners should be cultivated and then, like the fragrance of flowers, they will shed sweetness on all with whom they come in contact.

Illustration.

"Paying Flora Back." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 10, page 204.

Suggestions for the Teacher. Review carefully the previous lesson, tell what you can about the value of good temper and how much a person is helped who has learned to control his temper and has such good manners that under the most trying circumstances he can be polite. Use picture of Christ and the Woman of Samaria. In telling the incident notice the gentleness and politeness of the Savior to the woman of a despised race.

The memory gem, poem and story will illustrate how the exercise of good manners re-act upon the individual who strives to cultivate them.

Questions.

What is it that causes the boy to keep his seat and allow a lady or old gentleman to stand?

What is it that causes a girl to take the largest apple in the dish?

How do we know selfishness and laziness are bad manners?

What are some signs of good manners? Let a number of the children answer this question. The teacher should be prepared with a considerable list of the little courtesies of every-day life and be ready to suggest them for the class to discuss.

Memory Gem.

The very flowers that bend and meet,
In sweetening others grow more sweet.
—O. W. Holmes.

Poem. "None so Deaf as Those Who will not Hear."

BY J. W. EDDY.

Old Uncle Jeff
Was somewhat deaf,
At least upon occasion,
But all who knew the good man well
Still of his gentle kindness tell
With love and admiration.

The dear old soul
Had such control
Of every mood and action,
You could not tell, by look or word,
What thought he had e'en when he heard
Some villainous detraction.

For when 'twas bad
He always had
Great trouble with his hearing;
But when you told him something good
'Twas always quickly understood,
His deafness scarce appearing.

He had no dread
Of what folks said,
Because, he did not fear it,
And scandal's tongue, though raging red,
Was silent, for he always said
He simply could not hear it.

Quotations.

Colossians 4:6; James 3:17.

FIFTH GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text: Character, by Smiles, chapter 9.
Bible: David and King Saul.

Other Materials.

Questions.
Memory Gem.
Poem.
Reading.
Quotations.

Aim.

Good manners should be cultivated and then, like the fragrance of flowers, they will shed sweetness on all with whom they come in contact.

Illustration.

"How Boys Learn to Be Kings." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 10, page 658.

Suggestions for the Teacher. The review and introduction to the new subject may be given together as they are so closely related. Good temper is closely allied to manners and both grow out of self-control. Mr. Smiles has some very interesting things in his chapter on manners and as much as possible should be adapted to the class. The incident of David sparing the life of King Saul (I Samuel 24), may be used to illustrate the good manners of David, in that he showed such respect and reverence to the king.

Questions.

What does it means to be gentlemanly?
What does it mean to be ladylike?
How do polite people treat older, or poorer people?
What are good manners at home? At school? In Church? On the street?
How should we act when one makes a mistake?
How should we feel towards a person who has an infirmity?
Why is the "Golden Rule" a good explanation of politeness?

Memory Gem.

The spirit of respect and love for others is the foundation of all true politeness.—Selected.

Reading.

Time well spent is that given to the formation of good manners in the home life of children. The foundation stones of good manners that

win in society and in life must be laid at home. Unless politeness is practiced daily and hourly, the shabby, common rough style is sure to crop out and reveal the coarseness of nature. Manners are not like clothes. We cannot put a beautiful, fine suit on for company and a plain, coarse one on for home wear. They are a part of ourselves, and they cannot be put on and taken off at pleasure. They are like the spine and shoulders that grow straight or crooked as they are carried day by day.

"In families where the external forms are not used, there is perpetually recurring contention and bickering. The forms of unchecked ill-temper and petty selfishness, varying with varying character and temperament, are continual sources of irritation, and home becomes a nursery of bad manners and bad morals. But, happily, good manners are catching, and children learn them much sooner and more thoroughly by example than by precept."

In some homes there are two sets of manners,—courteous and pleasant to visitors, and ill-tempered speech and actions between the members of the family. They act like little ladies and gentlemen in the presence of guests, but fight like little animals among themselves. They seem bent on seeing how disagreeable they can be to each other, if no one is present outside the family. Are these children well-bred?

Where should courtesy begin? Courtesy, like charity, begins at home; it is not easily provoked—that is, does not carry a chip on the shoulder. It means to be pleasant at home as elsewhere and make others in the home happy. It is more important in the home than anywhere else, for if members of the same family are rude and unkind and disregard each others feelings, there is little comfort or pleasure for any member of the family in it.—Selected.

Poem. "Forget."

BY FRANK E. EDWARDS.

Would you increase your happiness?
  Would you your life prolong?
Would you be loved by everyone?
  Then listen to my song.

Forget your neighbor's fault, my friend,
  Forget what you've been told,
Let kindness and unselfishness
  Win those whose hearts are cold.

Forget peculiarities;
  Their good points keep in mind;
Forget old strifes and histories;
  Sad memories leave behind.

Blot out what happened yesterday;
Begin a new clean sheet;
And write thereon, for memory's sake,
Things lovable and sweet.

Quotations. I Peter 3:8; Titus 3:2-4.

HELPS TO AGREEABLENESS.

To be memorized and recited by members.

Be punctual.

Keep your promises.

Neglect none of the little courtesies.

Don't stand off with an uninterested, don't-care expression on your face.

Learn to say the right things to the right people.

Govern your voice, and usage is the only thing that will make that possible.

Force yourself to say something. Do not be afraid to speak of simple things.

Look well. You need not be extravagant, but put on the best bib and tucker for the occasion, literally and figuratively.

Speak well of all. You must learn to have no ill feeling toward anybody.

Avoid those smart little speeches which seem clever, but are coined at the expense of somebody else.

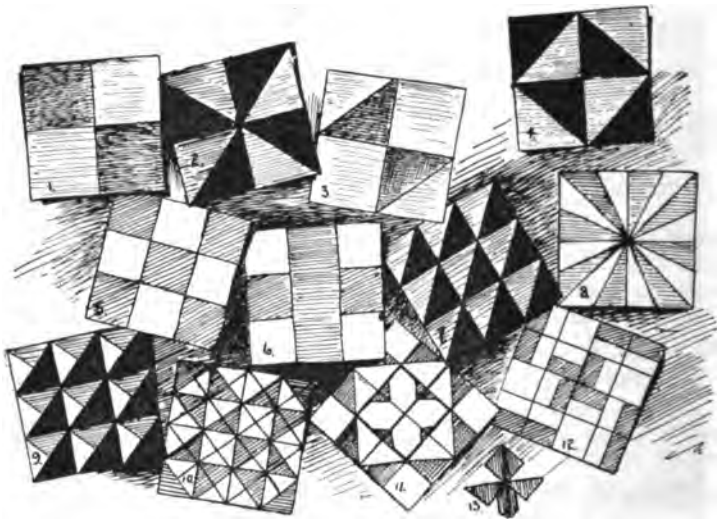
Achieve stillness. Don't jerk, wriggle, tap your foot, bite your lips, or move around restlessly.

Learn to listen intelligently and with real interest.

LESSON THIRTY-EIGHT.

THE BUSY HOUR.

Suggestions for the Teacher. Boys as well as girls will find this work interesting, especially if they are given opportunities for making and choosing designs and color arrangement; if small quilts are planned they can make the frames for quilting. If there is not time to complete the work, arrangements may be made to give further assistance at some other time. The directions should be carefully planned so as to be simple and easy to follow.



QUILT BLOCK.

Materials. Request the children to make a collection of pretty pieces of goods at home that can be used for making quilt-blocks. A needle and thread, a pair of scissors, perhaps a thimble, and some small pieces of cardboard for block pattern making, will also be needed.

To Make. The cloth should be separated and classed as dark and light, as quilt blocks are made under the principle of contrast of color; that is, dark pieces must be placed against light pieces, so as to give more beauty. Designs are herewith suggested: 1, a four block; 2, triangle or wind wheel; 3, hour-glass; 4, double hour-glass; 5, nine spot; 6, cross; 7, half-square; 8, star; 9, pyramid; 10, small triangle or cut glass; 11, rosette; 12, wind-mill; 13, sego lily.

The pattern should be made about one-fourth inch larger all around than the quilt block is to be, so as to allow for the seams.

Suggestive Problems. A very pretty mat may be made by finishing one block made from pieces of silk or satin, edge with braided cord or fringe, after being filled with wadding and lined. A chair pillow or sofa pillow may be made from four blocks. I am of the opinion that the best problem in this line would be a large quilt made by the children, and then sold for the benefit of the Primary.

LESSON THIRTY-NINE.

THE STORY HOUR.

FIRST GRADE.

Stories. Picture Books; or,

The North Wind and the Sun, Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories, page 74; or,

A Bad Example or Billy, both in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

SECOND GRADE.

Stories. Pippa, or Saul and David, in Child Stories from the Masters; or,

Good Manners, or In a Minute, both in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

THIRD GRADE.

Stories. Naughty Little Gold Finger, or Courtesy in Birds, in Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories; or,

King of the Golden River, in How To Tell Stories; or,

"Me Too," or Two Ways of Telling a Story, in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

FOURTH GRADE.

Stories. Little Lord Fauntleroy; or The Birds' Christmas Carol; or An Astonished Conductor, or Peter, in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

FIFTH GRADE.

Stories. The Great Stone Face, in Famous Stories Every Child Should Know; or, Heidi; or,

Tried and Proven, or, Courtesy and Success in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

LESSON THIRTY-SIX.

THE SOCIAL HOUR.

Suggestions for the Teacher. Particular attention should be given to the cultivation of good manners at all sessions of the Primary Association and this month gives unusual opportunity which should be used to the utmost to encourage the children to want to be courteous and polite to all.

Preliminary Music.
Prayer.
Singing.
Story on Manners.
Dances. The Children's Polka; Folk Dances, Crampton. The Ace of Diamonds; Folk Dances, Burchenal.
Games. Meeting and Greeting; Popular Folk Dances; Hansel and Gretchen; Old and New Singing Games; Looby Loo; Hands Over Head, Bean Bag Game; Three Deep; Hand Ball Drill. Last four games all from Games for the Playground.
Recitation of Memory Gems.
Singing.
Benediction.

NOT TOO LATE.

"It is too late! Ah, nothing is too late—
Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand 'Aedipus,' and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers,
When each had numbered more than four score years;
And Theophrastus at four score and ten
Had begun his 'Characters of Men.'
Chaucer at Woodstock, with the nightingales,
At sixty wrote the 'Canterbury Tales.'
Goethe at Weimar, toiling to the last,
Completed 'Faust' when eighty years were past.
What then, shall we sit idly down and say,
The night hath come; it is no longer day?
—For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, tho in another dress.
And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars invisible by day."

—Longfellow.

OUR LIVES ARE SONGS.

Our lives are songs; God writes the words,
And we set them to music at pleasure;
And the song grows glad, or sweet, or sad,
As we choose to fashion the measure,
We must write the music, whatever the song,
Whatever its rhyme or meter,
And if it is sad we can make it glad,
Or if it is Sweet, we can make it Sweeter.

—Selected.

"Oh—oh—have you Peggy Piper's little dog Stumpy?"

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

Vol. 12. OCTOBER, 1913 No. 10

LITTLE PRINCESS WISLA.

BY SOPHIE SWETT

CHAPTER X.—IN THE CANADIAN CITY.

She was going to find Peggy!

When Betty told him that, through the keyhole, Sidney Brooks said to himself that it was just like a girl to think she could do what detectives and offers of large rewards all over the country had not been able to do!

Of course Betty was very silly to think she could find Peggy by going to Canada with Aunt Celia, who liked to be fashionable and go to great hotels and buy laces and mackintoshes cheaper than she could buy them at home.

And Sidney refused to look out of the window to see Betty go driving off to the railroad station with Aunt Celia because she had said she was "going to find Peggy."

But Betty went off gaily, waving her hand towards his darkened window on the chance that he might be peeping through a chink. The "Peggy-ache" as she called it, which never wholly left her heart, was eased by the thought that she was going to seek for her dear best friend. She didn't believe but that she should come across the old squaw Winne-Lackee and the little Indian princess, even if Canada was as large a place as the boys said and if the Indians had carried Peggy off, as some of the boys thought.

Princess Wisla was a little girl if she was an Indian princess and she could not help wishing to help another little girl to get back to her home and friends.

That was what Betty Brooks thought.

Besides, as we all know, one little girl will tell another little girl a good many secrets when they get to be real friends. Betty meant that she and the little Indian princess should be real friends, if they could only meet!

And in this great beautiful world, as everyone knows, great, beautiful, unexpected things do happen.

Betty looked for the strange old squaw and the little Indian prin-

cess, even on board the railroad train. She looked for them even more hopefully in the railroad station of the great Canadian city where trains were bringing crowds of people from all quarters. She looked in the streets and in the shops where Aunt Celia bought beautiful bargains.

Once her heart leaped at sight of an Indian face in the throng, at a street crossing. But it was only a "make-believe" Indian, carrying around handbills of a show.

Aunt Celia said it was not at all likely that the queer old squaw went about like other people, with her little princess, and that it was not at all strange if the little princess had a dog that looked like Peggy Piper's Stumpy—poor little Peggy Piper who had, without doubt been drowned in the river.

Betty was trying to begin to think that was true; and the "Peggy-ache" was all back at her heart when one day she caught sight of a beautiful open carriage which was attracting a crowd in the street.

Betty saw dark faces in the carriage and pushed her way through the crowd towards it, forgetting Aunt Celia who was just coming out of a shop. There was the old squaw! Betty had once or twice had a glimpse of her and she knew her at once.

Winne-Lackee now dressed herself more like an Indian than ever because she felt that it was safer to dress Peggy like a little Indian girl and it seemed natural and proper that they should be dressed in the same fashion.

Winne-Lackee's hair hung down her back and she wore a blanket, a silk blanket richly embroidered.

Betty, peering through the crowd, saw the little princess, too! A black-haired little Indian girl in a silken tunic embroidered with beads, and with many strings of beads around her neck—one of them a string of pink coral beads, each bead a little carved head—not like the little string that Peggy had worn and whose one broken bead was carried always in Phi's pocket along with a water-stained hair-ribbon!

Betty was determined to get near enough to speak to the princess who sat facing the horses.

She sat on the seat with the old squaw and on the other seat sat a tall Indian man dressed like a white man except that his hat had a broad brim; his hair was long and his necktie large and red. But Betty kept her eyes on the little Indian girl.

The crowd passed so close to the carriage that the horses could scarcely move.

Old Dr. Sockabesin had an office in the Canadian city and practiced medicine there, at certain times of the year, so it is probable that he liked to attract the crowd and thus advertise himself.

But the old squaw was impatient. Her black eyes flashed angrily. She called sharply to the driver to go on.

And just then Betty, who, being a small person, had pushed and wriggled her way to the side of the carriage, was so close to the little Princess Wisla that she could look into her eyes and speak to her.

"Oh—oh—have you Peggy Piper's little dog Stumpy?" gasped Betty. "And do you know whether the Indians carried Peggy away?"

The color came to little Princess Wisla's cheeks; it was plainly to be seen even through the pokeberry stain.

Another name, this was, that stirred sleeping memory! Surely somewhere she had heard the name of Peggy Piper!

And this little white girl knew Stumpy! She said that Stumpy was Peggy Piper's dog!

"Stumpy is my dog," she said slowly. "I—I can't remember Peggy Piper."

Winne-Lackee had sprung to her feet. The blood had rushed to her face, although it only made it look blacker. She called out again to the driver to go on and he whipped his horses. They made a spring forward and the crowd scattered.

But a cry went up from the people on the sidewalk. Betty, in her eagerness to speak to the little princess, had set her foot upon the low step of the carriage and when the horses started suddenly she would have fallen, perhaps under the wheel, if old Dr. Sockabesin had not leaned over and caught her, drawing her into the carriage beside him.

The crowd made a great outcry, some cheering because they thought the little white girl was a part of the show, some excited and alarmed because they thought the Indians were kidnapping a child.

But the horses went like the wind now, a space having been cleared for them by the frightened people, and in a very little while they were drawn up before a hotel in a retired street. It was a fine, large hotel but it was in a very different part of the city from the one in which Betty and her aunt were staying. There were many foreign-looking people about and no one stared very much at the Indians.

Little Princess Wisla clung to Betty's hand. "I want the little white girl to stay with me," she said, and the tears rushed suddenly to her eyes. "She makes me remember a beautiful dream! I want her to tell me who Peggy Piper is!"

The old Squaw and Dr. Sockabesin looked at each other as if they were very much startled, and they talked together in Indian, while the driver kept turning around to see whether they were going to get out of the carriage or not.

"Little white girl must go home now," said Winne-Lackee in her softest voice to Princess Wisla, after a while. "Her people will be very anxious. Many men be sent to search everywhere for little white girl!"

"So they would!" said Betty gravely. "Just as they are searching everywhere for Peggy Piper now! But if you will let me I will telephone to Aunt Celia, so she will know where I am. Perhaps she will come over and get me. And while we are waiting I can tell her"—Betty gave a little squeeze to the small dark hand which she still kept in hers—"all about Peggy Piper!"

But Dr. Sockabesin had given an order to the driver.

"He will drive you to your aunt, my child, and you can come again. Come in the morning and bring your aunt with you!" he said very kindly to Betty. And Betty had to drive away.

But first she and Princess Wisla put their arms around each others necks, like little girls who had known each other a long time. And Betty whispered: "If you were a little white girl instead of a little Indian girl you would look very much like Peggy Piper!"

Little Princess Wisla stood looking after the carriage that carried Betty away and the tears were streaming down her cheeks.

"Why will you not be happy when I give you everything you want?" said old Winne-Lackee impatiently.

"I only want to be a little white girl!" said Princess Wisla, with a great sob.

Winne-Lackee's hard Indian face worked, then, as if she were going to cry. What she longed for most in the world was that Princess Wisla should love her!

And surely, surely that would never be if Princess Wisla's memory should come back and she should know that she was really Peggy Piper!

Winne-Lackee trembled when she thought how dangerous it was to have so near at hand the little white girl who had known Peggy Piper.

So the next morning when Betty and her aunt arrived at the hotel they were told that the party of Indians had gone away suddenly, the night before, with all their baggage! No one knew where they had gone but it was thought they intended to sail for Europe.

Aunt Celia sent to Dr. Sockabesin's office to find out where little Princess Wisla had gone. But the office was closed and the doctor not to be found.

"I wouldn't have cared so much if Princess Wisla hadn't looked exactly as Peggy would have looked after some old witch had turned her into a little Indian girl" sobbed Betty.

Aunt Celia said she must not be like silly little girls who thought there were witches.

But Aunt Celia owned that she thought the little Indian princess looked like Peggy Piper, yet she was sure that outside of a fairy book Peggy Piper could not have been made to think that she was a little Indian girl, as every word that she had said to Betty showed that the princess did.

And it was such a short time before that Peggy had been lost! She could not have forgotten Betty or Pollywhoppet or her own name!

But yet Aunt Celia was very much disturbed. She walked the floor trying to decide what to do. She said to Betty that she could not send messages to have the Indians arrested for she could give no good reason, no reason at all, in fact, for doing it.

Perhaps they might see the little princess again if they were

to go to Bar Harbor. One might not be foolish enough to believe in witches and yet might wish to see Princess Wisla again.

It seemed likely that Winne-Lackee might take her little granddaughter to Bar Harbor, since she was traveling for the child's health, as they had been told at the hotel.

Winne-Lackee loved Bar Harbor, as every one knew, and her appearance, in her strange, gorgeous costumes, drew many visitors to the Indian camps.

Yes, they would go to Bar Harbor! And perhaps Dr. Brooks would allow Sidney to come after he was so much better that no one could take the measles.

Perhaps Phi Piper could come too. It would be good for him; he had brooded over Peggy's loss until he was only like a shadow of sturdy little Phi.

Betty brightened and wiped her eyes. She said, more hopefully then ever, that they were going to find Peggy!

(TO BE CONTINUED)

OCTOBER'S PARTY.

October gave a party
  The leaves in hundreds came,—
The Chestnuts, Oaks, and Maples,
  And leaves of every name.

The Sunshine spread a carpet
  And everything was grand.
Miss Weather led the dancing,
  Professor Wind, the band.

The Chestnuts came in yellow,
  The Oaks in crimson dressed,
The lovely Misses Maple,
  In scarlet, looked their best.

All balanced to their partners
  And gaily fluttered by.
The sight was like a rainbow
  New-fallen from the sky.

Then in the rusty hollows
  At hide-and-seek they played;
The party closed at sun-down
  And everybody stayed.

—Selected.

FRANCES' LEAVEN.

Everything was going wrong that morning. In the first place it rained so that Frank could not go fishing with father. He sat disconsolately on the window sill, swinging his feet and looking very cross and unhappy. Presently one of the swinging feet struck the table where Mabel's paper dolls were having a party. Over when the dolls, most of them on the floor, and Mabel began to cry.

Little Jack had been trying to straighten the bent coupler on one of his cars. "Mabel, fix it!" he coaxed, carrying it over to her; but Mabel wouldn't.

"Frank fix it!" he begged, taking it to him! but Frank wouldn't. And then Jack began to cry.

Frances, Frank's twin, was upstairs helping mother get ready to go down town on an important errand.

"It's too bad that I have to go," said mother as the unhappy sounds from the playroom came up to them; "but I believe that you can set a little bit of the 'leaven of love' working down there, and everything will soon be all right."

Father had read from the Bible that morning about God's love being like the leaven—which is another name for yeast—in the bread, which works steadily and silently until the whole is light and sweet and good for food; for God's love in people's hearts changes them and changes all the other hearts that it touches, just as the yeast changes everything it touches.

Frances understood what her mother meant, but she said doubtfully, "I don't know what to do."

"Try to think of something that you can play with them," said mother; "and here is a little treat for you all, to help you begin." From a box on the table she took four little cakes of chocolate which she handed to Frances.

Frances thought of the dress she had planned to make for her new doll that morning, and for a minute she almost wanted to say, "No," but a sob from Jack sent her skipping downstairs with an "All right, mother," that left her mother saying softly to herself, "What a dear treasure she is!"

They were so taken up with the chocolate that the tears scattered.

"Frances, fix my train!" coaxed Jack again, and this time he was not disappointed.

When the car was mended Frances said, "Let's have a wedding with Mabel's dolls! They can go on their wedding trip on Jack's train, and Frank and I will build the depot and the bridges out of blocks, and then we'll get the shells and stones out of the cabinet and make the mountains and the seashore."

"All right!" shouted Mabel and Jack, but Frank said gruffly, "I don't want to play!"

It was such fun, however, that pretty soon he grew interested in spite of himself, and when Frances began trying to make a railroad up the mountain he ran to get his precious new engine and his track, and soon was playing as hard as anybody.

When mother came home, there were no longer any sounds of crying coming from the playroom; instead there was a merry shout of laughter, which told her that a loving, unselfish little girl had changed the unhappy hearts into happy ones.—Selected.

CHOOSING.

Once upon a time, in a certain country, dwelt a good king named Arthur. The palace in which King Arthur lived was made of marble. Strong towers were built upon the corners up toward the clouds. With King Arthur lived his soldier helpers who were called knights. Those who chose to become King Arthur's helpers must first conquer the evil in themselves. They must become good and true and noble and brave. When they had become strong enough to follow the right themselves they went forth to right the wrong beyond the castle walls.

Arthur's knights wore strong, shining armor. They carried sharp, true swords. They passed much of their time in practice and wrestling that they might grow strong for battle.

When King Arthur chose a new knight the young man promised many things. At sunset one evening he chose his good sword. Then he spent the night in prayer. He prayed that he might become noble and brave and true and good. When morning came, he went into the church. He laid his sword upon the altar and promised to lead a holy life. King Arthur bound upon him the sword that he had chosen. Then, striking him lightly upon the shoulder with his own true sword, he would say, "Be thou a true and faithful knight."

One of the king's truest, most faithful knights was Sir Lancelot. He was so strong that the sharpest sword had little power to hurt him. King Arthur was sure to find help when he called upon Sir Lancelot. His arm struck the truest strokes. His sword obeyed its master.

One day Sir Lancelot went forth to fight an enemy of the king. The big, wicked knight rode out to meet him. They plunged toward each other. The clang, clang of their swords sounded far off into the forest. Each knight received wounds. Each became weak from fighting.

At last the big, wicked knight said to Sir Lancelot: "You fight well. Your sword is strong. Never before have I met a knight who has so nearly conquered me. I would like you to become my friend."

But Sir Lancelot answered: "Never! I have chosen to be a follower of the good Kind Arthur." Then he rose again, and fought the wicked knight till he conquered him.

This is only a make-believe story, but it will help us to understand

a real one. It will help us to understand something which Jesus once said about choosing.

Our story for to-day tells about still other lessons that Jesus taught that day when he sat upon the mountain side and the people listened at his feet. He helped them know the best and truest ways of choosing. Every man and woman in all the world must choose over and over again. Boys and girls must choose. Every day boys and girls say to themselves: "Shall I do this or shall I do that thing?" Is this the best thing for me to get for myself or is that?" It is often hard to choose. Mistakes are often made. Jesus knew that it is hard to make the right choice, so he helped the people that day. He helped them to know what to choose that they might have for themselves the best, the richest treasures.

Jesus said to the people: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

Jesus knew that these people did not know the safest place to keep their treasures. Sometimes they spent their money for the costly clothes which they loved. But these costly clothes had enemies. Often the moths which feed upon cloth would light upon the beautiful garments and destroy them in a nighttime. Sometimes these treasures would be stolen by thieves. Jesus told these people that the things which they did for the heavenly Father's sake were the safest treasures. He said that doing for the heavenly Father was the same as placing treasures where no evil could befall them.

Again Jesus said, "No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other."

Then he told them again about the love and care that God is able and willing to give to those who choose to serve him. He looked toward the birds which they could see in the trees round about them and said: "See the birds of the air: they do not sow, nor reap nor gather into barns: yet your Heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not of more value than they? If he gives the birds their food will be not surely feed you who are his children?"

To help the people still better to understand the love of God he said: "Why are you anxious about your raiment? See the lilies of the field, how they grow; they neither toil nor spin: yet I say unto you that even King Solomon in all his glory was not clothed like one of these. If God clothes the grass and the flowers in such beauty, shall he not be much more willing to clothe you who are his children?

Jesus told them still more of the Father's love and his care. He said, "Your Heavenly Father knoweth that you have need of all these things." Then he said, "Choose these heavenly things, and all else that you need shall be given you."—Selected.

RUTH'S FAVORITE RECREATION.

Ruth likes nothing better than to find a cosy corner, where she may sit, reading some interesting book. She has many good books of her own, and then she often gets books out of the Sunday school library, as well as out of the pretty little town library in the place where she lives.

She does not neglect her lessons, but every spare moment that she can find she will spend in her cosy corner with some of her favorite books.

Ruth's parents help her to select the books that she reads, and in this way she is learning many things, which she would not otherwise know. She is very fond of reading nature books, and when she takes a walk in the country it is astonishing to find out how much she knows about the birds and the flowers.

It is a good thing to make friends out of books, for they help us to pass away many a pleasant hour, and then, too, as some one has wisely said, "Books are friends which every man may call his own."

AN OCTOBER WALK.

Walled in with fire on either hand
  I walk the lonely wood-road through;
The maples name above my head,
And spaces whence the wind has shed
About my feet the living red,
  Are filled with broken blue.

And crowding close along the way
  The purple asters blossom free.
In full profusion, far and wide,
They fill the path on every side,
In loose confusion multiplied
  To endless harmony!

And still beside the shadowy glen
  She holds the color of the skies;
Along the purpling wayside steep
She hangs her fringes passing deep,
And meadows drowned in happy sleep
  Are lit by starry eyes.

—Selected.

NOT ASHAMED.

Rhoda was staying with her cousin Mildred while her father and mother went to Europe. Mildred was just her own age and so the two were planning great fun together, although they never before had seen each other.

"I have put your bed in beside Mildred's dear," said Aunt Lucy, "for I thought you might be a little lonesome in a strange place; but you two little girls must remember not to talk after the clock strikes eight, for then it is time for chickabiddies to be asleep."

Mildred was so full of fun and so bent on giving her cousin a good time that Rhoda forgot all about being lonesome and was kept laughing every moment.

At seven o'clock both little girls scurried off to their room, for Mildred had promised to tell Rhoda a wonderful story after they were in bed—all about a fairy princess that lived in a beautiful castle.

A little white-gowned figure knelt by each bed to say her prayers, and when they rose from their knees Mildred hopped into bed like a white rabbit, while Rhoda hesitated for a minute before she asked, "Don't you read a chapter from your Bible before you go to bed, Mildred?"

"Oh, dear no; do you? I never could be so good as all that. What good does it do anyhow? It would only make me sleepier. Then, too, I think the Bible is a very hard book for children to understand. Whenever I have tried to read it, I didn't know what it meant, so I don't read it any more."

Rhoda was half ashamed to confess that she always read a chapter, for fear she would be thought a goody-goody, and she would have hopped into bed too, as Mildred had done, only she remembered her mother had made her promise never to forget her chapter, "for God's book is one you need never be ashamed of reading, dear," she had said, "and some day you will find how much it has helped you."

So quickly diving into her trunk for her Bible, Rhoda replied: "I promised my mother I would, and really there are some very good stories in it, you know. I am reading about Joseph now."

"Oh are you?" Well, if it isn't too long, suppose you read it aloud suggested Mildred rather ungraciously.

The next night Mildred was ready for the following chapter, and before long they took turns reading every night, which habit they kept up all during Rhoda's stay.

And when Mildred told her, the last night they were together, that she really had enjoyed reading about Joseph, and there must be other stories in the Bible just as good, so after this she was always going to read a chapter by herself, Rhoda felt very happy indeed that she had not been ashamed of the gospel of Christ.—Margaret Warren.

A BOY THAT WOULD NOT GIVE UP.

The energy that wins success begins to develop very early in life. The characteristics of the boy will commonly prove those of the man, and the best characteristics of young life should be encouraged and educated in the wisest possible manner. The following story illustrates this truth:

Said Judge P—: About thiry years ago I stepped into a bookstore in Cincinnati in search of some books that I wanted. While there, a little ragged boy, not over twelve years of age, came in and inquired for a geography.

"Plenty of them," was the salesman's reply.

"How much do they cost?"

"One dollar, my lad."

"I did not know they were so much."

He turned to go out, and even opened the door, but closed it again, and came back.

"I've got sixty-one cents," said he: "could you let me have a geography and wait a little while for the rest of the money?"

How eager his little bright eyes looked for an answer, and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes, when the man, not very kindly, told him he could not. The disappointed little fellow looked up at me with a very poor attempt to smile and left the store. I followed him and overtook him.

"And what now?" I asked.

"Try another place, sir."

"Shall I go too, and see how you succeed?"

"Oh, yes, if you like," said he in surprise.

Four different stores I entered with him, and each time he was refused.

"Will you try again?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, I shall try them all, or I should not know whether I could get one."

We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully and told the gentleman just what he wanted, and how much he had.

"You want the book very much?" asked the proprieter.

"Yes, very much."

"Why do you want it so very much?"

"To study, sir. I can't go to school, and I study when I can at home. All the boys have got one, and they will get ahead of me. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to learn of the places where he used to go."

"Well, my lad, I will tell you what I will do. I will let you have a new geography, and you can pay me the remainder of the money when you can, or I will let you have one that is not quite new for fifty cents."

"Are the leaves all in it, and just like the others, only not new?"

Yes, just like the new one."

"It will do just as well, then, and I will have eleven cents left towards buying some other books. I am glad they did not let me have one at the other places."

Last year I went to Europe on one of the finest vessels that ever ploughed the waters of the Atlantic. We had beautiful weather until very near the end of the voyage; then came a terrible storm that would have sunk all on board had it not been for the captain. Every spar was laid low, the rudder was useless, and a great leak had shown itself, threatening to fill the ship. The crew were all strong, willing men, and the mates were all practical seamen of the first class; but after pumping for one whole night, and the water still gaining upon them, they gave up in despair, and prepared to take the boats, though they might have known no small boat could live in such a sea.

The captain who had been below with his chart, came up. He saw how matters stood, and with a voice that I distinctly heard above the roar of the tempest, ordered every man to his post.

"I will land you safe at the dock in Liverpool," said he, "if you will be men."

He did land us safely, but the vessel sank, moored to the dock. The captain stood on the deck of the sinking vessel receiving thanks and blessings of the passengers as they passed down the gang-plank. As I passed he grasped my hand and said:

"Judge P—, do you recognize me?"

I told him that I was not aware that I ever saw him until I stepped aboard his vessel.

"Do you remember that boy in Cincinnati?"

"Very well, sir. William Haverly."

"I am he," he said. "God bless you!"

And God bless noble Captain Haverly.—Young Folks' Weekly.

THE HICKORY NUT.

A little brown baby, round and wee,
With kind winds to rock him, slept high in a tree.
And he grew and he grew till, oh, dreadful to say!
He tumbled right out of his cradle one day,
Down, down from the tree-top, a terrible fall!
But the queer little fellow was not hurt at all;
And sound and sweet he lies in the grass,
And there you will find him whenever you pass.

—Selected.

THURLOW WEED'S BOYHOOD.

The want of shoes, which, as the snow was deep, was no small pri vation, was the only drawback to my happiness. I used, however, to tie pieces of old rag carpet around my feet, and get along chopping wood and gathering sap. But when the Spring advanced, and bare ground appeared in spots, I threw off the old carpet incumbrance and did my work barefooted.

There is much leisure time for boys who are making maple-sugar. and this time I devoted to reading when I could get to books. I borrowed books whenever and wherever I could, for they were very scarce.

Once I heard of a neighbor, three miles off, who had borrowed from a still more distant neighbor a book of great interest, and I set off, barefooted, in the snow to obtain the treasure. There were spots of bare ground upon which I would stop to warm my feet. And there were also along the road occasional lengths of log fence from which the snow had melted, and upon which it was a luxury to walk.

On my promise that the book should be neither torn nor soiled, it was lent to me. I was too happy on my return to think of snow or my naked feet. Candles were luxuries in those days, and I read my treasure, "The History of the French Revolution," lying on my back, my body in the sugar-house and my head outside, where a fat pine knot was blazing.—Autobiography of Thurlow Weed.

A VOICE FROM OCTOBER.

Why, I am October, it's easy to see!
Some people there are who are fonder of me
Than of other fall months; now how can this be?
List—and I'll tell if you wish me to say—
It's all on account of my extra day!

'Tis September's endeavor to bring you in line
For the work of the year. But I hate to confine
You too much. Now, go nutting and tramping about
On my brightest after school hours are out.

For my days are arranged with special care
To give you a chance for the out-of-door air.
Be sure I would like to help you alway
To enjoy to the full both your study and play.

—Selected.

BOSS HARRY.

BY PAGE MILBURN

Harry Boughton was an apprentice in a railroad machine shop. His father was a machinist and had been working at a lathe in that same shop for a number of years. Harry had had a common-school education, was a youth of strong physique, an evenly balanced disposition, an excellent character, and an uncommon amount of common sense.

One day his pastor met him on the path leading up over the hill whereon stood the parsonage and beyond which Harry lived with his parents.

"How much longer have you to serve as an apprentice, Harry?" was one of the questions the pastor asked.

"About a year and a half," responded Harry.

"Then what?" abruptly asked the preacher-friend.

"Then what? Why I shall then be a journeyman, and will be given a lathe like father's."

"Then what?" repeated the pastor.

"I don't think that I understand you. But I shall get good wages, and—" Then Harry stopped, blushing like a girl.

The pastor, who knew of this young apprentice's high regard for a certain young lady in the Sunday school, would have understood, the reason for the hesitation, the breaking off of the sentence.

"And then what?" persisted the pastor, who was thinking of Harry the workman and not of any matrimonial prospects he might be entertaining.

By this time Harry Boughton was puzzled, moreover a little embarrassed, for he began to think that his pastor was tantalizing him.

"I'll explain what I mean, Harry. How long has Wilton Jackson, one of our best young men, been working in these shops, and at the same lathe? About fifteen years, hasn't he? Is he any further on than at the start? Does he do any more? Does he know any more? And there's old man Alderman, who spends his days measuring out oil in the oil house. Has he not been doing the same thing ever since these shops were built? Are you going to follow in their footsteps?"

"Well Mr. Van Dyke,' responded Harry, "I don't know what else is ahead of me. Certain men at the head of things have influence and I have none."

"But when these head men move away or die, who will take their places? Do you want me to tell you? Men who know how to do the work they do or have the capacity and willingness for the most important positions."

Harry Boughton was beginning to look as if a new idea was creeping into his mind. He stopped in the path and, hanging his

head and scratching the cinderpath with the toe of his boot, as he was in the habit of doing when giving his whole mind to any thought, listened to his friend's counsel.

"Now why not get down to study? Buy some books on mechanics and study them. Know something about how machines are made and the forces that run them. I do not know much about these things myself, but I know that other men do, and that there are books about such things written for just such fellows as you."

The seed was sown in good soil, and it brought forth abundant fruit, as we shall see further on. Harry got down to hard study. He told no one outside his own home (except one little lady) what he was doing, but kept his own counsel. When he did not appear at the company's store or at the railroad station as often as formerly, the idlers passed the word that Harry was "doin' a powerful sight of co'tin'" these days. Little did they know that he was preparing himself for a revolution in the shops where they made their living.

Mr. Van Dyke moved away and had no opportunity to visit that little dirty old railroad town for several years. He dropped down into it one day at the dinner hour. After a cordial greeting from the men at the station, he enquired for his young friend Harry Boughton.

"Does he still live here? And is he still working in the shops?"

"Live here?" responded an old man, a dignified old Irish gentleman who for many years had held the lofty position of messenger, and whose business it was to run errands for the officers of the road. "Live here? Well, I guess he does. Does anybody live here? Boys, this foine gintleman of the cloth is inquirin' if Boss Harry lives here. You'll be pardonin' me, Misther Van Doike, fer laffin at yer riverence, but ye tickled me ole Irish ribs with the silly question. Don't ye know that our bye Harry is the head mon in the shops? Yis, he's that very thing, the master of the shops. He's head of every blessed thing, is he, exceptin' and leavin' out the com'ny itself. He'll be powerful pleased to see ye."

Harry was soon found, and in a few minutes the whole story of his progress came out. He told it in broken sentences as he went in and out among the workmen and the machinery, giving advice here and an order there, or answering a question of some one seeking information. His calm, dignified freedom with all and the universal respect shown him were very marked.

"I owe my rise to you," said Harry to his former pastor. "After you left our town, I continued to study books and machines. I subscribed for a mechanical magazine. I studied my own machine. I learned how to take care of it and repair it when necessary. The officials in some way found out that I knew something about mechanics. I would frequently be called on to give advice about repair work and new machines. When, a little over two years ago, the company installed an electric plant in the shops for lighting purposes, men came on with the dynamo to set it up. I was assigned to them as a laborer to

assist in setting it up. I knew nothing of dynamos. I had never seen one. I was naturally curious and I improved my chance by asking questions. I learned the name of each part, saw how the parts were joined, and the men very kindly told me the use of each part. I wrote down in a book each night the facts told me during the day. I did not know what good it would do me, but I felt that it was the thing to do.

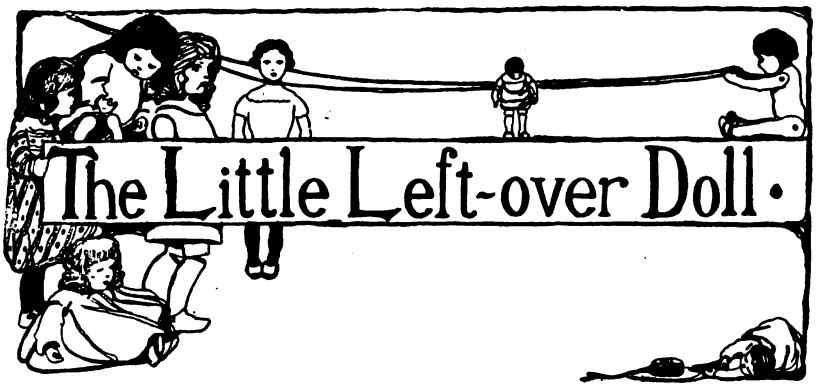
"A few months ago our company decided to extend the lighting through the town and principal residences. A larger dynamo was ordered. Our president asked the manufacturers to send men on to set up the machine, but they replied that there was a man in our shops who knew about their dynamos, and they would not be compelled to send workmen from their factory. They were very busy, anyhow. Of course I did not know anything about the correspondence until the whole business was over. Much to my surprise, I was asked whether I thought I could set the machine up. I thought I could, and I was given two helpers, and I 'made a try' at it. There it was, dumped in the yard, the various parts boxed up. I know that our president had some doubts about my success, and I confess to you I had a few myself. But there wasn't anything else to do. I succeeded, I set up the dynamo, strung the wires wherever required, and one night, when I thought everything was in ship-shape, I turned on the current, and as the lights flashed out all over town in residences and on the streets, I could have shouted with joy. Well, the gist of the whole business is I was given charge of the electric plant and—O, yes, you know it, do you? Who told you? Irish Mike? Bless his old heart, he's 'the noblest Roman of them all.' He thinks I'm a miracle. Yes, I am now the master of the machine shops. I am kept very busy and have a great deal of responsibility, and sometimes wish that I could get back to my lathe over yonder beside father's, but I haven't any complaint to make."

"How do the other boys treat you?" asked Mr. Van Dyke.

"All right. They are all my friends. They call me 'Boss Harry.' I haven't any reason to put on any airs. I have not any aristocratic blood in my veins. Let those who like to play the aristocrat do it. I am too busy with my work and raising my family to bother about such antics. Come to see me. Nothing is too good for the man that gave my mind a shaking up. You started me, and some of these days I hope to be able to return the favor by giving some other young fellow a good thought for a 'starter.'"

WASTED TIME.

The boy who spends his time reading the so-called detective stories that are printed by the thousands, is not only wasting his time, but getting entirely wrong impressions. There are no such detectives described by these publications. None of the adventures happen or could happen. The men who write such stuff, and the men who publish them, take the boys of America for a lot of idoits.—The American Boy.



LUCIA CHASE BELL.

It was only the second Tuesday evening in October, but Mr. Penny, the notion-store man, had his store brightly lighted, and had begun to display things that looked like Christmas things in his window. On this particular evening it had a string of dolls; paper-mache dolls, rubber dolls, kid dolls, wax dolls and china dolls. Some of them were left-overs from last Christmas time, and had lain all summer in dusty boxes under the counter. None of the dolls were dressed, and they fairly shivered on their string as the wind crept in around the warped frame of Mr. Penny's old window. The left-overs seemed to shiver the most. They knew so well what it would be, to hang there all night long in the frosty air. The new dolls all smiled sweetly and did not seem to mind.

Sometimes a group of children would stop in front of the window to point at the dolls, and "choose." Sometimes they would "choose" for an hour and the new dolls kept on smiling the sweetest smiles, for each felt certain that it would soon be her turn to go. But the children would skip away at last without buying a single one.

This evening when the dolls were shivering on their string, Miss Patty Rosywinkle and Miss Polly Rosywinkle across the way sat down beside their clean old polished stove to enjoy the warmth of the fire and see its pretty glow through the little mica panes in the stove-doors, before lighting the lamp.

"I think I'd like the cold evenings better," said Miss Patty, "if Mr. Penny wouldn't hang up that row of dolls all naked in his window over there. They do look so cold!"

Miss Patty and Miss Polly both turned, in the dark, and looked through their window at Mr. Penny's shop. And there hung the dolls in a row, and they did look very cold. z

"If you don't beat all, Patty, about those dolls," said Miss Polly. "An old woman like you!"

"I'm only as old as I feel," said Miss Patty, "and I feel just as I always did about dolls."

The next evening, when they were coming home from prayer-meet-

ing, the air was sharper than ever. The naked dolls in Mr. Penny's window still shivered, and Miss Patty held Miss Polly's arm and compelled her to stop and look. "I should thing he might have somebody dress them," she said; and then she pointed to one of the left-over dolls at the end of the row. It had a darling little red mouth with a pleading smile, and soft brown eyes, and loose fluffy yellow hair tied with a blue ribbon, and dimples in its little pink elbows, and a neck that looked plump and soft.

"I have a great mind to buy that one!" said Miss Patty. And then she walked straight into the shop and bought the doll. She carried it home cuddled under her cloak, and there she wrapped it, as quickly as she could, in the Roman silk, off the back of the velvet chair, and put it on the chair cushion in front of the fire.

It *is* a pretty doll!" Miss Polly acknowledged.

"Of course," said Miss Patty, with a faint blush in her cheeks, "you know I don't really mean to keep it. I shall give it to our little niece, Gertrude, for a Christmas present, if you'll help me prepare its wardrobe."

"That's a good plan," said Miss Polly.

The next evening they began. They found scraps of fine cambric and bought some fairy little lace edgings, and Miss Patty wore her daintest white apron for dolly to lie upon in her lap while she was being fitted. They snipped and tucked and gathered and hemmed, and eleven o'clock struck before they knew it. "Mercy me—eleven!" cried Miss Patty. She felt almost wicked, and instantly began putting away the things in a little box.

Then she laid the box away in the bottom drawer of the old mahogany chiffonier. The doll's neck and its little arms were bare. She shoved the drawer back to its place and began to put the room in order, and Miss Polly went away to bed.

When Miss Patty was all through with the room, she stood by the fire a minute and looked at the chiffonier. And then she walked to it and opened the drawer and lifted the cover of the box and laid her own little silk shoulder-shawl over the doll and tucked it in all around its neck like a blanket.

Then she too, went to bed.

It took six evenings to finish the doll's things. "I should just love to see Gertrude when she gets the box," Miss Patty said, on the last evening.

'So I should!" said Miss Polly, for she had grown quite fond of the doll herself.

There was not another thing to do for the doll. It had cunning nightgowns, and wrappers, and little crocheted jackets, and embroidered shoulder-blankets, and a white cloak embroidered in blue. Before they went to bed they packed the doll with all its things in a strong box to send by express, and cleared away all the snippings and scraps, and

addressed the box, and in the morning the expressman came and took it away.

The doll's journey lasted four days. On the fourth day, as they sat at tea, said Miss Patty to Miss Polly, "Now the box has just about reached Gertrude. Probably they're opening it about now—perhaps she has dolly in her hands this minute!"

And the doll had reached Gertrude. But it was a good thing that her aunts could not see how their niece looked nor hear what she said. All the rest of the family were crowding around, exclaiming, "What a beautiful doll! Did you *ever* see anything so lovely! How dear of Aunt Patty and Aunt Polly."

Gertrude had a big book under her arm. It was open, and her arm held it propped upon her hip. She did not put the book down, nor did she take the doll in her hands.

"I don't care for dolls," she said, glancing at her present, 'though it's very nice of Aunt Polly and Aunt Patty to send it."

Then she went back to the window-seat where she had been reading, and bent her head over the book again.

Gertrude's mother really felt grieved, and Gertrude's older sisters, and even her father, were shocked to witness Gertrude's behavior.

"The trouble is," said her mother, sadly, "she's crazy to read! She can't see or hear, half the time, on account of her book. It does not matter to her what she reads, so she's reading. She reads in school and out of school. She reads in bed at night, if I don't watch her, and on the way to school, and even in church, and while she's braiding her hair, or practising! And this is such a lovely doll!"

"I guess a girl *can* read too much!" said Gertrude's father.

Gertrude's sister Ann set the doll up on the library mantel, and soon the fire went out, and every one went to bed, and the house grew still and very cold.

No one could imagine the feelings of the doll, after having lived with Gertrude's aunts. The mantel grew icier and icier. Chill draughts sifted down from the chimney, fluttering its little petticoats and chilling its toes. All at once a long rattling scraping jingling noise tore the air. It was only the clock's alarm gong, but it seemed a frightful sound to the doll. And presently the clock struck twelve times and made the mantle tremble, and the poor doll almost slid over the edge of the mantle with fright. This was worse than it ever had been in Mr. Penny's window. There you could not fall off your string. It seemed ages till morning. But at last, Jenny, the maid, came and built a fire in the grate—a hot fire that blistered the doll's toes, and scorched its petticoats.

Soon Gertrude came too and curled herself up on the window-seat with her book, but she never looked toward the fire. The little doll never felt so lonesome in her life. Suddenly the door-bell rang and nobody would go to the door. The doll grew very nervous, and

wished she could go herself. But at last Gertrude went, with her book on her hip and saying to herself, "Who can that be, so early?"

She opened the door, and a sweet little voice said, "Good-morning! We're around collecting old dolls that you don't want. We dress them for the Children's Mission to give away to the poor children in the hospitals at Christmas. Could you give us any, please?"

Two little girls stood there, smiling up at her, with a big basket full of dolls, old, broken, ragged, cast-off dolls.

"I can give you a new one, all dressed," said Gertrude, "I'll be glad to. Wait here a minute." She went in and took the doll off the mantel, carelessly, with one hand, and carried it to the door and laid it in the basket. Then she went back and brought the box filled with the doll's beautiful wardrobe.

The little girls could hardly speak for one minute. Then one of them cried out, "Oh—will you give us this doll? And all—these clothes! We never heard of such a thing! To give away such a lovely doll! You must want to make somebody feel very glad!" And the eyes of both shone on Gertrude.

"Oh, I don't care for dolls—that's all," said honest Gertrude, and then she turned away with her book and shut the door.

The little girls sat down on the snowy top-step and quickly put on the doll's little lace hood and its long white cloak. Then they hugged it and kissed it, and one carried it while the other carried the precious box of clothes. The doll was warm and happy again. And the little girls danced rather than walked along the street.

They went to a certain ward in the Children's Hospital to the bed of a little crippled girl they knew with a thin face and very happy eyes, lying on her back. There they placed the baby doll on her arm with its cheek snuggled against hers; and every one who came in afterward heard her singing softly.

Well, the little lame girl with the happy eyes is cured now, so that she can walk, even run and dance. But she still lives at the Children's Hospital. She has lovely work to do. It is to cheer up little sick children who are brought there, she and her doll. She has no other home, and they love her at the Hospital. She goes out into the street every day to give her doll fresh air, and to show her to little children. And no doll in the whole city has so many friehds or does so much good as this dolly with the pleading smile who was once a left-over doll.

Sometime in January the Rosywinkle aunts received a polite note from their niece, thanking them for their Christmas present, and stating that she had given the doll to a Hospital.

But the Rosywinkle aunts never have known that the dear little left-over doll from Mr. Penny's window became a city missionary, nor that she holds large doorstep meetings on many a street, and does a great deal of good; perhaps they may learn of it now. If they do, they will be much pleased.

BOOKS AS OUR MUTUAL FRIENDS.

BY PROF. HART, HARVARD COLLEGE.

Books are not only entertaining; they are wise friends who give you what you get from few in the flesh—the best that is in them. You can hear Daniel Webster's greatest speech any day; you can share the sweetest that was in Nathaniel Hawthorne by reading his House of the Seven Gables ;you may touch the deepest experience of Tennyson through his In Memoriam. If no man is great to his valet, every author is great to the reader who sees him only at his highest. The world is enlarged by books; undying friendships are made in books; heart talks to heart through books, and you shall never be contradicted by your favorite writer.

To be sure, books are not the only links between mind and mind; periodicals and newspapers in some ways disturb the old-fashioned intimacy between reader and author; but the writer in the periodicals is, aftr all, only a visitor and not a guest in your intellectual mansions; often he is only an entertainer, who comes into your drawing room to give you a pleasant evening, and goes away without your really knowing what manner of man he is. The difference between the best magazine and the best book is like that between the agreeable acquaintance whom you meet on a railway train and your twin sister. The newspaper, on the other hand, is a piper in the market place to whom everybody listens for the moment, but of whom nobody makes an intimate friend.

First of all, it is only politeness that you should listen to your friend's account of himself; and the first thing that the knowing man does with a new book is to look at the title-page, which is your friend's name, and bears the date of his birth; to read the preface, which is his explanation for being, and to run over the table of contents, which sums up for you your friend's experience and intentions.

This gives you the opportunity at the outset to disclaim friendship and repudiate your book if you see reason. For there are as many bad books as bad people, which is saying a great deal; and the first duty of the book-reader is not to read a great many things that come in one's way. There are dirty books that soil the mind, and leave an ineffaceable stain on the memory; there are untrue books, which set forth what your experience of life tells you to be false; there are thousands of trivial and useless books, which are not worth the trouble of going beyond the "front matter," as the preliminary pages are called. The first caution is therefore to select your books as you select your friends, because they have something to contribute to you.

A good book deserves close reading; classics like Emerson's Essays or Keats's poems are all of pure metal; if you drop out a phrase or a word, you have maimed the thought. Books of that kind deserve the compliment that you would pay to a renowned friend; if he said brilliant things in conversation, you would listen to them all.

In the modern days of scientific research many excellent books are materials out of which a few things are to be culled by the investigator. Macaulay's History was a book written to be read as a whole, yet the busy student may with profit select certain chapters as the liveliest and the most characteristic of Macaulay's mode of treatment. Here is where the judgment of the reader does him much good. If Milton were reciting his verses to you, you would listen enrapt so long as he would speak; but there are few enthusiasts who could keep awake through the whole of the Faerie Queen, even if Spenser himself recited it.

After all, it is the reader of whole books that really comes to know his printed friends. "Beware of the man of one book" is an unsafe caution. For four or five generations the one book that the people of New England intimately knew was the Bible; they knew it from beginning to end; they studied their alphabet in its initial letters; their children learned considerable parts of it by heart; and thus they filled their minds with the majestic and beautiful language of the Scriptures. It was precisely among those Bible-saturated New England people that there sprang up about 1830 a multifarious literature, high in philosophy, in history, in poetry, in fiction, and in satire.

Many of the people who knew the Bible also knew Shakespeare, knew him with that thoroughness that might be expected in houses where there was little else to read. The two together were strong meat for great minds; they were indeed the principal teachers of Abraham Lincoln, who placed his name among the immortals as a writer of English prose. That was a man who loved to read and to ponder; and one of the most delightful pictures of him, left in the description of a friend, shows him lying on his back under a tree, his long legs thrust up against the trunk and a book in his hand, slowly but persistently kicking himself around as the sun moved through the heavens, so as to keep his eyes in the shade.

Reading a few books is, however, only a part of the art; and in this period of teeming literature, when the booksellers' counters sag under the weight of really thoughtful and well-written books of every kind, the intensive knowledge of a few books must be paralleled by some acquaintance with a good many books. It is an excellent scheme to follow Emerson's dictum, "Read none but famed books," so far as to read at least one in several groups of typical books. In English fiction, be sure to read one novel of Miss Burney, one of Jane Austen, one of Cooper, as liberal in Indians and hairbreadth escapes as possible, one of Scott, one of Dickens, one of Hawthorne, one of Mrs. Oliphant, one of George Eliot, one of Stevenson, one of Kipling. Unless you know these masters what basis have you for deciding whether a new novel is good or original, or worth spending time upon? So it is with other fields of literature; if you have read no Byron, no Shelley, no Tennyson, how do you know whether there are still poets?

LITTLE ROSEMARIE'S EYES.

BY KATHERINE JONES.

Once upon a time, a long time ago, there was a little girl named Rosemarie. She lived with her father and mother in a big house filled with beautiful things.

Rosemarie had everything you could think of to give her pleasure. She had six gold-fish swimming in a glass bowl, and in the bottom of the bowl were pretty pebbles where the fish could lie down when they went to sleep. She had twelve different kinds of birds in a brass cage almost as big as a room; some were green and yellow, some were red, some were grey, and the prettiest of all were two little Japanese robins —snow white. She had a Guinea pig and a kitten.

You will think Rosemarie could hardly have wanted anything more, but besides all these pets she had a charming doll-house that her mother had given her, fitted up with everything just exactly like a grown person's house. Rosemarie's doll was named Margery Gwendolin Gladys and she had everything a doll could wish. She even had a telephone and toothpowder! She was a lovely doll and always looked pleasant and good-natured, even when Rosemarie neglected her. Once, for two whole days Margery Gwendolin Gladys lay, face downward, under Rosemarie's bed, but when Rosemarie found her there she still looked pleasant and as though she had had plenty to eat all the time.

Rosemarie was very fond of her doll, she liked to watch her gold fish and birds, and she had great fun playing with her Guinea pig and kitten. Still, she was not perfectly happy. One thing Rosemarie wanted, and didn't have, and never could have, was blue eyes. She had very pretty eyes—but they were brown.

Rosemarie's mother had read her stories in which the fairies often changed ugly people into beautiful ones, brown eyes into blue, or black hair into golden, but Rosemarie did not really believe that she would ever meet a fairy.

Rosemarie used to take the fairy book out into the garden to read to herself there; but whenever her mother saw her reading, the book was upside down, so you see she didn't really read—just looked at the page.

One day when Rosemarie had been sitting a long time under the trees, pretending to read and thinking of the fairies, a very wonderful thing happened. The air was so warm and sweet, and there were so many insects about in the grass singing lullabys to their babies, that Rosemarie had almost dropped off to sleep when she suddenly heard a funny, piping voice say, "How do you do?"

Rosemarie looked up from her book, and there, in front of her, was the dearest, tiniest fairy you ever saw! She had on cunning red shoes with silver buckles, a red silk dress with a tidy green apron, a

ROSEMARIE AND THE FAIRY.

red hat, and in one hand she carried a fan and in the other a riding whip. She looked just as you'd expect a fairy to look.

Rosemarie was so surprised she couldn't speak; so the fairy said again, "How do you do?"

Then Rosemarie replied, "I'm quite well, I thank you; how are you, and where did you come from?"

The fairy smiled at Rosemarie and said, "I came from the Land

of Love, and once a year I visit every little girl in the world to find out if she is perfectly happy, and to see if I can do anything for her. Are you happy, dear Rosemarie?"

Rosemarie answered, "No."

"What!" cried the fairy, "haven't you six gold-fish and don't you feed them every day?"

"Yes," said Rosemarie, "I have six gold-fish, but I don't feed them. Katie does that."

"Feed them yourself," said the fairy, "every day!"

"Then haven't you twelve birds, and don't you give them water every morning?" continued the fairy.

"Yes," said Rosemarie, "I have twelve birds, but I don't give them water every morning."

"Give them water!" said the fairy, "every morning!"

"Haven't you a Guinea-pig," asked the fairy, "and don't you give the dear little pig a fresh lettuce leaf every night?"

"Yes," said Rosemarie, "I have a Guinea-pig, but I don't give it a lettuce leaf often."

"Give him a fresh lettuce leaf every night!" said the fairy.

"Haven't you a kitten too," asked the fairy, "and don't you give her a saucer of milk every morning?"

"Yes," said Rosemarie, "I have a kitten, but sometimes I forget to give her milk."

"Give her a saucer of milk every morning!" said the fairy.

"Then," said the fairy, "haven't you a beautiful doll that you dress every morning and undress and put to bed every night?"

"Yes," said Rosemarie, "I have a doll, but I don't always dress her and—"

"Ah!" said the fairy, "you should dress her and love her just as your mother does you."

The fairy, pointing to the flowers, then said, "I suppose you have lovely times picking bouquets of dandelions for your mother and father?"

But, do you know, Rosemarie felt so sad to think she had never picked a bunch of dandelions for her mother or father she couldn't answer at all. So the fairy smiled at her again and said, "Pick dandelions and pick them often, for they quickly fade!"

The fairy fanned herself, for she had grown warm from talking so much, and then said, "Do all I have told you, and next year when I come I know I'll find you a happy little girl."

Then the fairy raised herself on tiptoes, waved her riding whip through the air, and was preparing to fly away, when Rosemarie suddenly remembered her eyes and cried out, "My eyes! my ugly brown eyes! Can you make my eyes blue?"

At that the fairy laughed so she quivered all over like an aspen leaf and said, "Oh! my dear, your eyes aren't ugly because they are brown! I'll tell you a secret. Don't you know how pretty the ponds

and brooks are when they reflect the sun—how sparkling and bright and beautiful they are? Well, children's eyes are beautiful like that when they reflect love. The color doesn't make any difference."

Smiling very kindly at little Rosemarie she spread her wings and flew away, singing as she went,

"Black eyes or brown,
Blue eyes or grey—
All eyes are pretty
If they shine all day."

ROBBIE.

BY CLARA MARCELLE GREENE.

Birds cannot love you, people say. Cats, dogs, horses, and even monkeys, they say can love you, but not birds.

Now, my children, let me tell you about my "Robbie," and then see what you think about it. Every word is true, too, just as it happened last year.

Children came running to me one summer day, calling out that a little bird had fallen from his nest, and was dead on the sidewalk in front of our house. I hurried out, and picked up the little thing. It was a young robin, and he had fallen thirty feet from his nest in an elm tree.

You would think he must surely have been killed, falling so far, and striking on the brick sidewalk. But the same Father who notices every sparrow's fall must have saved poor little "Robbie," for he was not killed, nor even much hurt. The old birds were flying back and forth, crying, and showing their distress just as plainly as would your father and mother, if you fell somewhere and they could not help you. Of course, I could not get up there to put him back in the nest, so I carried him into the house, and laid him in a little basket on some soft cotton. He was too young to fly, and all he did was to open his big red mouth and cry every minute for food.

Now what do you suppose I gave him, and what do you think I fed him with? Bread and milk and a teaspoon? No. Knife and fork and beefsteak? No, no, indeed, of course you are not so silly as to think that. I fed him wet meal with a toothpick. There—wasn't that a bright idea? He thought so, I guess, by the way he swallowed. But in the afternoon he lay still, would not eat nor open his eyes, and I thought he was going to die. I knew he would, unless he had his own kind of food. Birds do not like dough, they like—what do you suppose? Why, worms! There, isn't that horrid? But they do.

So I racked my brain to think what to do. I carried him upstairs to a front window, where was a balcony, right under the elm branches that held the nest. I put the basket with Robbie in it out in the balcony, and then I got behind the blind inside to watch and see what

would happen. The old mother bird stayed up on the edge of her nest, to take care of the other babies, while she peered down at her baby in the balcony. The father bird fluttered back and forth among the branches, half afraid to come down. But in a few minutes he flew down to the ground, snatched a worm from the grass, flew back to the balcony and dropped it straight into the little one's bill, and then rushed back to his nest.

After that he and the mother bird both came, and inspected the basket, with their jealous little heads first on this side and then on that, but concluded it was the best thing that could be done, and went back happy to their tree.

Every morning I put Robbie out in the balcony, where they fed him all day, and every night brought him back to cover him warm for his sleep. You see he would be cold out of doors, if he missed his mother's warm wing.

By and by he grew so big that he began to fly about the balcony. I had to put him in a cage, because he was not strong enough to fly up to the nest, and he did not know enough not to flutter down to the ground and let the cat get him. I was afraid the cage would frighten the father robin so that he would not feed him any more, but he had confidence in my care, and fed him right through the bars, just the same.

When the little brother and sister birdies up in the nest got big enough to fly down on the ground and pick up worms and bugs for themselves, there was a nice boy who used to take Robbie out and put him down too. He would hop all around and pick with them till they would fly away, then he would not fly away, but hop on the nice boy's finger and come riding into the house. It seemed to me that Robbie must have loved the nice boy or he would not have wanted to do that.

The old birds did not feed him any more, so we let him sleep on his perch in the cage nights, and fly all about the house day times. He loved to light on the dining table, and hop among the plates, picking up crumbs. Many a time he would sit and eat from our hands, or our mouths if we would turn our heads. If we forgot, or did not feed him fast enough, he would peck at our ears, or our hair. When the nice boy, or the nice boy's father would lie down on the couch Robbie would fly up and cuddle down inside their coat, or under the lapel, and sleep as long as they did.

But the very sweetest thing Robbie ever did was to fly straight to my room every morning for a week and stay with me hours, while I was sick in bed. As soon as his cage was opened in the morning he swept with a rush, through two other rooms, to mine, alighted on my shoulder, nestled himself down as close to my face as he could and staved for an hour. If he did not love me, why did he do that? I am sure we all loved him very much. Would not you?

People may rob you of your money, or temporal possessions, but education, once gained, no man can take from you.—Selected.

THE LAMB THAT RAN AWAY.

It was a wild hilly country where our flock lived, but the turf was sweet, and tiny wild flowers grew among the rocks. There were no fields enclosed by green hedges, to keep the sheep from straying, and sometimes it happened that one lost its way and died.

This my mother had told me; but I did not pay much heed. I would never be so foolish, I thought, as to leave my mother and run away alone.

Our shepherd was a kind man. The sheep were fond of him; but the lambs thought him too strict.

I had quite a happy time playing with the other lambs at "Hide and Seek" among the rocks. But after a time I got tired of that game; I thought it was stupid for a lamb of my age.

One morning I noticed that the sun was shining brightly on a distant part of the hill, while we were in the shadow of a cloud. This put it into my head to go and see what it was like there. It looked so bright and pretty, and was not so far away. I would be back again before anyone found out I had gone.

I looked about me; all the sheep were busy grazing, and the lambs playing. No one, not even the shepherd, saw me as I went.

Soon I was far away and I was free! I could go where I pleased; the shepherd's dog could not find me here, I thought.

I had forgotten now about the sunny place on the hillside. Here everything seemed different; on I ran, this way and that, always wondering what would come next. What came next was always the same —rocks and stony places. I wished there had been a little grass growing for I was hungry. The white mist on the hills made me wet and cold and frightened.

If only my mother would come now and take me home, I thought, and shivered; it was such a long way to go home, and I did not know which way I had come. If I called perhaps she might hear me; she always came when I called.

"Baa! baa!" I bleated again and again. No answer came, and I was very tired. I tried to find the way I had come; but I fell on a sharp stone and gave a cry of pain. Then, from somewhere out of the mist, I heard my mother's voice.

In a moment I was by her side; now I was safe—she would take care of me.

Just then we heard a screech, and the flapping of wings; and we saw coming down on us a great bird with a cruel beak. I turned giddy with fright. My mother bleated piteously. With another screech the great bird was upon me, fixing its claws in my wool.

But help was at hand. Suddenly there came a blow from behind, and the eagle fell to the ground—dead.

The shepherd had missed us, and guided by his dog, had come just

in time to save us. He carried me in his arms all the way home. That was the last time I ever tried to run away, and by my disobedience bring danger upon my mother and myself.—Nora Crombie, in The Child's Own Magazine.

THE CHILD AT THE WINDOW.

"It's a daily sorrow to see Harry as he is. I had hoped that our son would do such great things."

Harry's mother laid her hand on her husband's shoulder.

"Our poor little boy," she said.

Upstairs Harry lay on his couch in the nursery window. He had lain on his back ever since he was three, and now he was seven. Yet Harry was not unhappy; he had friends and pleasures his father knew nothing of.

To begin with there was the old woman who sold apples a little way down the street. She was a sour-faced old woman, but when she passed the house where Harry lived she always used to look up and smile quite brightly. One bright summer morning he had made her acquaintance. He had often before seen her passing, but that day he raised his head slightly, and called "Good morning." At first she had looked annoyed, but when she saw the child's smiling face she smiled too. After that she never passed the house without looking up. And Harry was always ready with his greeting.

Then there was the postman. Harry knew when he was coming before he turned the street corner, for he always whistled "The Soldiers of the Queen." Harry longed above all things to be able to whistle like him. He used to wave his hand and smile as soon as he caught sight of him; and even at night, when the curtains were drawn and Harry was safe in bed, he used to listen for the postman's knock. There was something so nice and friendly in the double rat-tat.

Last, but not least, among Harry's friends was the old man who passed through the street where Harry lived on his way to business every morning. He had gone that way for twenty years, yet he had never thought of looking up at the house till one morning he felt something fall on his hat. When he shook it down he found it was an elephant from a Noah's Ark.

At first he was angry; but then, like the old woman, when he saw the smiling child's face, he smiled too. Once, long ago, he had had a little son of his own, and though that son lived now many thousands of miles away, he still remembered him sometimes as he had been. That morning the little crossing-sweeper at the corner of the street was surprised by the old gentleman stopping and giving him sixpence.

One day Harry's little pale face was not at the window. The apple-woman wondered why the morning seemed more cheerless than usual and in the old gentleman's office the clerks remarked that the

master was very "cranky." The postman too whistled for deaf ears; no little hand waved to him.

And up in his room little Harry was passing through deep waters. A great surgeon had come many hundreds of miles to do an operation which would either make him quite well, or from which he would never recover.

After three days the old gentleman could bear the suspense no longer. He rang the front door bell of Harry's house, and was shown into the presence of the little boy's father and mother. He was suddenly covered with confusion.

"It's the little child," he stammered—"the child with the pale face."

"Do you know our son?" Harry's father asked, surprised.

Then the old gentleman told them how every morning he looked up at the little smiling face.

Harry's mother turned sharply away; there were tears in her eyes.

When the old gentleman rose to go he pressed her hand.

"God bless your child," he said, "and may He spare him to us."

That evening the postman not only knocked but rang, and then waited till the maid came.

"It's the wee chap," he said. "What's up with him?"

That evening he forgot to whistle on his rounds and when he got home his wife scolded him for being so dull.

Next morning a queer packet containing two red-cheeked apples was left at Harry's house—a present to the little boy from the old apple-woman, who had never been known to give anything away for the last twenty years.

Two days later the great surgeon pronounced Harry out of danger. His father turned to his wife triumphantly.

"Our son will do great things yet," he said.

But Harry's mother smiled happily.

"Our son has done great things already," she said.—Children's Missionary Magazine.

Books are yours,
Within whose silent chambers treasure lies
Preserved from age to age; more precious far
Than that accumulated store of gold
And orient gems which, for a day of need,
The sultan hides deep in ancestral tombs.
These hoards of truth you can unlock at will.

—Wordsworth.

A HAPPY HALLOWEEN.

The boys were out in the barn making Hallowe'en Jack-o-lanterns —three of them, Bob and Charlie and Max. The barn was dim and shadowy in the dusk of the October evening—"very Hallowe'eny," as Max said. It made one feel delightfully creepy and scared and shivery to hear Bossy's "Moo-oo-oo," and to see the grinning faces of the lanterns and to watch the shining yellow eyes of the big black cat gleam out of the darkness. But something was missing in the fun, and that "something" was the little sister Katharine who had been very ill, and who was not quite well enough to go out-of-doors. "Poor little Katharine!" said Bob, at last. Then the three boys looked about the barn. It was just the place for a Hallowe'en frolic, there was no doubt of that, and it did seem hard to leave it. "Let's have Hallowe'en indoors for Katharine!" suggested Charlie bravely. "Hurrah! Let's!" said the other two boys, and away went the gleaming lanterns toward the house. The pet cat went scampering after, for Trix was never far away when there was fun going on. And indoors Katharine was crying in spite of all mother could do because she was missing all the Hallowe'en fun. But she didn't miss it, O, no indeed! Mother no sooner heard the boys' voices than she knew what had happened. Could they bob for apples? Could they do this? Could they do that? came the quick, eager questions. And mother said "Yes" so recklessly to what they asked that father had to add in self-defense that he "hoped" the witches would leave a roof on the house. "It's been the happiest Hallowe'en we ever had!" declared the boys after the fun was over. "That's because—" began mother, but she did not finish her sentence. What do you suppose she was going to say, anyhow?—Selected.

DOG AND KITTEN.

The servant man of the family took a kitten to a pond with the intention of drowning it. His master's dog went with him, and when the kitten was thrown into the water the dog sprang in and brought it to land.

A second time the man threw it in, and again the dog rescued it; and when for the third time the servant tried to drown it, the dog, as resolute to save the little helpless life as the man was to destroy it, swam with it to the other side of the pool, ran all the way home, with it, and deposited it before the kitchen fire.

From that time the dog kept constant watch over the kitten. The two were inseparable, even sharing the same bed.—Youth's Companion.

THE AMBITION OF JOHN COLLINS.

BY ANNE PORTER JOHNSON

Fred Weston was wandering around through his father's large factory, whistling a gay tune, and looking very happy and contented.

Weston & Company manufactured plows and harrows in great quantities, shipping them out by the carload. It was now the busy season for the trade, and the orders were coming in thick and fast every mail. The men were working night and day to keep up with the shipping.

Fred stopped and watched the busy workmen a moment, when Mr. Weston came along.

"Who is that new boy over there, father?" he asked, pointing to a boy about his own age, bending over his work on the other side of the room.

That's John Collins," replied his father. "During this terribly busy time, we simply had to have some one to run errands and do little odd jobs, and he wanted something to do to earn a living, and I gave him the work."

John Collins was busy sorting over some broken iron, when he heard a voice at his elbow. "Father says you're a new boy here."

John looked up in surprise. "Yes, I've only been here a week."

"How do you like your job?"

John smiled grimly.

"Don't like it, do you?" continued Fred.

"Well, there are other things I would like better," replied John.

"What, for instance?" Fred quizzed.

John gave his questioner a searching look. This way of firing in questions was a little confusing, and as he had no idea who the boy was, he was puzzled to understand the evident interest he was taking in his affairs.

"O, yes," exclaimed Fred, seeing the puzzled look on John's face. "I might say that I am Fred Weston. Mr. Weston is my father. I have fairly begged him to give me a job here, but he says I must get a good education before he will let me work here. I don't like school. I'd much rather work."

"John gasped. "You don't like school?" he managed to exclaim in astonishment.

"Well, it doesn't make any difference whether I like it or not. I've got to go, so I'm making the best of it to please father. But what is it you want to do?"

"It's such an impossible thing," replied John, "that it's almost foolish to speak of it, but—I want just what you don't want."

"School? Well, now, that's queer!" laughed Fred. "Why don't you go to school then, instead of working here?"

John thought this was such a silly question that he laughed aloud, and Fred saw his blunder. "I see," he said. "It's on account of money."

'That's the idea, exactly," agreed John. "If I had the money, I would have a good education, I can tell you, and more, I intend to work and save until I *have* the money."

John's face shone with enthusiasm and earnestness.

"That sounds fine, but I'm afraid you'll be a long time getting your education."

"Well, I mean to do my best, anyhow."

"Can't your father help you?"

John looked up in surprise. "My father and mother are both dead, and I must make my own way," he replied.

Every few days Fred came in to have a talk with "plucky John," as he called him, and between the two boys, so differently situated in every way, there sprang up a warm friendship. As a result of his son's liking for John, Mr. Weston himself became interested in the errand boy, and his ambition to become a scholar. That sort of pluck and grit pleased the man, and he watched John as he went cheerfully about his work, knowing the great desire always uppermost in his mind.

Really, John sometimes became very much discouraged, as his wages just a little more than covered his board and clothes. "At this rate," he said to himself one Saturday night, after counting over his money, "I'll be old and gray before I have eough saved for school. I must think of some way to make more money."

He studied the matter over and over, but found no solution to the problem. On Monday morning he went to work as usual, but he was discouraged, and, try as he might, he could not overcome the feeling that he might as well give it up.

At noon Fred came in, happy and light hearted as ever, whistling, cracking jokes, and laughing with the men. Seeing John at work close to one of the large revolving wheels, he walked over, and slapped him on the shoulder in his friendly way. "What's the matter, John? You look out of sorts. Anything wrong?"

Before John had time to reply, Fred had stepped too close to the wheel, and in an instant the huge belt was drawing him in to certain death. Quick as a flash John saw the terrible danger of his friend, and, exerting all his strength, he grabbed Fred's arm, and threw him away from the belt just in time to save his life. In saving Fred, however, he himself stumbled and tripped on the whirling belt. One of the men was standing near by, and he immediately shut off the powerful current, and the wheel was slowing down when John fell, or he would have been killed outright. As it was, he was badly bruised, and the men hurried him at once to the hospital.

Fred hastily explained to his father the circumstances of the accident, and together they followed the ambulance.

"From what you say, Fred, John almost lost his own life in saving yours," said Mr. Weston, greatly agitated.

"Indeed he did, father. I would surely have been killed if John had not jerked me away the instant he did," Fred replied, his voice choked with emotion.

At the hospital, the surgeons found that John was only badly bruised and shaken up, and although it would be some time before he could work again, his injuries were not serious, and there was no cause for alarm. Mr. Weston and Fred were allowed to see him for a few minutes, but the nurse warned them not to refer to the accident, or excite him in any way.

Fred well understood that John would be thinking of the expense, besides the loss of his wages, and he managed to whisper in his friend's ear, "Don't you worry about the money, John. We're going to pay for everything, and father says your wages are to be paid every week just the same as if you were working. Father says you are not to think of money at all."

A great sigh of relief broke from John's lips, for, with all his pain, he really was worrying about the money.

Fred and his father were daily visitors at the hospital, bringing flowers and books to help John bear the long days. During these visits Mr. Weston became better acquainted with John, the sick boy, than he had ever been with John the errand boy. As soon as he was able to be moved Mr. and Mrs. Weston took him to their beautiful home, and to John, who had never known a home, it seemed like a palace. The first few days he felt awkward and out of place in such beautiful surroundings. He hardly knew how to act, and he was too backward to talk much; but the kindness which the whole family showered on him soon made him feel more at ease, and as he gradually became stronger, he found himself dreading the time when he would have to leave. As it happened, Fred was worrying about the same thing. He thought the house would be very lonely and dull without John.

One evening Fred and his father were alone in the library. "Father," began Fred, timidly, "you have a lot of money, haven't you?"

Mr. Weston laughed. "Well, I think I have enough to see us through," he replied.

"And you have only one boy," continued Fred soberly.

His father began to think there must be something on Fred's mind. "Yes, and he's a pretty well-behaved boy," Mr. Weston said playfully.

Fred ignored the attempt at raillery. He was deeply interested in something more important. "Well, father, how much do you think I'm—I'm worth to you?"

Mr. Weston put down his paper and started at Fred in amazement.

"I suppose, father, I'm worth a little something," he added.

"Why, Fred, your mother and I couldn't begin to calculate how

much you're worth to us. You surely know that. What are you driving at, anyway? Out with it Fred."

"Well, father, you know if John had not risked his life, you and mother wouldn't—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted his father, shuddering at the thought of what might have happened.

"I thought, perhaps—well, you know, father, that John just longs to go to school, and I couldn't help but think that, if I was worth so much to you, and he had saved my life, perhaps—you could fix it so that he could have what he wanted. O, father, I have thought about it so much. It would be such a grand way to pay John, don't you think?" Fred looked anxiously at his father as he finished his little speech. He knew he was asking a good deal.

Mr. Weston put his hand on his son's shoulder. "My dear boy, your mother and I have talked it over, and John is to have all the education he wants, and more than that, he is to have a home here as long as he cares to stay. If I had known you were so interested, I would have told you before. It is all settled, and, if, you wish, we will go and tell John right now."

Fred was fairly beside himself with delight. Together they told John the good news, and two boys were so excited that night they could not sleep. They talked it all over and over again, until Mr. Weston came to their door, and laughingly reminded them that it was nearly morning.

GOOD INTEREST.

"My son," said a banker to his son, "I want to give you a lesson in business. Here is a half-dollar. Now, if you can find any boy whom you can trust, who will take this money and pay you interest for it, you may lend it to him; and if you invest it wisely I'll increase your capital." When night came the banker said, "My son, how did you invest your money to-day?" "Well, Father," replied the little fellow, "I saw a boy on the street without any shoes, and he had no dinner; so I gave him my fifty cents to buy something to eat with." "You'll never make a business man in the world," said the banker; "business is business. But I will try you once more. Now, here is a dollar to invest; see how well you can do it." A loud peal of laughter from the boy followed this speech, which was thus explained: "My Sunday school teacher said giving to the poor was lending to the Lord; and she said He would return to us double; but I did not think He would do it quite so quick."—James R. White.

The Baby's Page.

THESE two Babies, Tillie and Dan, will work as hard and as fast as they can, their baskets with sweet, ripe grapes to fill. For their Grandma Dear from far away, will come to see them at home today, they live in the house on the hill. They were tiny babies when Grandma last came, and have grown till she will scarce know them the same, but she calls them her sweet babies still.

When we count the months, October is ten, the grapes are ripe and many friends come then. Father in Heaven bless Dannie and Till, and help them their baskets to quickly fill.

—*L. Lula Greene Richards.*

HOME MADE FLOWER POTS.

There is a lame boy living in the same small country town with me who is so badly crippled that he never can go out to play with the other boys.

One day I went to see him and found him sitting in a wheel chair, looking so cheerful and pleasant that it was a pleasure to see him.

"Joe," I said, "tell me how you amuse yourself all the time. Don't you get tired of being alone so much?"

"Oh, not often," he said. "You see I have lots to amuse me. Would you like to see some of the things I like best?"

"Indeed I would," said I; so Joe wheeled his chair briskly into the next room and I followed. There in a sunny bay window were a line of the funniest flower pots I ever saw, and out of each grew a delicate plant.

"These flower pots," exclaimed Joe, "I made all myself."

"But what are they?" I asked wonderingly. Joe chuckled.

"Nothing but raw sweet and white potatoes," he exclaimed. "Of course I was anxious to have plants, but they are pretty expensive to buy when a fellow only gets ten cents a week, so I thought and thought, and finally this idea came. I begged six potatoes from cook, three sweets and three whites. I cut them in half, lengthwise, and scooped out nearly all the insides and filled 'em with water. Then mother bought me 10 cents worth of canary seed and I dropped a few in each potato. Just see how beautifully they have grown! Of course I have to be on the lookout to see that the water is fresh all the time, but that's all the trouble they give me. Now look here. See I have some swinging baskets, too," and Joe pointed with pride toward the ceiling.

Sure enough, just as he said, there were the swinging baskets. These were made of carrots, their tops cut off and as Joe said, "their insides scooped out," filled with water and seed planted in them just like the potatoes. Then he had bored two little holes in the carrots, one on each side, about half an inch from the top, and tied a string through each hole, long enough so that the carrots could be tied to the curtain of the window and yet swing freely in the air.

"I think I like my plants best of all," said Joe, "but I have lots of other things, too. If you come over some other afternoon I'll show you some more."

"Indeed I will" I promised, as we said good-bye at the door. And as I walked down the street I could not help thinking that if poor little crippled Joe took so much pleasure from his home made flower pots, maybe some of you sturdy, healthy little people might pass away a rainy afternoon by trying to make some for yourself. —Washington Star.

JUST FOR FUN.

PROPER TEMPERATURE.

A story is told of a Boston lawyer whose quick wit never deserted him, either in the court-room or elsewhere.

One day a client entered his office, and throwing back his coat, said, irritably:

"Why, your office, sir, is as hot as an oven!"

"Why shouldn't it be?" was the calm response. "It's here that I make my bread."

A small pupil, on being asked to use the word "budget" in a sentence, gave the following:

"The rock was so big that you couldn't budge it."—Little Chronicle.

The children in a Boston kindergarten were given paper and pencils, and were told to draw whatever they chose. A four-year-old colored girl announced that she would draw a picture of George Washington. When it was finished, she brought it to her teacher and said: "I don't think it looks very much like George Washington. Let's call it a cat!"-Sel.

"Now, here, don't you go and git sorry fer yerself! There's always lots of other folks you can be sorry fer 'stid of yerself."—Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch.

Smiling girls and rosy boys
Come and buy my little toys,
Monkeys made of gingerbread,
And sugar horses painted red.
—From Mother Goose.

A bright little girl came into a store and asked the price of collars.

"Two for a quarter," said the clerk.

"How much would one cost?"

"Thirteen cents."

She thought for a while, and said:

"Then it would make the other twelve cents. So I guess I'll take that."—Little Chronicle.

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

POEM FOR OCTOBER.

AMOS R. WELLS.

Take a little dash of water cold
  And a little leaven of prayer,
And a little bit of morning gold,
  Dissolved in the morning air.

Add to your meal some merriment
  And a thought for kith and kin,
And then as your prime ingredient
  A plenty of work throw in.

And spice it all with the essence of love
  And a little wiff of play,
Let a wise old book and a glance above
  Complete the well-made day.

STAKE SECRETARIES.

The Stake Secretary should consult with the President often, and receive instruction. She should attend all stake meetings or see that her assistant is notified to act in her place. Minutes are usually read at the session following that at which they are taken. Where a long interval elapses between meetings, the minutes may be read at the close of the session, so that all important business may be approved before it is forgotten. This method will also insure them against loss, making it possible to have them recorded without delay.

In taking minutes, record only the essential points discussed, and the final action in all questions debated. If a very important matter comes up for consideration and is not finally disposed of, it may be recorded as unfinished business, and brought up as such at the next meeting.

All minutes should be promptly recorded, leaving a margin on the left side of the page for the headings of all important rulings. This method will save much time in looking over the records for information. The place of meeting—town, building, or both—should be written on the right side of each set of minutes, as is usual in beginning a letter. All records are the property of the Association, and should be carefully preserved in a fire-proof vault wherever possible. They should be delivered promptly by the retiring secretary to her successor, or to the Stake clerk. Minute books are often lost because this rule is not followed, and the records are mislaid in the homes of these officers.

It is the duty of the Stake Secretary to see that all stake and local reports are accurately compiled and promptly forwarded, and to render assistance to local officers when required. In case of the resignation of a stake president, the secretary should notify the presiding priesthood and General Board at once, and also report to the latter the reorganization, when effected. Stake aids, in their visits to local associations, may be called upon to assist the secretary in securing prompt reports.

Local Secretaries.—The above instructions may be followed by ward secretaries, with but few exceptions. Much depends upon the accuracy and promptness of local secretaries, to insure the successful conduct of the Primary work in a stake, and the stake secretary is helped or hindered in the performance of her duties, just in proportion to the trustworthiness or its absence, in the ward secretary. As the position is one of considerable responsibility, care should be taken to place therein only those of sufficiently mature years to enable them to sense the importance of the calling.

Reports should be made out on the first meeting day in each month, and mailed to the stake secretary. To avoid errors and delay, it will be necessary for the president, treasurer and librarian to assist the secretary.

Enrollment.—New rolls should be made out each year for the first meeting in January, carrying over all names entitled to membership through regularity of attendance, and eliminating the names of those who have absented themselves without sufficient excuse three-fourths of the time of their enrollment. These names, however, are retained on the Record Book. A class teacher should not be permitted to enroll the names of children seeking membership in the association until she has conferred with the president, who will use such means as lies within her power to determine a child's sincerity in the matter of attendance at meetings.

Record Books.—A record should be kept of all children of Primary age in the ward; also, the number of visits made to each child, with the name of the Primary officer or member performing this duty. Reports should be made to the President each week, and reasons for the non-membership and non-attendance of children recorded. While we welcome all those not of our faith who seek membership in our associations, our record work concerns only those belonging to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The names of non-Mormon children are not entered in the Record Books, but are placed on the rolls upon application.

The Hospital Fund.—It is the aim of the Primary Association to make the Hospital Fund a perpetual one, and a labor of love; not a tax. It has been instituted for the purpose of assisting unfortunate children unable in the time of need to secure competent medical attention. All donations to this fund should be recorded as such on the monthly reports and may be sent to the Stake Secretary at any time. The only preliminary steps necessary to the admission of a child seeking aid in the

Primary Ward of the Latter-day Saints Hospital at Salt Lake City, are a recommend from the Bishop of the Ward in which the child resides, and a telegram or other communication to the General President of the Primary Association at Salt Lake City.

Nickel Fund.—The last meeting day in September is Nickel Day. The Nickel Fund, which has been instituted under advice from the presiding authorities of the Church for the purpose of sending missionaries in the Primary cause throughout the various stakes of Zion, should be sent to the Stake Secretary as soon as collected. One hundred per cent on a report is an indication of enthusiastic, conscientious endeavor; ninety per cent signifies failure, and a lack of that desire which aims for universal good. If it is difficult to collect the full amount from the children through forgetfulness and other causes, let them assist in arranging an entertainment of some kind where all may share in the pleasure and at the same time help to shoulder the responsibility placed upon the local officers.

Treasurers.—Treasurers, stake and local, should receipt for all money paid into the treasury, and disburse no funds except on the order of the President. They should collect the nickel fund and see that it is promptly forwarded. Only the simplest form of book-keeping need be employed, taking care that the total of cash received equals the total amount of disbursements, plus the balance on hand. On monthly reports, "Balance from last month" should equal "Cash on hand" recorded on the previous report.

Supply your family with good, useful books. Do not expect them to read masses of ancient stupidity; and do not allow them to read sensational and ungodly trash. Have your eyes open; and if you do not yourself understand the matter, ask counsel of the wisest and most intelligent people that you know; then make up your mind, and let your expenditure for wholesome reading matter be as legitimate and as regular as any other expense you may incur.—Exchange.

"Read all other books—philosophy, poetry, history, fiction; but if you would refine the judgment, realize the reason, wing the imagination, attain unto the finest womanhood or the sturdiest manhood, read the Bible, reverently and prayerfully, until its truths have dissolved like iron into the blood."

To divert at any time a troublesome fancy, run to thy books; they presently fix thee to them, and drive the other out of thy thoughts. They always receive thee with the same kindness. Fuller.

The study of literature nourishes youth, entertains old age, adorns prosperity, solaces adversity, is delightful at home, and unobtrusive abroad.—Cicero.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Subject for the Month: Companionship of Books.

THE LESSON HOUR.

LESSON FORTY-ONE.

SUGGESTIONS FOR ALL THE TEACHERS

The subject of companions is a very important one at any period in human life, but of the greatest importance during child-life. Heredity has its place in the making of character; environment too, has great influence in the modification of inherited tendencies. The home, the family, friends, work, and play all contributing their share towards the making of the individual. It is not possible to regulate all the influences of environment but as early as possible each child should be helped to realize the importance of choosing the right kind of companions and, perhaps, there is greater opportunity for selection in the friends made in books than elsewhere; one does not need to consider any thing but the fitness of book friends; if they do not suit, we are at perfect liberty to reject them. But, the important thing is to know how to choose, children cannot do this for themselves and should have asistance. The Primary can give some of this assistance, and the teachers are urged to study as much as possible to know how to direct the children towards the habit of choosing right companions, especially in books to choose those which make us do better and that help us to be our best selves.

The teachers should adapt to the use of the children as much as possible of what Smiles says about books in chapter ten, from page 268 to 281 and what is said about books as companions on page 298. As these lessons are given during the month of November a good point in the development of all the lessons will be found by using story of first Thanksgiving Day and explaining how we know about it through the records of history preserved for us in books.

FIRST GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text: Character by Smiles, chapter 10.
Bible: Moses in the palace.

Other Materials.

Memory Gem.
Games.
Songs.
Pictures.
Rest Exercises.

Aim.

Good books, properly studied, give inspiration, courage and ability to promote character.

Illustration.

"Being Kind" THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 10, page 257.

Suggestions for the Teacher: Have a number of books to use for this lesson, some with pictures; some without; song books; and other varieties, among them a Bible and Book of Mormon. Show them to the children, explaining the particular value of each and how dependent we are upon them for knowledge. Put special stress upon the Bible and Book of Mormon and the beautiful things they contain. Tell briefly the story of Moses, using the point that the Lord needed someone who would understand many things and so arranged that Moses should be taken into the palace where he would find teachers and books to make him ready to be a great man. Help the children to understand how to use and take care of books.

The last lesson on manners may be used to emphasize the courtesy with which books, which are our friends, should be used. The supplementary story will help in this direction. Use pictures of Moses.

Memory Gem:

Books are my friends; I will try to be careful of them.

Poem

ARE YOU A GOOP?

The Goops they wet their fingers
  To turn the leaves of books,
And then they turn the corners down
  And think that no one looks.

They leave the marks of dirty hands,
  Of lollipops and gum,
On borrowed book and libr'y book,
  As often as they come.

—Selected.

SECOND GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text: Character by Smiles, chapter 10.
Bible: David.

Other Materials:

Memory Gem.
Games.
Songs.
Pictures.
Rest Exercises.

Aim.

Good books, properly studied, give inspiration, courage and ability to promote character.

Illustration.

"The Knights and The Prisoners, THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol, 10, page 203.

Suggestions for the Teacher: Use suggestions given for the First Grade adding some books used in the beginners grade in public school. Use the memory gem to give the children some idea of how knowledge is acquired, a little at a time; Encourage them to tell of some good things which they may have learned from books. Relate briefly story of David who from taking care of sheep came to be a great king, who not only had knowledge of books but wrote some for us. Show Psalms in Bible and read one that you think they can understand. Before giving story for illustration talk a little about "Knights," their chivalry and courtesy, this will give opportunity to review last lesson. Use pictures of David.

Memory Gem:

Only a drop in the bucket,
But every drop will tell;
The bucket soon would be empty
Without the drops in the well. —Selected.

Poem. HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

How skillfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads her wax!
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill
I would be busy too,

For Satan finds some mischief still
  For idle hands to do.

In books or work, or healthful play
  Let my first years be past,
That I may give for every day
  Some good account at last.

—Watts.

THIRD GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text: Character by Smiles, chapter 10.
Bible: Jesus as a student.

Other Materials.

Memory Gem.
Poem.
Songs.
Pictures.

Aim.

Good books, properly studied, give inspiration, courage and ability to promote character.

Illustration.

"Mabel's Museum." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 9, page 485.

Suggestions for the Teacher: Read carefully what Dr. Smiles has to say about the value of books as companions and adapt some of it to the class. By questions let the children tell how they obtain knowledge from books. Discuss the best way to use such knowledge, help them to understand the value of doing whatever needs to be done in the very best way. Also encourage the thought of treating books with respect, this will give opportunity for the review on manners. Use pictures of Jesus in the Temple with the doctors and in the synagogue where He is reading from the scriptures. By use of these pictures let the children explain that Jesus was a student. Have a Bible to show to the children, explain a little about the immense amount of labor required in its production. Speak of the wonderful influence its words have upon all. Read something, anything you particularly admire, and tell of its influence upon your own life, bear your testimony to the children of your knowledge of God's love which speaks from His Book. If you cannot make a choice, read the beatitudes, Matt. 5.

The story given for the illustration will do to show how one little girl used her knowledge to help in her daily tasks. The poem il-

lustrates the value which good books have in filling the house of the mind with the right materials.

Memory Gem:

We should make the same use of books that the bee does of a flower; he gathers sweets from it, but does not injure it.—Selected.

Poem THE DOOR OF THE HOUSE.

There were idle thoughts came in the door,
  And warmed their little toes,
And did more michief about the house
  Than any one living knows.

They scratched the tables and broke the chairs,
  And soiled the floor and wall·
For a motto was written above the door,
  "There's welcome here for all."

When the master saw the mischief done
  He closed it with hope and fear,
And he wrote above instead, "Let none
  Save good thoughts enter here."

And the good little thoughts came trooping in,
  When he drove the others out:
They cleaned the walls and they swept the floor,
  And sang as they moved about.

And last of all an angel came,
  With wings and a shining face,
And above the door he wrote: "Here
  Love has found a dwelling-place."

—Selected.

FOURTH GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text: Character by Smiles, chapter 10.
Church History: President Joseph F. Smith.

Other Materials:

Questions.
Memory Gem.
Poem.
Reading.
Recitation.
Quotations.

Aim.

Good books, properly studied, give inspiration, courage and ability to promote character.

Illustration.

"Joe's Churning." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 9, page 234.

Suggestions for the Teacher: Review the lesson on manners, speaking about the courtesy which should be shown to friends. Explain how books are friends and how they, too, should be well treated. Let the children help you to make plain that very much good comes to us because we have books. From what you have studied in character by Smiles help the children to understand the value of biography. Review the correspondence between President Joseph F. Smith and his daughter Donnette, (Mrs. Kesler.) THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 9, page 282. When the poem is recited use it to illustrate the immortality of thought expressed in beauty of song, poem or story.

Question.

What is a book?

What materials go into the making of a book?

If a book were loaned to you and it was destroyed, how could you replace it, if you had to supply all of its parts? (From this question discuss the author, the printer, the binder, the paper and the ink.)

What was the incident about Abraham Lincoln and the borrowed book? With how many good books are you acquainted?

Who is your favorite author?

(Discuss as many as possible, to find out why certain writers are admired.)

Memory Gem:

"Associate with the noblest people you can find; read the best books; live with the mighty. Learn to be happy alone."

Poem

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

—Henry W. Longfellow.

To be memorized and recited.

All that mankind has done, thought or been is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of books.—Carlyle.

Reading.

All that a school or university or final highest school can do for us is still but what the first school began doing—teach us to read. We learn to read in various languages, in various sciences; we learn the alphabet and letters of all manner of books. But the place where we are to get knowledge, even theoretic knowledge, is the books themselves. It depends on what we read, after all manner of professors have done their best for us. The true university of these days is a collection of books.—Carlyle.

Quotations.

Psalms 32:8; Proverbs 13:20; II Timothy 3:14-17.

FIFTH GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text: Character by Smiles, chapter 10.
Book of Mormon: Finding of the Book of Mormon.

Other Materials.

Questions.
Memory Gem.
Poem.
Reading.
Recitation.
Quotations.

Aim.

Good books, properly studied, give inspiration, courage and ability to promote character.

Illustration.

"Prepared for Possibilities." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol, 9, page 52.

Suggestions for the Teacher: Choose from suggestions given for other grades anything which you care to use. The review for this lesson may easily present some of the ideas given on manners and introduce the children to the thought of books as friends who should be chosen with care and treated with respect. A careful reading of chapter ten in Character will give many good suggestions about the choice of books. If possible have a brief history of how books came to be. Discuss a little about the first books, particularly the Bible, and how and why so much of the literature of to-day is an out growth of the books prepared for us so many hundreds of years ago. Review

briefly the story of the Book of Mormon. How and why and by whom it was written; the finding of it by the Prophet Joseph Smith and how it bears testimony to the truth of the Gospel. For information about the Book of Mormon, see The Articles of Faith by Apostle James E. Talmage. Relate all materials given to the thought in the memory gem.

Questions.

What is your opinion of a person in whose company you are tempted to do wrong?

What ought you to do under such circumstances?

Why is a book very much like a person in having influence over actions? Why would it be a good plan in choosing books to read, to ask advice from some person who has read a great many books?

What kind of books do you read in school? At home?

Why is it a good plan to read a worthy book a number of times?

What is considered to be the greatest book?

In our Church which book has the same greatness? Why should every Latter-day Saint be very well acquainted with the Bible and the Book of Mormon?

How may this acquaintance be cultivated?

Memory Gem.

Books, schools and education are the scaffolding by means of which God builds up the human soul.—Humboldt.

Poem

MY OLD BIBLE.

Though the cover is worn,
And the pages are torn,
And though places bear traces of tears;
Yet more precious than gold
Is the Book, worn and old,
That can shatter and scatter my fears.

This old Book is my guide,
'Tis a friend by my side,
It will lighten and brighten my way;
And each promise I find
Soothes and gladdens my mind
As I read it and heed it to-day.

To this Book I will cling,
Of its worth I will sing,
Though great losses and crosses be mine:
For I cannot despair,
Though surrounded by care,
While possessing this blessing Divine.

—Edmund Pillifant, in C. and M. Alliance.

Reading MIND, THE POWER OF MAN.

The mind is the power of man. No possession is so productive of real influence as a highly cultivated intellect. Wealth, birth and official station may and do secure to the possessors an external, superfical courtesy; but they never did, and they never can, command the reverence of the heart.

It is only to the man of large and noble soul, to him who blends a cultivated mind with an upright heart, that men yield the tribute of deep and genuine respect. But why do so few young men of early promise, whose hopes, purposes, and resolves are as radiant as the colors of the rainbow, fail to distinguish themselves? The answer is obvious. They are not willing to devote themselves to that toilsome culture which is the price of great success.

Whatever aptitude for particular pursuits nature may give to her favorite children, she conducts none but the laborious and the studious to distinction. Great men have ever been men of thought as well as men of action. As the magnificent river, rolling in the pride of its mighty waters, owes its greatness to the hidden springs of the mountain nook, so does the wide-sweeping influence of a distinguished man date its origin from hours of privacy, resolutely employed in efforts after self-development. The invisible spring of self-culture is the source of every great achievement. Away, then, young man, with all dreams of superiority, unless you are determined to dig after knowledge as men search for concealed gold. Remember, that every man has in himself the germinal principle of great excellence, and he may develop it by cultivation if he will try.

Perhaps you are what the world calls poor. What of that? Most of the men whose names are as household words were also the children of poverty. Captain Cook, the circumnavigator of the globe, was born in a mud-hut, and started in life as a cabin boy. Lord Elton, who sat upon the woolsack in the British Parliament for nearly half a century, was the son of a coal merchant. Franklin, the philosopher, diplomatist, and statesman, was but a soap-maker's boy, whose highest luxury, at one time, was only a penny roll eaten in the streets of Philadelphia. Ferguson, the profound philosopher, was the son of a half-starved weaver. Johnson, Goldsmith, Coleridge, and multitudes of others of high distinction, knew the pressure of limited circumstances, and have demonstrated that poverty even is no insuperable obstacle to success.

Up, then, young man, and gird yourself for the work of self-cultivation! Set a high price on your leisure moments: they are sands of precious gold. Properly expended, they will produce for you a stock of great thoughts, thoughts that will fill, stir, and investigate and expand the soul.

Seize, also, on the unparalleled aids furnished by steam and type in this unequaled age, the great thoughts of great men can now be

procured at prices almost nominal. You can, therefore, easily collect a library of choice standard works. But, above all, learn to reflect even more than you read. Let thought and reading go hand in hand, and the intellect will rapidly increase in strength and gifts. Its possessor will rise in character, in power, and in positive influence—D. Wise.

Quotations.

II Peter 3:1 and 2 and 18; Matthew 5:6; Isaiah 40:8.

THE BUSY HOUR.

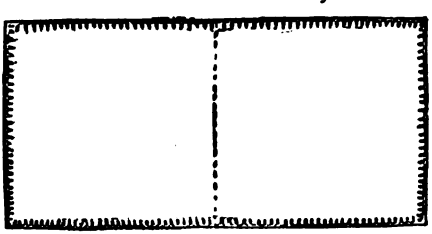
LESSON FORTY-ONE.

Suggestions for the Teacher. Make special effort at this session to teach the children how to care for books. In the Primary Teachers' Class a very good pattern was given for a cover; if possible get this pattern and have each child cover one book.

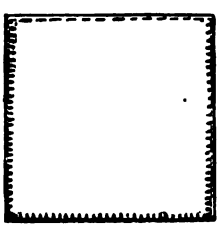
To help out the thought of good friends, how to make and keep them, suggestions are given for the making of scrap-books and a book holder, which, when completed, will be found useful for Christmas gifts for companions, friends and dear ones.

The teachers will have better results if each of the forms are made in the preparation meeting or at home. Each grade may make the scrap books and the fourth and fifth grades given a good start on the book rack.

Scrap Books. Cut from a piece of strong linen, colored cambric or remnants of window blind material, four, or more, oblongs twenty-four inches long by twelve inches wide. Buttonhole-stitch the edges all around with some bright-colored worsted, then place the oblongs neatly together and stitch them directly through the center with strong thread (Drawing I). Fold them over, stitch again, as in drawing II, and the book is finished and ready for the pictures.



DRAWING I.

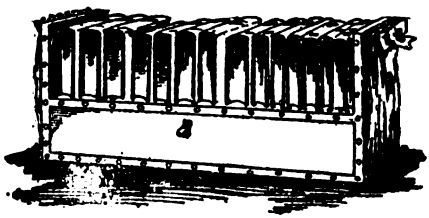


DRAWING II.

Have gathered a number of suitable pictures, cut out from old magazines, to be pasted in the scrap books. Let the children make selections, help them to make sets, that is: let one book tell about babies,

another about girls, or boys, or games, etc. Give careful directions about the pasting and have that part of the work done at home. The work done on the scrap-books should be adapted to the capacities of the children and may be very simple, with few pages, to really elaborate and beautiful ones.

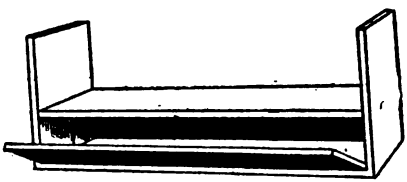
A Book Rack. The book-rack here shown will make a pretty and serviceable ornament for the table. The framework, shown below, can be made by a carpenter or older boy, or by member of the class if handy with tools. The space below the shelf has a hinged door to let down, or a drawer can be fitted to the space, if preferred. This space will be found very useful for keeping paper and envelopes, or for other pur-



COMPLETED RACK.

poses that will readily be thought of. The framework is neatly covered with some pretty cloth that will harmonize in color with the other furnishings of the room. The edges can be secured with large, round-headed brass tacks, as shown, this giving an ornamental effect. The ends will be very pretty if the silk, or other material, be "gathered" irregularly at top and bottom, finishing at the top with a pretty bow of ribbon of a color to harmonize with the cloth.

In making the framework of such a rack, the best material to use is pine from an empty grocery box. Boxes of any size can be secured at a grocer's at from five to ten cents, the lumber in which, if bought at a lumber yard, would cost eight or ten times as much. It is, moreover, all planed and ready for use when the box has been carefully taken apart. There will be nails enough, also, in the box to make the rack. Such grocery boxes can be utilized in the making of all sorts of things, the pine lumber being very soft and easy to work.



FRAMEWORK.

A book-rack, such as is shown in the cut, is the most convenient receptacle for a few choice books that one likes to have ready at hand

for use. They are held in such a position that the book desired can be instantly reached, while this form of book-shelf is very artistic and ornamental.

LESSON FORTY-THREE.

THE STORY HOUR.

Suggestions for the Teacher: It is very difficult to find stories with concrete illustrations of how boys and girls are influenced by books. It is suggested that the teachers use stories which they can adapt to help the children to see the value of making friends of good authors. If the story chosen teaches a good lesson let the children understand that they are receiving pleasure through the medium of books. Some of the stories recommended tell about the desire of young people for an education that will help them to understand the knowledge to be gained from books.

FIRST GRADE.

Stories. Picture books, or, Amy Stuart, in Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories; or,

The story of The First Thanksgiving, to be found in back numbers of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND; or, Frances' Leaven, in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

SECOND GRADE.

Stories. A Thanksgiving Story, in Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories; or, The Golden River, in How To Tell Stories; or, Ruth's Favorite Recreation in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

THIRD GRADE.

Stories. It Doesn't Pay, THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol, 2, page 363; or,

Story about Robert Louis Stevenson, (a famous writer,) in THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 9, page 589; or,

Choosing and Not Ashamed, in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

FOURTH GRADE.

Stories. How to Be Happy, THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 9, page 553; or,

"Him Make Somebody," THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 2, page 130; or,

The Bible As Good Reading, by Beveridge; or,

A Boy That Would Not Give Up, in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

FIFTH GRADE.

Stories. Invention of Printing, THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 1. page 39; or,

Dewberry Dan, THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 10, page 515; or,

Plutarch's Lives; or,

Books As Our Mutual Friends, and Thurlow-Weed,s Boyhood, and Boss Harry in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

LESSON FORTY-FOUR.

THE SOCIAL HOUR.

Suggestions for the Teacher. Notice that the games have been chosen to carry out the thought of friends and companions. The Thanksgiving spirit may also be influenced for good in the materials given for this lesson. The "Indian Dance," "Pop Goes the Weazel," and the "Barn Dance" were taught in the Primary Teachers Class and help may be obtained from the representative from your stake who attended the class.

Preliminary Music.
Prayer.
Singing.

Games. "My Little Friend and I;" Swedish Singing Games, by Bolin. "Fairies Ball to the Goblins," "Lame Fox and Chickens," "Do This, Do That," all three from Games for the Playground.

Note. "Do This, Do That" may be adapted to the Thanksgiving thought by having the exercises suitable to the season, such as gathering and storing vegetables, fruits, etc.; preparations for the dinner and social.

Thanksgiving Story, Songs and Gems.

Dances. "Indian Dance," as taught in the Primary Teachers' Class.

"Ten Little Indians," Old and New Singing Games.

"Pop Goes the Weazel," or "The Barn Dance," as taught in the Primary Teachers' Class.

Singing.
Benediction.

IN THE CHAIR SAT THE PRINCESS WISLA.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

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LITTLE PRINCESS WISLA.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

CHAPTER XI.—TELEGRAPH MESSAGES.

But it was not until Betty and her aunt had been for a good while at Bar Harbor, not until the measles had loosened its grip upon Sidney and Phi and they had come, too, that there was any sign about the Indian camps of Winne-Lackee and little Princess Wisla.

Betty and the boys went, every day, to the Indian camps, and one squaw was very kind and gave Betty a pretty little gray seal-skin pouch to hang at her belt.

The great empty camp beside hers was Winne-Lackee's, she said. The old squaw had been there, early in the summer, when her granddaughter, little Swaying Reed, had died. She had taken another little granddaughter to live with her now. Her name was Medwisla (Meadow Lark) and she was called Princess Wisla.

She was not at all like their people, the squaw said, shaking her head in a puzzled way. She had come from the west, like Winne-Lackee herself, and the western tribes were different. But Winne-Lackee was very fond of her, even more fond than she had ever been of little Swaying Reed.

Aunt Celia went and talked with the squaw, and after that she said she thought there was no reason to suppose that the Indians knew anything about little lost Peggy Piper.

And the "Peggy heartache" came back to Betty.

But, suddenly, the great Winne-Lackee camp was open and in the Bar Harbor streets appeared a small wheeled chair, pushed by a tall Indian, and in the chair sat the Princess Wisla, wrapped in a white silk blanket embroidered with gold and with more beautiful strings of beads than ever about her neck!

Betty wished to hop off the buckboard on which she was driving with her aunt and press through the crowd to speak to Princess Wisla, just as she had done in the Canadian city, but Aunt Celia held her back.

She said it seemed a little as if Winne-Lackee had run away from her, with Little Princess Wisla. Let the boys speak to her if they could, but she and Betty would keep out of sight!

Betty thought this was pretty hard but she certainly did not want Princess Wisla whisked off out of sight again. So she patiently waited to see whether Phi and Sidney could get a chance to speak to the little Indian princess, and, if they did, what she would say to them.

"I suppose the old squaw doesn't want her to speak to any white children," said Aunt Celia as she watched the boys who had jumped off the buckboard and mingled with the crowd that was following the little princess in her chair.

Dr. Sockabesin's sign was now to be seen over a door on the main street, and it seemed likely that it was in order to attract attention to the Indians that little Princess Wisla was paraded about the streets.

Aunt Celia and Betty leaned out of the buckboard to see what would happen when Phi and Sidney tried to speak to Princess Wisla.

Phi, as soon as he had a glimpse of the little Indian girl's face, pressed through the crowd as eagerly as Betty had done, in the Canadian city.

And Aunt Celia saw that his face had turned pale.

Just then a motor car, whose driver had evidently lost control of it, came dashing into the crowd, which divided as if by magic. Only the tall Indian was looking another way and the motor car swerving from side to side would have crashed upon the little princess if Phi had not caught the chair and with all his strength sent it rolling upon the sidewalk out of harm's way!

But Phi lost his balance in the effort and fell so that one wheel of the car went over his leg and he was carried to the hospital, a beautiful breezy place, overlooking the sea, and two or three doctors were speedily in attendance on him.

"A fellow couldn't let any girl get run over, you know," he said, when the doctors were for making a hero of him, "and that little Indian girl makes me think somehow of my sister Peggy who—who—is lost."

Aunt Celia quite forgot, now, that she had thought it wise not to let Winne-Lackee or Dr. Sockabesin see her or Betty. They got to the hospital as soon as they could and were greatly relieved to hear the doctors say that no bone was broken and Phi would be able to walk again in a week or two.

As Aunt Celia and Betty were going out of Phi's room who should be coming up the stairs but old Winne-Lackee and behind her came Dr. Sockabesin carrying Princess Wisla in his arms!

Aunt Celia stepped into a little ante-room and drew Betty in after her. The portiere was pushed aside a little and Aunt Celia and Betty could see and hear what went on in Phi's room.

Phi sprang up from his pillows when he saw the little Indian princess and the Indian woman enter, although the doctors had told him to lie perfectly still.

His face grew very red, but perhaps it would have done that anyway because Princess Wisla was thanking him in pretty English as she had been told to do for saving her life. She said, too, that she was glad that he was not to be obliged to lie in bed long. She had been obliged to, and she knew how hard it was. She was only strong enough yet to walk a very little ways.

"Your eyes look at me just like my sister Peggy's!" Phi burst forth. "And your voice sounds like hers!"

The red blood rushed into the little princess' dark cheeks.

"Is your sister Peggy Piper, and does she live in Polly-whoppet?" she asked, slowly. "I have been told about her and I think of her all the time! I seem to know, somehow, that she has a brother Phi! Perhaps the little girl told me—or the man in the cars. And this little Peggy Piper has a little dog Stumpy, just like me, too. My dog Stumpy had to be sent back to the island because he behaved so. He howled and whined nights. I am a little Indian girl, you know. I am a Princess. My grandfather was a great chief—"

"I don't see what makes you seem so much like our Peggy!" blurted out poor Phi, again, staring at her with all his eyes.

"Come! Come! You will tire the poor boy!" said Dr. Sockabesin, hastily. And Aunt Celia and Betty saw Dr. Sockabesin carry Princess Wisla out of the room, old Winne-Lackee following, her face grim but her eyes looking frightened.

Poor Phi was sobbing, his face half buried in the pillows, not caring who saw him cry like a girl.

"There is something so strange about this that I am going to send a message to your father to come down at once!" said Aunt Celia to her niece Betty.

"But Princess Wisla couldn't be our Peggy Piper and not know it, could she;" cried Betty, who was beginning to feel like Patty Plummer who believed in witches and fairies.

Aunt Celia herself felt a little like that but in spite of it she went directly from the hospital and sent a message to Dr. Brooks asking him to come to Bar Harbor at once.

When he answered, saying he would be there on the boat that reached the Harbor at noon, the next day, she drew a long breath.

The next morning, after Sidney and Betty had been to see Phi at the hospital, they walked down to the wharves where it was very gay, with sail-boats and row-boats coming and going.

The steamer was blowing puffs of black smoke and screaming as loud as it could because it was just going to sail away.

Aunt Celia hired a sailor to take them out in a little boat and the little boat almost "stood on its head," as Sidney said, between the great waves that the steamer made as it turned around.

But Betty forgot to be afraid. She had caught sight of a grim face at a stateroom window as the steamer turned.

"Oh, Aunt Celia! The old squaw!" she cried.

When Aunt Celia looked there was another face at the window. Little Princess Wisla caught sight of them, leaned far out and waved her hand to Betty.

"They are carrying Princess Wisla off again!" cried Betty. "And see! with the sun shining on her face how much she looks like our own Peggy Piper! Oh! Aunt Celia what shall we do?"

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE SEA-GULL MONUMENT.
Dedicated October 1st, 1913.

SEA GULLS AND CRICKETS.

Sea gulls are large white birds who make their home near the water. They are beautiful birds with great white wings which help

MRS. EMMELINE B. WELLS, WHO UNVEILED THE MONUMENT.

them to fly long distances over land and water. They are wild and not easily tamed, yet they once proved to be very kind friends to a people in sore need.

In 1847 when the pioneers came to the Salt Lake Valley they

brought with them food enough for one year. They hoped by the end of that time to have grain and vegetables growing which would give them plenty to eat, and so they worked very hard digging and planting and watering to raise the precious crops.

In the spring of 1848 the new farms were beautiful with the shining green grain and young vegetables, and everybody was happy in the thought of the good food which the harvest would bring. Then a terrible thing happened, the crickets came in such numbers that they looked like dark clouds, and where ever they rested they ate all the green and left only the dry earth with all its beauty gone.

MAHONRI M. YOUNG.
The Sculptor who designed the monument.

The people, young and old, tried to drive them away. All day long they would chase them, trying to keep them off the fields. Ditches were dug and the water turned in and the crickets driven in the direction of the ditches in hopes that they would be drowned. Bon fires were built to try and frighten or burn them away. But everything failed and starvation seemed to be coming which would mean that all would die, for there would be no more food unless the crops could ripen. The nearest place where supplies could be obtained was over a thousand miles away. There were no trains, only teams to go with and the long, dreary desert to cross. No wonder many of the people were frightened. But the Lord did not intend that His people should starve to death, and when the prayers of the faithful pioneers were offered to Him, He sent the gulls. At first it was thought that the birds would take whatever the crickets had left, and you can imagine the joy and happiness of all when they saw these great white birds swallowing the horrid pests in such numbers that soon what had appeared as clouds were slowly but surely disappearing, and only when the ground was once more clear of the crickets did the gulls return to their homes by the waters of the Salt Lake.

The Latter-day Saints should never forget this wonderful manifestation of goodness and to help them to remember the Church has erected a beautiful monument which tells the story of the sea gulls and the pioneers, and you can look at the picture of it now or, when you have time go to the tabernacle grounds in Salt Lake City and see it standing tall and stately surrounded by green lawns, flowers, beautiful trees, and the great Temple, Tabernacle and Assembly Hall, all of which tell of the faithful labors of the Saints.

The design for the monument was made by Mahonri M. Young, one of President Brigham Young's grandsons. That is a very nice thing to have happen, for it is an honor to the great leader of the pioneers and it is a beautiful tribute for a grandson to use his talents in remembrance of the goodness of God and the worthy labors of his grandfather.

Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells, the General President of the Relief Societies, was chosen to unveil the monument because she was one of the pioneers who saw the crickets and can remember all about the incident. We wish every boy and girl could see Sister Wells and listen to her tell this or some other of the many interesting stories of long ago which she tells in the most interesting manner. Dear "Aunt Em," as so many call her, is today a lady of great mental strength and ability, and it is hard to believe that she is now eighty-five years old.

The beautiful monument was dedicated by Joseph F. Smith, the President of the Church; he, too, saw the crickets and the gulls and bears his testimony to the power of God. There were others present who related what they knew of the wonders of the year 1848. The day was beautiful, there was sweet music, and in the Tabernacle grounds were crowds of people who were filled with rejoicing and gratitude.

"Father, all things together sing,—
The earth below, the skies above
And all the airs that 'round us breathe,—
The fulness of Thy watchful love."

THANKSGIVING ACROSTIC.

T is for turkey the biggest in town,
I is for Hattie who baked it so brown,
A is for apples the best we could find,
N is for nuts that we eat when we've dined,
K is for kisses for those we love best,
S is for salad we serve to each guest.
G is for gravy that every one takes,
I is for ice cream that comes with the cakes,
V is for verses on peppermint drops,
I's for inquiries when any one stops,
N's for the way that we nibble our cheese,
G is for grace which we say for all these.

BESSIE'S BIRTHDAY INSPIRATION

BY ELSIE CHAMBERLAIN CARROLL.

It was a warm, sunny day in July. The sun was shining bright, turning the spray of water at the fountain near which Bessie sat, to drops of gold. A little humming bird had found the first scarlet runners to bloom on the trellis near the hedge. The air was sweet with the scent of roses, and carnations and sweet-peas combined. In fact, Mother Nature in a dozen ways, seemed to be trying to bring a smile to the pale face of the little girl who sat in the reclining chair in the tiny arbor. But Bessie would not smile. She had pushed back the picture books and games on the little stand near by; "Louise Marie," her big, beautiful doll, lay neglected in the garden seat beside her; even Snowball, her fluffy, favorite white kitten, purred unheeded at her feet. The frown on Bessie's face suggested that she might be carrying all the troubles in the world on her small shoulders.

You must know that Bessie was just recovering from scarlet fever. This was the very first day the doctor had permitted her to sit out of doors, but even that privilege could not make up for a very great disappointment she had received that morning.

Every summer Bessie and her papa and mama and brother Bobby spent a couple of months in the canyon. They usually went about the first of July and Bessie always gave a canyon party to her friends on her birthday which came July 12th.

That morning the doctor had said they could not go to the canyon before the first of August, if it would be safe for them to go at all. Of course Bessie was not the only one disappointed by this verdict. There was Bobby, lying at this moment a short distance away on the lawn, who had been compelled to give up plans quite as important to him, as the birthday party. But Bessie was not thinking of that. She was only thinking of Alice and Jennie and Marian, whose families had already gone to the canyon, and of Belle and Dora and Mabel who would probably join them before the week yet intervening before July 12th. She was also thinking that she had more troubles than any little girl in the whole world.

Miss Gray, the trained nurse who had helped Dr. Burke pull Bessie safely through her illness, glanced up from the book she was reading and saw the frown on her little charge's brow. She laid down her book and came and sat in the garden seat near Bessie's chair.

"Would you like me to tell you a story?" she asked in her sweet, gentle voice.

Bessie's face brightened in spite of herself, for if there was anything about her sickness that had been a pleasure it had been Miss Gray's stories.

Bobby heard the words and jumping up, came and sat down with Snowball at the nurse's feet.

"This is going to be a true story," Miss Gray began.

"Over in P———, not very many miles from here, there once lived a happy family. There was a papa and a mama and a little girl named Mary, two little brothers named Jack and Harry, and a baby named Blossom. They were poor and lived in a tiny house with only four rooms, but the mama kept the house neat and clean, and they loved each other and were always cheerful, and that made the little cottage into a beautiful home. The papa was not strong but he took care of a few acres of ground and managed to get enough to feed and clothe his loved ones. But one day he received a stroke in the sun and a short time afterwards he died. Then the mama tried to keep the house neat and clean and care for the little farm, too. Good neighbors helped her some but the work was too much for her, and one cold winter she took pneumonia and never got well again.

"Little Mary was twelve years old then. Jack and Harry were ten and eight and baby Blossom was five.

"The neighbors decided that the children should be sent to different homes to live, but Mary begged them to let them remain in the little home together. 'I am big and strong and so are the boys. We can do the work if you will only let us stay. I promised mama I would be a little mother and take her place, and I can't if you make us go away.' Some of the neighbors shook their heads doubtfully, but it was agreed to let them try it for awhile.

"Kind hands did the heaviest part of the work for the little orphans, but they all worked like brave little heroes. Little Mary went about singing all day long and speaking kind words to her brothers and little sister. She said she did it so the house would not seem so lonesome with mama away. The neighbors began to call her 'Happy Mary,' and after a while they left off the Mary and she was known to every one as little Happy.

"For two years all went well in the home of the orphans, then one day when Happy was standing on a ladder cleaning a window she slipped and fell and hurt her back. For weeks and weeks she lay and the doctor could not tell whether she would live or die. But at last she began to grow better little by little, and the old cheerful light came back into her pale little face. Kind friends did all they could for her and kept up the little home. Every time the doctor came he thought he would break some terrible news to her, but each time her own cheeriness disarmed him and he went away with a look of silent sadness.

"One day in spring Happy said: 'Come, Doctor, you haven't told me when I can get out of this chair. It will soon be time to plant my seeds. A robin has been calling me all day. Can I walk to the door tomorrow and tell him I'm coming out into the garden soon?'

"The kind old doctor took the child's frail little hand. He cleared his throat two or three times before he could find courage to speak. At last he said very slowly and tenderly:

"'Dear little Happy, I'm afraid you will have to tell the robin it will be a long time before you will come out in your garden again?'

"She looked up at him with startled eyes. Then the pain in his face told her the truth he dreaded so to speak.

"'You mean—' she faltered with the quiver of a sob in her throat—'that—I—shall—never—walk again?' The doctor nodded his head slowly. The child turned paler still and closed her eyes as a little moan passed her lips. She lay so white and still that at last the doctor touched her hand. She opened her eyes and smiled a brave little smile. 'I was thinking of the boys and Blossom,' she said. 'But they are older now than they were last summer. Jackie is quite a man. I'm glad it didn't happen before. I can have a chair with wheels, can't I doctor, and I can get around a little to make them feel that I'm still helping?' She waited wistfully for his answer. The child's courage shamed the man.

"'Of course you can, you brave little Trojan,' the doctor said warmly, glad that the ordeal was over. 'And I have hopes,' he continued, 'that when you get a little stronger you can even get around with crutches.'

"Happy interrupted him with a little cry of joy. 'O thank you! I'll try to grow strong. I'll pray to grow strong. With crutches I could do so much more than having to stay—always—in a chair.'

"'But I'm afraid,' the voice of the doctor continued, eager to get it all over with, 'that no matter how strong you become you can never stand erect. There is one chance in many that if you underwent a very critical and expensive operation you might become perfectly normal again.'

"Happy sat still again for several seconds, then she brushed back a coward tear and exclaimed with a little laugh, 'I'm so glad it was my back instead of my head. Even if I can't walk I can talk and laugh and sing and love and be happy, and all that helps, you know.'

"'I should say it does help,' the doctor responded. 'If all the patients in the world were as brave as you, we doctors would soon go out of business.' When he left her a little later she was singing a gay little song as her darning needle deftly darned up a hole in one of Jack's stockings.

"That was more than a year ago. As the doctor predicted, when strength returned to the little invalid she was able to get about with crutches. She directs the work of her brothers, and their home is as cheerful as ever. The doctor is now certain that Happy could be entirely cured if she could afford to undergo that expensive operation. He has done all that he can for her and the rest would have to be done by expert specialists.

"Many friends would gladly do all they could for the child, but P——— is a little country town where no wealthy people live. It is about all each family can do to procure the necessities of life.

"It is the great object of Happy's devoted brothers and of little

Blossom to grow big enough to earn money to send dear sister to the hospital." Miss Gray stopped and her eyes rested for an instant on the absorbed faces of her young listeners, then making an excuse she arose and went into the house, leaving the children alone.

For some time they sat in silence, then Bessie brushed two glistening tears from her eyes and said: "Aren't we wicked and selfish, Bobby, to complain and be miserable when we have—everything and that poor little Happy—," she stopped with a little catch in her throat.

"Gee, I should say!" Bobby assented solemnly and his hands went deep into his pockets as they always did when serious problems perplexed his mind.

After another silence Bessie clapped her hands.

"O, Bobby," she exclaimed, "I've just had what mama calls an—inspiration when she thinks of some splendid thing to do for somebody. I've just had a beautiful inspiration about my birthday and that dear little Happy over in P———."

When Miss Gray returned a half hour later she found the children in eager conversation. Every trace of gloom had left Bessie's face and instead it was aglow with tender radiance.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

The doctor sanctioned the birthday party, provided Miss Gray should see that it did not become too lively for their little patient. She assisted in planning the games and making all arrangements.

Bessie's canyon chums all agreed to be present and she invited a large number still in the city, while Bobby carried invitations to a dozen of his friends.

When the afternoon of the party arrived, Bessie was in a state of happy excitement. The games progressed without a hitch under Miss Gray's supervision and the delicious refreshments were served in a delightful manner. Then Bessie announced eagerly, "All of you sit down now, boys and girls, and Miss Gray will tell us a story." The merry confusion was hushed and Miss Gray told again in her simple, beautiful way the story of the brave little girl over in P——— whom everyone knew as Happy. When she finished many of the girls were wiping their eyes and the boys seemed suddenly seized with an epidemic of coughing.

"I have a plan to tell you about," Bessie began. "I think it is wicked and selfish for us all to enjoy so much and let that dear little thing suffer for what we might give her. Miss Gray wrote to the doctors at the hospital and learned that the operation can be performed for two hundred dollars. Papa promised me a gold locket for my birthday. I got him to give me the money instead. Here it is. I'm going to make it a nest egg for Happy's hospital fund." She stopped and looked expectantly at Bobby. "Here's anotherr egg for the nest. Fifteen dollars I was going to have for a bicycle this fall. I guess while I have two strong legs and a straight back I can afford to walk if that will help someone else to grow straight and strong."

"Of course I haven't the money here, but I'll bring over another fifteen in the morning that was going to buy a bicycle like Bob's," said Charlie Fulton eagerly, and then there was a chorus of enthusiastic young voices with their loving offers.

"I'll get a paper and pencil and we'll see just what kind of a subscription list we can make," suggested Miss Gray. When she had completed it, the list read thus:

Bessie's "gold locket"	$ 10.00
Bobby's "bicycle"	15.00
Charlie's "bicycle"	15.00
Clara's "pink sash"	1.00
Marian's "music cabinet"	7.50
Alice's "fur set"	10.00
Henry's "skates"	1.50
George's "basket ball"	2.00
Jennie's "trip to C———"	10.00
Maurice's "mandolin"	10.00
Tom's "base ball suit"	7.50
Blanche's "tennis racquet"	2.00
Karl's "Harvester"	1.50
Beulah's "berry money"	1.00
Henry's "pony cart"	5.00
Terry's "paper money"	1.00
Belle's "satin pumps"	3.00
Kate's "ring"	5.00
Minnie's "writing desk"	10.00
Leonard's "pony"	50.00
Bert's "egg money"	5.00
Paul's "picture shows"	2.00
Lettie's "ice cream"	3.00
Dora's "Art lessons"	25.00
Mellie's "candy"	2.00
Miss Gray's "services"	50.00
Total	$255.00

Miss Gray read the list aloud when it was finished and the children clapped their hands in satisfaction.

"The extra fifty-five dollars will help keep Jack and Harry and little Blossom while Happy is away," suggested Bobby.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Three weeks later the postman brought Bessie a letter which read as follows:

"My dear Bessie: It will make you so happy to know that the

operation has been performed successfully. The doctors say that our little Happy is now out of danger. In a few weeks she will return home as straight and strong as any of you. It is impossible for her to express all the gratitude she feels for what you and your friends have done for her. When she talks of it the tears fill her big bright eyes and run down her cheeks and she whispers over and over, 'God bless them! God bless them!'

"With much love to all of you, I am,

"Yours devotedly,

"BERTHA GRAY."

PREPARATION FOR WINTER.

BY NORA KOTTER.

Mrs. Delton sat in her easy cane rocker, which stood on the vine covered porch of a neat little cottage, artistically arranging and stitching a dainty design formed with a narrow silk braid, on the panel of a child's dress.

As she sat busily occupied with this work, she was naming over a number of articles which she intended to purchase on the morrow. Presently a blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked, plump little girl of five, with golden curls hanging carelessly about her shoulders, ran up on to the porch, and stopping in front of Mrs. Delton, gazed admiringly at the dress for a moment, and then said, "O, mama, you have my new dress almost finished, haven't you? isn't it pretty! May I wear it next Sunday, mama?" Mrs. Delton, as she pinned back a cluster of curls from Nellie's forehead, said "You would be very uncomfortable in this dress next Sunday, Nellie, as it is made of a heavy wool serge, and is only to be worn on very cold days." The little girl gave a very disappointed sigh, and said, "Mama, why are you making it now? Why don't you wait till the cold days come?"

Mrs. Delton, laying her work aside, and telling Nellie to get her little red chair and sit beside her, answered her as follows: "Look at those bees over there on that flower bed, do you know what they are doing, Nellie?" "They are flying from one flower to another, mama." "Yes, and as they go from one tiny blossom to another, they sip the honey from it, carry it to their hives, and store it away for winter; the little squirrels are very busy in the woods, gathering acorns and nuts and storing them away in their homes for their food when cold winter comes and the ground is covered with a snowy blanket; Nero's and pussy's fur will soon be much heavier than it is now; the little birds that have sung so sweetly to us all summer, will leave their nests in the tall trees, and go to a warmer country; the bears, in the mountains, will be hunting for a thick pine tree, or a large hole or cave in which to sleep the long winter months away; the leaves will come fluttering down from the trees, to lighten the burden of the branches, which will be

decorated with snow; the plants and flowers are carefully storing their seeds away, in pods and shells, to protect them from the frost.

All Nature knows that winter is coming and is busily preparing for it. Do you remember last year at Thanksgiving time, our visit with Uncle John, on his farm?"

"Yes, mama."

"Where did he go to get those fine red apples for us?"

"From a hole in the ground, mama."

"Yes, he got them from a pit. Uncle John had been working very hard for two months or more, gathering his fruit and vegetables, and storing them away for winter; Aunt May had been working all summer putting up all of that nice fruit and those good pickles in her cellar. I, too, Nellie, am working hard to get nice warm clothes made for you and your little brothers; grandma is knitting woolen stockings for you, so that when the snow comes whirling down and the cold north winds blow, with Jack Frost ever ready to nip the noses of little girls and boys, I want to be prepared, just as well as the little bees, the squirrels, the bears, the birds, Nero and pussy, the trees and the flowers, to say, "Come cold winter, I am ready!"

Just then Nellie's little friend called her, so putting her arms around her mother's neck in a very affectionate way, she said, "O, you dear mama," and skipped away.

NO MAIL FOR HIM.

"Yes," remarked the driver, as his leaders swept round the turn into a lightly timbered stretch of level road in the Australian "bush," "you may not believe it, but those kangaroos are as clever as people.

"Now there's Moloney," he continued, "who owns the section on the other side of the creek. He trained one of them to meet the coach every week and get the letters for him.

"The kangaroo's pouch comes in real handy, ye see," he added, with the humor that belings to the stage-driver the world over.

Presently, as often happens on a quiet country road, a fine kangaroo, disturbed by the approach of his Majesty's Royal Mail, came into view, as he raised himself from the grass where he had been feeding, and looked toward the coach with an innocent, inquiring air.

The driver glanced at him and shook his head.

"Nothing for you to-day, old man!" he called, genially.

The kangaroo, as if that was all he had been waiting for, hopped quickly out of view among the trees, to the amazement of the box-traveler and intense enjoyment of the other occupants of the coach. —Cassell's Magazine.

SEVERAL INCHES.

BY M. LANE GRIFFIN.

Twilight was creeping slowly into the city. A heavy fog hung low about all the buildings, half way shutting them out from view and making the street lamps now appearing about over the city look dim and far away. The day was cold and raw—a "misty, moisty evenin'," little Tim said it was. Tim and his Aunt Nina were hurrying home from the office where she was employed as typewriter.

The ground was frozen very hard, and Tim's little feet were cold; he hopped along first on one, then upon the other, convinced that such a proceeding would warm them up. Tim's little hands were cold, too, and red and chapped. These he warmed one at a time, by snuggling them up under the arm of his auntie's cape; skipping around to her right side to warm his left hand, or back again, as the case might be, and remarking now and then how funny it seemed to him "that folks never could walk with their left sides together."

Something in the air caused Aunt Nina to say, "I shouldn't wonder if we have snow now very soon."

Tim gave a squeal of delight, then his face suddenly sobered.

"Oh, aunty, an' I haven't got a bit more of a sled this winter than I had last. Can't I get one?" he begged.

She was sorry she had mentioned the snow. It cut her to the heart that she must again and again deny her dear boy the little privileges which his friends enjoyed, and which he had begged for so long.

"My precious, aunty would get it—would love to get it—for you if she could, but you know it takes all she makes to keep us a home."

"Yes, aunty, I know that," said Tim, "but you see if you would let me go to work I could buy my sled myself, and—and help to take care of us, too," he added eagerly.

She smiled at his earnestness. "But you know, Tim, there are very few kinds of work that a little fellow only nine years old can do."

"But there's some things," asserted Tim. "S'pose I can find somethin' I can do; will you let me stop school this winter an' do it?"

Aunt Nina laughed and attempted to change the subject, but Tim was not to be put off or evaded. He persisted and urged for her promise until she finally said, to quiet him, "Well, well, if anything turns up that you can do without being exposed to the weather, I promise you shall do it."

She thought he would forget about it, and hoped he would; but Tim was not the kind of a boy who forgets what he has once made up his mind to do. While Aunt Nina was getting their supper in the tiny kitchen, Tim got a lot of newspapers down from the rack where they were kept, and spreading them out on the table, pored over their pages, spelling out the advertisements in the "want column." One of his little

schoolfellows at the public school had once told him this was the way to find work, and he had never forgotten it.

Presently Aunt Nina heard the little squeal which always heralded Tim's delight in sudden pleasant happenings; the next moment he came flying to her with a newspaper spread wide open.

"Here it is—the very thing! I can do it—oh, aunty, I just know I can do it!" he cried.

She took the paper from the eager boy and read aloud the paragraph he pointed out:

"Wanted—a few reliable boys to fill candy boxes. Apply at Blank Street Candy Kitchen."

The date of the paper was a week old, and Aunt Nina feared all the places had long ago been filled, but she had not the heart to mar Tim's pleasure, so the next morning, on the way to her work, she called with him at the office of the "Candy Kitchen," and asked to see the proprietor of the establishment.

They were shown into a small office where a middle-aged man sat, busily writing at a desk.

"Why, yes," he said, when told their errand by Aunt Nina, "I did advertise for boys, and have about filled all the places, but a boy got sick and left me yesterday, so I can put this little fellow in his place. He can start in without delay if you wish."

Yes, indeed, Tim did "wish," and in less than fifteen minutes all the arrangements were made, and Tim had become a working boy at a salary of one dollar a week.

The work consisted of filling paper boxes with red and white striped stick candy which was manufactured at the "kitchen." Great stacks of candy were put along the center of a wide deal table which extended the entire length of a long room, and the boys stood around the table and filled the boxes from the stack of candy in the middle.

Tim was about the happiest boy in the city. He felt like a "sure enough" business man every morning, as he and Aunt Nina walked to their work together; and as he got off a little earlier in the evening than she, he always called at her office and escorted her home. When Saturday evening arrived and Tim was paid off with the other boys, he was the proudest boy in the county. He took his big, round silver dollar out of his pocket and looked at it twenty times a day, and at night, sitting in Aunt Nina's lap by the fire, he told her of the thousand and one things he was going to buy for her as soon as he had paid for his sled.

"One more dollar will get her," he said joyfully, stopping a moment Monday morning to gaze in the shop window at a certain blue sled "with red streaks and swans' heads on the runners," which he had wished for so long; he felt as if he already owned it.

That Monday was a day that Tim never forgot in his life, for he learned that the happiest boy in the city in the morning, may be the most miserable boy in the world by night. He did not call for Aunt Nina as usual that evening, and after waiting for him some time at the office,

she hurried home, to find him doubled up on the bed in a forlorn little bundle, crying bitterly.

"No, I ain't sick," he sobbed, as she took him in her arms with anxious inquiries, "no, aunty, I ain't sick a bit, but—but I ain't goin' to work any more, 'cause the man discharged me!"

Aunt Nina was considerably concerned lest he had committed some offense that had caused his discharge, and gently questioned him, but Tim did not know why he had been sent away. "No'm," he declared, "I didn't eat a speck of candy, an' I didn't stop workin' to play, an' I didn't fight boys nor nothin'; but that man just come an' said, 'I won't need you any more.'"

Aunt Nina tried in vain to console him; poor Tim was not to be comforted. He was indeed too miserable to eat his supper, and finally cried himself into an uneasy sleep.

In the morning Aunt Nina was quite distressed at his wan little face, and determined to call at the Kitchen and learn why the little fellow had been discharged. Tim trotted along by her side, feeling as if the sun had dropped out of the sky and the bottom from the earth.

When they were shown into Mr. Osburn's presence, that gentleman explained the matter in a few words. No, Tim had done nothing wrong; he was a good boy,—"a fine, hard-working boy," he added kindly, as he noticed the little boy's distress. "The whole matter was simply this, madam," he said, turning to the young lady. "I passed through the workroom yesterday, and noticed that while the shoulders of the other boys, all older than Tim, were above the table, enabling them to work easily, little Tim's were far below it, so that he was compelled to stretch up his arms and keep them in that position all day in order to reach the table. To allow such an injustice to continue would be positive cruelty, so I told my foreman to stop the child."

Tim could not understand why Aunt Nina said, "Indeed, sir, I am very grateful for your thoughtful kindness." Tim didn't see what sort of kindness it was to discharge a boy just because he held his arms up, and he ventured a little protest.

"I didn't mind holdin' my hands up," he said; "I'd just as lief do it as not."

Mr. Osburn smiled at this. "Yes, my little man," he said, "but it would eventually tell on your health. I am sorry," he added, turning again to the young lady, "and I would willingly keep the little boy; but as you must see, there is absolutely no way to obviate the difficulty. However, when he has added several inches to his stature, bring him back and I will be glad to take him on the force again. I must ask you to excuse me now, as my work is pressing."

He turned to his desk, and Aunt Nina, understanding that they were dismissed, hurriedly arose and left the apartment, followed by Tim, with tears trickling down his face.

"How long does it take to grow sev'al inches, aunty?" he inquired mournfully as they reached the street.

Fearing she would add to his misery by telling him the truth, Aunt Nina evaded the question by saying she was not quite sure how long. She was so relieved to find no offense held against the child that she was disposed to feel quite cheerful and to laugh over the matter with Tim. But Tim saw nothing in the matter to inspire levity; he was a discharged boy, with no longer any prospect of a "blue sled with red streaks;" no salary to buy things for aunty and help her pay her bills; and he was profoundly miserable. There was but one glimmer of hope on his mournful horizon—the man had promised to take him back; and from that day the chief object in Tim's life was to grow "sev'al inches."

He assiduously studied and followed every rule for promoting growth that he found in books or heard discussed. He had never cared much for the gymnasium at school, but now he devoted himself to it with a vigor that won him the applause of his teachers. When Aunt Nina bought new clothes for him, he carefully picked out the highest-heeled shoes and the tallest standing collars to be found in the store, and acquired a habit of carrying his head so erect that the school boys asked him if he had swallowed a ramrod.

Three or four times a day he would back up against the wall, place a book upon his head and call Aunt Nina to mark his exact height on the plaster. All the walls of their house were decorated with these marks and hieroglyphics in Tim's impossible chirography, stating the exact time of day the measure was taken.

But in spite of all his efforts, Tim was astonised to find, at the end of two whole weeks, no visible change in his height. The discovery sent his spirits down below zero, and when he awoke the next morning to find that the long-wished-for snow had come in the night, his cup of unhappiness seemed full to overflowing.

The snow lay on the ground six inches deep and was still coming down in great soft flakes. By seven o'clock the air was full of the tinkling sound of sleigh bells; half the vehicles in the city had been lifted off their wheels, set upon hastily constructed runners, and were gliding through the streets packed with merry, laughing young people.

Tim stood at the window and watched the boys—big boys and little boys—as they went hurrying along in troops toward the hill, laughing, shouting, cutting capers like frisky colts, and dragging behind them sleighs of every description,—old ones, revealing to Tim's experienced eyes the number of years they had done service by the varying amount of faded paint that still clung to their battered sides—and lots of "bran' new ones," that made beautiful spots of color on the wide stretch of spotless white snow; red ones, green ones, and—yes, there was the identical blue with red streaks that Tim had coveted so long. He could see the graceful swans' heads on the turns of the runners, and fancied, too, that he could detect the odor which he did not know was paint, but supposed to be a peculiarity attaching to new toys in general, and to red and blue sleds in particular.

It was all too much for poor Tim, and though he tried hard to be

brave, presently burst into tears, with his head down on the window ledge.

Aunt Nina's arms came out of the biscuit dough, she was working for breakfast, and were around him in a minute.

"Don't cry, poor boy!" she besought him, though her own eyes were full of tears. In her anxiety to help him she suggested many expedients. Wouldn't Sam Boody let him ride on his sleigh? No, Tim did not like to ask favors of boys. Well, did Tim think it possible that he and she might make a sled? She had once, when a little girl, helped her brother construct one of the two rockers of an old chair and a cracker box.

Tim's sobs ceased instantly, at that suggestion, and a little smile spread over his face.

"Oh, aunty, will you? Will you do it right this minute?"

"This identical minute," she replied; and added to herself, as she looked at the clock, "I'll do it if they have to wait for me two hours at the office, and scold me when I get there."

In a minute Tim's tears were dry, and with the light, hopeful heart of childhood, he flew around for the hatchet and things, confident that he would now "have a daisy, 'cause auntie could just make everything, same as a storekeeper."

Aunty did not feel quite so sure of her ability, but she would have undertaken to build a house that morning to please Tim. While she wrenched the rockers off an old chair in her room, Tim lugged a box from the store room, and turned it bottom up, climbed upon it to reach the nails from the mantle. As he stood picking them out of a little basket where Aunt Nina kept odds and ends, all of a sudden a thought came shooting through his head as swiftly as a bullet from a pistol. He dropped the nails, his face flushed over, and for a minute he stood stock still, gazing down at the old box he was standing on. The next moment, Aunt Nina heard his familiar little squeal of delight and caught a glimpse of him as he bolted through the front door and bounded up the street, with both arms wrapped around the old box, his face glowing with joy.

"Tim, Tim," she called after him, "where in the world are you going, in such a hurry?"

"To the candy kitchen," he called back, and disappeared around the corner.

She waited fifteen minutes for him, then put on her wraps and hurried to her work, wondering what strange freak possessed the child. She could not take time to go after him now, so she concluded she would hunt him up at dinner time.

Wild with excitement, and with every idea but one for the present excluded from his little brain, Tim never stopped running until he brought up to the office door of the candy kitchen; there he rapped loudly, and was admitted to the presence of Mr. Osburn, who sat writing, as usual, at his desk.

Puffing and blowing, his face as red as fire with exertion of carrying his heavy load, Tim planted the box down at Mr. Osburn's feet and stood up before him trying to collect breath enough to speak.

Mr. Osburn turned half way around from his desk and peered over the top of his glasses at the boy. "Well, what is it?" he inquired.

"It's—it's the sev'al inches," panted the boy eagerly.

"What in the world is that?" asked the man, his eyes wandering from the boy's face to the box and back again.

For answer Tim carefully stepped upon the box and stood erect, setting his lips firmly together to hold in check the smile of triumphant joy that threatened to break over his face and spoil the dignity which he felt must be maintained upon so important an occasion.

Not understanding that this pantomime was intended to be an answer to his question, Mr. Osburn waited a minute for the words that did not come, then, whirling quite around in his chair, he pushed his glasses upon the top of his head and demanded sharply:

"Why don't you answer, boy? Are you foolish?"

"N-n-n-o, sir," stammered Tim, a good deal disconcerted by the question. "I—I come—you—you said to come back when I got sev'al inches bigger."

Mr. Osburn eyed him from head to foot while trying to place him in his memory.

"Oh, yes," he said finally, "you are that little Tim fellow, are you? Well, I don't see that you are a mite taller than you were two weeks ago."

Tim stepped off the box. "I ain't by myself," he admitted; then stepping solemnly upon it again, he added, "But I am sev'al inches bigger than myself now."

Mr. Osburn suddenly leaned back in his chair, thrust his hands down in his pockets, and stretching his legs out before him, sat looking in the little fellow's earnest face. Gradually a smile crept around his mouth and spread to his eyes. "Well, I declare!" he presently chuckled to himself; then he turned and pressed a bell-button at the side of the desk.

"Andy," he said, with a wink and a smile at his foreman, who appeared in response to the call, "I want you to take this young gentleman and his pedestal into the candy room and let them go to work together." Then turning to Tim, he added, with a great show of mock dignity, "Well, Master Timothy, I'll take you back on my force at your old salary plus a quarter a week extra, out of the respect of the sev'al inches extra. Does that suit you?"

"Oh, yes, sir; thanky, sir!" cried happy Tim; and skipping off with the box, he shouldered it and followed the smiling Andy, his own face radiant with delight.

Some hours later, when Aunt Nina appeared at the office door, anxiously inquiring for Tim's whereabouts, Mr. Osburn softly opened the door of the workroom and pointed the boy out to her. He was

standing proudly upon his perch, his shoulders quite on a level with the other boys, and was rapidly filling the candy boxes with his nimble little fingers, while he joyously told the boys of the "kind of a sled he was going to get," and invited them, one and all, to come and ride with him if the snow held on till Saturday afternoon.

"I give you my word," laughed Mr. Osborn, as he and the young lady talked over the incident in his office, "I was really concerned at having to dismiss the little fellow when he seemed so distressed; but I declare, madam, though I always prided myself upon my aptness for discovering ways and means for every exigency, and racked my brain for an expedient that day, not once did it occur to me to elevate the boy to the table or to lower the table to the boy. I dismissed the child, absolutely convinced that the only way he could get to the top of the table was to grow to it. My conceit has tumbled many notches this morning, for though I did not know whether to account Tim's intellect brighter than that of the average boy, I have quite decided that my own is duller than that of the stupidest donkey on record."

When Tim and Aunt Nina got home that evening they found awaiting them a great, big bundle, addressed to Tim, and when the wrapping was torn off by eager hands, there stood revealed to Tim's delighted, astonished gaze the bluest sled with the reddest streaks to be found in the city. There was a card tied to one of the swans' heads bearing Mr. Osburn's name on one side, and upon the other side was written in Mr. Osburn's own hand:

"To little Tim: For teaching an old dog a new trick."

Mrs. Beetle: "My! What a dust we make! We must be just whizzing!"

NICODEMUS.

BY HARRIET T. COMSTOCK.

Little Humility Merton sat by the roadside in the soft November sunshine. Humility was running away. She had started from home oh! so early, and now it seemed oh! so late, and she was tired and hungry, but there was no turning back for that little Puritan maid until she had done what she had set out to do.

She sighed gently, wiped a little tear from her pretty cheek and then started up from the leaf-littered roadside where she sat. "I must hurry!" Humility said to herself; "it may be too late. Oh! poor Nicodemus!" Then two tears rolled down the round cheeks, and Humility forgot to wipe those away. "Now which road shall I take?" she faltered, eyeing the diverging ways; "oh! if some one would only chance by."

And, as if in answer to the little maid's wish, a horseman came in sight, and she waited by the roadside until he drew nearer.

The man on the big black horse was deep in thought; he did not even glance at the prim little figure on the path; so Humility cried timidly: "Sir, can you kindly tell me the way to the governor's house?"

The traveler drew rein and looked down.

"The governor?" he asked. "And what do you want with the governor?"

"I want to tell him about Nicodemus, sir, and I am in a piteous hurry. Since daylight I have been traveling, and—I cannot tell the way!" The soft lips quivered and the childish upturned face was full of anxiety.

"I am bound for the governor's house, little maid," said the man; "come, I will put you before me on the horse. Perhaps you will tell me about this Nicodemus as we travel."

Once upon the strong horse little Humility felt her courage returning, and it was the simplest matter in the world to tell the kind stranger all about Nicodemus and her errand.

"I never had anything of my very own, sir," said the little girl, "until Nicodemus came. I was in the woods one day, and feeling lonely I dropped down and prayed God to give me a cheerful heart. Just then I heard a noise and right at my feet fell a wild turkey! His wing was broken and my father has said that it was an Indian's arrow that brought him low; but what matters how he came, sir, if God sent him?"

"What matter indeed?" smiled the stranger, and he put an arm closer about Humility. "And you named him Nicodemus?" he added.

"Yes," said little Humility, pushing her soft straying brown hair more securely under her close white cap; "for hurt as he was, the poor bird got up into a tree so afraid was he of me. You know, sir, the rhyme:

'Nicodemus he
Did climb a tree!'"

"Ah!" murmured the man, "I understand."

"And, sir," the little maid went on, "I fed him and brought water to him, and he grew to love and trust me, and when the wing was healed, Nicodemus had lost all fear, and ate from my hand and followed when I called. I was never lonely any more. 'Tis sad to be lonely, sir—were you ever lonely?"

The man thought of a little boy away in England, and he said, "Aye, my child."

Then Humility went on again. "The governor has set a Day of Thanksgiving—have you heard?"

"That I have!"

"And he sent out four men to shoot turkeys and fetch them to him, and there is to be a great feast. Nicodemus and I were in the meadow when the four came our way, and seeing how fat and fine Nicodemus was they"—here the pretty face buried itself on the man's breast.

"They shot Nicodemus?" asked he, and there was deep pity in his voice.

"Ah! no," sobbed Humility; "they said he was too good for that. They—they popped him in a bag, sir! They are going to take him alive to the governor, and the governor is to say what to do with Nicodemus."

"Ah!" A slow smile spread over the man's face.

"And, sir, I am going to his house to tell the governor all about it, and when he hears that Nicodemus was all that I had in the world of my own, I think he will be kind, and give Nicodemus back to me. What think you?"

"I think he will!" said the stranger; "but suppose—he does not?"

Then the little Puritan child's eyes flashed as she whispered him, "Then I think I will sail back to England, and tell the king!"

"With such a fate in store," laughed the man, "I am confident the governor will set Nicodemus free."

Then as the big horse galloped on, a tired little head sank closer and closer to the strong man's breast, and soon Humility slept.

Presently the rider turned the horse, and all in the glow and haze of the autumn day rode rapidly back over the road weary little Humility had traveled. She, poor little child had thought it a great distance; she had forgotten how many times she had rested, and stopped to hunt nuts. And at last the horse came to a pause in front of a small cabin. The door was open and the room within quite empty. The man dismounted and carrying Humility very carefully, he laid her upon the bed in the far corner of the room. Then, seeing no person, he remounted and galloped away.

You may guess that Humility's father and mother were out searching for her, and that was exactly what they were doing. A fear of Indians was in their hearts, and they were very sad; but when they returned and saw their little girl lying safe and fast asleep upon the

big bed, they felt that the Day of Thanksgiving appointed would be the happiest festival they had ever known.

On the morrow all the people came to the great feast, and all were happy and thankful except silent Humility Merton. She felt that by falling asleep she had been false to Nicodemus, and would never see him again. Can you imagine, then, the child's joy, when the good cheer was at its height, to see a man drawing near with Nicodemus in his arms?

The young wild turkey sat with the man as gentle as a dove. His experience had tamed him.

"Where is Humility Merton?" called the man as he drew near, and all trembling and pale little Humility stepped forth from her mother's side.

"'Tis the governor's wish," said the man, "that there should be no sad or lonely child today, and he gives Nicodemus back to his mistress."

Humility stretched out her arms and took the big bird to her heart. Nicodemus flapped his one wing in rapture, and then Humility looked up and said timidly to the man, "Tell the governor this is truly a Day of Thangsiving for my poor Nicodemus and me!"

A REAL STORY.

BY ISABEL GRANT.

Once upon a time, Jean Ingelow tells us, there lived on the border of a great American forest a little boy who loved pictures more than play or eating. That was a very odd kind of a boy, wasn't it?

The father and mother of this little fellow had come from England, to make a new home in this free land across the ocean. But the father died, and now the widow and her boy were poor. The only things of value in their house were a few pictures, saved for the sake of the old days.

The boy would spend most of his holiday time trying to copy these pictures. But he had very little patience, and was apt to throw away much of his work, for he could not draw well enough to suit him. He used to say sometimes, "I wish some fairy would finish this picture for me. You know there used to be good fairies that did such things, mother, long ago."

One day our little boy found a most beautiful place in that old forest. Tall, dark pines towered towards the sky; between the trunks the sun shone red and glorious; overhead were glimpses of blue sky with soft white clouds sailing over waves of rose and blue,

On the water floated beautiful white and golden lilies; and the sky, the clouds and the trees were all mirrored down there, among the leaves and lilies. What a beautiful picture it made!

"I know there are no trees in the world as beautiful as these pines, no clouds so lovely, and no water so beautiful; and if I could only paint this, everybody else could know it, too," sighed the boy.

He gathered a pond lily, and sat down to draw it. For he always carried his little sketch book with him. But he soon gave it up.

"No use!" he sighed. "You're too beautiful. I can't do you. Oh! if I were only a painter!"

Lo! suddenly the lily quivered in his hand, the stamens floated upward, shining like a golden crown, the drops of water on them turning into diamonds as he watched. The white petals turned into a royal robe, the tall pistil into a golden wand, and there stood a little fairy in a robe of pure white.

She had heard the boy sighing, and now she smiled on the unhappy litle fellow.

"Suppose I help you to be a painter," she said. And, oh, how delighted the boy was at her words.

"I know of a very powerful charm," she went on, "but it needs care and patience in the working, and I cannot give it to you unless you promise to obey me."

"Oh, I will with all my heart!" cried the boy.

"Then carry this little key to the nearest pine tree, strike the trunk with it, and a magic door will open. Put your hand in, and you will draw out a wonderful palette.

Paint with colors from this palette every day, and if you do not break the spell, in a few years you will paint wonderful, beautiful pictures and be famous all over the world."

The fairy vanished, but the boy held the palette.

And day after day he worked with the magic palette, every leisure moment he had. Best of all he loved that piece of water in the forest. And there he spent all his holidays. He painted it in the sunshine at noon, at sunset with rosy clouds mirrored in the gold and blue; by moon-light, with stars shining in it.

As the years went by he grew famous as a painter. And one day he was in a great city, in an art gallery. Many of his pictures were there. And the one that everyone admired most was one of a child with water lilies in his hand.

As the artist was thinking of the time when he painted it, suddenly the fairy stood again at his side.

He was delighted to see her again.

"Oh, wonderful Fairy!" he cried. "You disappeared before I could thank you for your gift. You have gold and all you can wish for, so I can give you nothing of value. I can only thank you with all my heart. But tell me, pray, your name and I will cut it on a ring and wear it as long as I live."

"My name," smiled the fairy, as again she vanished, "is perseverance."

A BOY WHO USED HIS BRAINS.

"I was much amused the other day," said the hardware dealer, "at a small boy who came around for a job. One of the clerks had dropped a lot of sharp-pointed tacks into a drawer of brass screws and had given up the idea of taking them out. When the youngster turned up, we thought we would try him by letting him sort the two articles.

He went at it the same way the clerk had begun—picking out the tacks with his fingers and getting the point of about every third tack in the ball of his thumb. He had enough in about a minute, and he straightened up. We all began to smile, expecting him to give up the job. Instead of that, he went over to the show-case and picked out a horseshoe magnet. Then he came back to the box. In thirty seconds he had the tacks out, and the screws were still in the compartment. He knew that the magnet would attack iron and not the brass, and in a jiffy he had accomplished what we had been trying to do all morning.

We didn't really need a boy; but this little fellow's smartness appealed to us, and we engaged him at once."—**Selected.**

HOW DAVID CARRIED THE SUPPLIES.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

Ruth, at the kitchen table, was rolling up in a bit of newspaper the little parcel of luncheon she had prepared. The light of the lamp by which she worked was shaded, so that it should not shine through the open door into the room where the invalid lay. David, in his shabby overcoat, stood by the stove as if trying to lay in a store of warmth for this journey. Ruth glanced at him with a look of anxiety in her eyes that should have been care free and girlish; she lowered her voice cautiously as she spoke:—

"You'll be back to-morrow?"

"Tomorrow afternoon if I don't get it. If I do and they want me right away, why I'll stay, you know."

"Yes; I hope you'll stay."

It was a hard thing to hope for. Only Ruth knew how much she would miss him, but there were harder things than loneliness and extra work now that the danger point for the sick mother had been passed. Some one must provide for the little household, for its needs were many and growing pressing. David slipped into his pocket the packet Ruth handed him.

"I wish you needn't start away on such a long walk at night," she said.

"It's the only way to be there early in the morning," he answered, buttoning his coat. He stepped to the bedroom door and listened for a minute to the breathing of the sleeper, then turned away. "Good-by," he said, kissing his sister in a half-embarrassed way, as if not quite sure that the occasion was great enough to warrant such unusual demonstrations. "Don't worry; it's only twelve miles."

Ruth softly but hastily closed the door behind him to shut out all danger of draughts reaching the inner room, but she pressed her face close against the window, and watched as if her heart were going with the moving figure down the lonely, snowy road.

But the figure in the shabby coat was only one among a dozen or more, and not a particularly noticeable one at that, when Hogarth and Clay's office opened the next morning. The firm had advertised for a "stout boy of sixteen or eighteen" to take supplies out to the mining camp, and the response was this assortment over which Hogarth, never noted for his serenity, fairly fumed.

"Why couldn't old Kassan have stayed? He was as reliable as an old clock, and about as solid of face and mechanical of movement, but he knew enough to take supplies regularly and safely out to the camp, if he didn't know much else. Why must he take it into his stupid head to go back to Germany at his age?"

"If you wanted an old Dutchman instead of a youngster of any

other nationality, that's what you should have advertised for," said Clay, turning from his desk to survey the applicants round the rusty stove in the outer office. "I don't see why a boy can't learn to do it just as well, though."

"Some boys, but as for that lot"—Hogarth broke off his sentence suddenly and walked out to interrogate the seekers for the place.

David, listening to the quick, sharp questions that cut short any attempt at prolonged explanation, had no doubt that night would see him at home again. Still he kept his position at the stove and awaited his turn.

"Well, young man," the manager turned upon him, abruptly, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"I'd like the place," said David, simply.

"Indeed? I think I could have guessed as much as that. What I'm wanting to know is what reason you have for thinking you can fill it. Where have you worked? What is your name?"

"David Meath. I've only worked at home—lately."

David felt that the latter statement would hurt rather than help his cause, since this man of few words, or rather of impatience with the words, gave no opportunity for explanation.

"Where is your home?"

"In the country—twelve miles out. I walked in last night." The reply came jerkily, each section added because the manager's eye still rested on him as if his answer were incomplete.

"Humph! You must be a young man of considerable faith—or spare time."

"I wanted work," said David again, but Mr. Hogarth had turned from him to the next in line..

There seemed no hope of a hearing, still less of employment; one might as well go. Still the warm room was comfortable, and there would be time enough for the homeward walk later, so the boy lingered, holding out to the stove red and roughened hands that would have told their own story of toil and exposure had there been any one to heed it. One by one the others departed, and David was about to follow them when the manager's voice stopped him.

"If I let you try this thing when can you be ready for work?"

"Now."

"Well, that's in your favor, anyway. Mind, I don't say I'll engage you regularly, but it's a sort of Hobson's choice this morning; I've got to get some orders and a few supplies out to the camp some way. It's twenty-five miles out—road running northeast from the little schoolhouse there's only one, so you can't miss it. In the stable back of this building you'll find a stout box sled and the horse. Hitch up and come around to the door, and your load'll be ready. You can't make the trip both ways in a day; you'll have to stay at the camp over night. That's all."

"I'm to drive out?" asked the boy.

"Oh, swim or fly if it suits you any better," snapped the irate manager. "I don't care what you do so long as you get the things out there. Get them there, that's all."

Clay, in the back office, laughed as David disappeared.

"I wouldn't have taken his head off if it hadn't been for this abominable boil," explained Hogarth, half apologetically, as he nursed his bandaged arm. "Just as he asked that foolish question I hit the wretched thing against the edge of the table, and it about murdered me. It was one straw too much after that set of young incapables."

"It strikes me that you didn't give them much chance to show whether they were capable or not, and at last you chose the least prepossessing one of the lot. What did you do that for?"

"I don't know. Something in his eyes, maybe—a sort of steady, honest look—and he wanted work. I don't imagine he's anything but a make-shift, though. He'll do for a few days, perhaps, while we look round. The whole set are after light work and heavy wages, with no reliability or responsibility among them. If I ever get back to civilization and leisure again, I'll write an essay on the degeneracy of the modern boy."

"He'll improve when you've had that boil lanced," laughed Clay again, in his provoking fashion.

David, meanwhile, had found horse and sled, and was soon at the door. As nearly wordless as possible, he stowed away packages, accepted orders, and started on his way. Once outside the business portion of the small town he drew rein for a moment and looked longingly in the direction of home. He wished Ruth knew.

"But she'll be sure I've found something to do if I don't get home," he assured himself. I wish it was more of a find—something 'twould last. He didn't give a fellow time to tell him anything or ask him anything, and I reckon the only reason he sent me out with his load was because I hung around till the last one. Whew, but he's a cyclone!" The homely, honest face broadened a little at the recollection. "Anyhow, if I couldn't get a chance to say anything, I got a chance to do something, and I'll show him I can do it, too."

That, after all, was the main thing, and the prospect looked brighter as David considered it. The luncheon Ruth had given him had served for his breakfast in the early morning, and he had eaten nothing since. He drew off his warm mitten and searched his pocket for the solitary nickel he knew it held.

"It'll buy a heap of crackers," he remarked, cheerfully, as he drew up before a small grocery. "They'll last till I get there, I reckon."

Away beyond the last of the wooden buildings and out upon the white plain he passed, his journey fairly begun. He drew his cap down over his ears, and settled himself for his long ride. It was not intensely cold, only a clear winter day, and the road wound away before him in tempting fashion, rising and falling as it reached the outlying hills. The pure air stirred his blood, and he was boyish enough to feel a

thrill of pleasure in his new position and in the prospect of a night at the camp. The change from anxious watching by a sick bed, and the relief of being free and able to do something once more, brought a sense of exhilaration.

"It's a good job, if I can only keep it. I must keep it!" he decided.

The pay would mean so many comforts for the mother and Ruth. They could get some little place near town, where he could be at home on alternate nights. He began to plan what could be done. Very humble daydreams they might have seemed to another, but they were wondrously bright to David. The crackers and the dreams sustained him as the hours passed, and there was little to draw from his thoughts, for the horse journeyed steadily forward as one familiar with the route.

He had reached more level ground again, a high, wind-swept plateau where winter made its cold breath felt. The boy judged by the sun and the general aspect of the country that he must be nearing his destination. Then, just as he began to congratulate himself, came the first mishap of the trip. The horse stopped abruptly where a bridge had crossed a narrow ravine; the bridge was down and nothing but a few broken timbers marked its location. David sprang from his sled and stared into the cavity. Only a chasm of twenty feet in width, but it barred his way as if it had been two hundred.

"What on earth will I do now?" he said. There was no one to answer the question, and the boy's face paled as the realization that his long journey had been useless slowly forced itself upon him. The plateau was bounded on the side next the road by a long, deep ravine which the narrower chasm intersected, while less than half a mile beyond the bridge the road began to slope and by a winding descent reached the mining camp. David soberly viewed the situation, all his golden dreams as completely wrecked as the useless bridge with its swaying timbers. A wave of bitterness rushed over him.

Ruth is always saying to do our best and trust God, and things will be sure to come out alright," he muttered. "But they don't. I've done my very best trying to get this place, and show I was fit to keep it, and now it's worse than if I'd never started. It meant so much to us, too."

To go back meant entire failure. He could well imagine what it would be to appear before the manager that night with a fagged out horse, supplies undelivered, and a story of defeat. Mr. Hogarth would never stop to consider what was reasonable or possible; he would not listen to explanations, and there would be no chance to try again. It was hard. All his brief life had been hard for David, and he was not given to tears or whining, but out there on the stormy road, all alone, the homely face quivered with strange lines, and hid itself for a moment against the neck of the horse. Perhaps, despite his first outburst of bitterness, he sought Ruth's Helper in that moment, for when he raised his head again the trace of weakness was gone.

Except as a route to the mines, the road was little used, so that

there was slight probability of anyone coming to his aid, if indeed, anyone could have aided. He looked thoughtfully down into the wide ravine that ran parallel with the road.

"If we were only down there I believe I could drive round the spur and get to the camp some way," he thought.

But driving down was an impossibility. The boy walked along the bank, thoughtfully surveying the descent from various points, with a look of determination growing on his face. Then he went back, unhitched and blanketed the horse and fastened him to a tree, took out a coil of rope that he had noticed among his supplies, and by its aid bound an oil cloth blanket over the articles that formed his load, fastening all firmly to the box. He drew the sleigh to the edge of the ravine where the descent looked smoothest and least obstructed, and, removing the shafts, secured them also with the rope.

"I can't go back," he said, grimly, as if that thought had come once more. "He said I was to get the things there if I was to swim or fly. I reckon it'll be a case of flying."

It was more nearly that than he had imagined, for he had by no means estimated aright either its distance or its roughness. It was difficult to start so clumsy a coaster, but once started no power of the boy's could either guide or stop it. He could but cling to it, scarcely able to breathe while it sped forward, bounding over hummocks and shooting down inclines, seeming every instant as if it must overturn or fly off into space, yet still in some mad fashion holding to the ground, until at last it reached the bottom, and plowing into the snow, stopped with a suddenness that dislodged its rider and flung him yards away.

"No bones broken," muttered David, gratefully, as he scrambled to his feet, half stunned and feeling strangely shaken up and somewhat bruised. "No sled broken, either," he added, congratulating himself afresh as he examined his load.

The shafts were replaced, and he slowly started forward on his course, drawing the sled as best he could. Fortunately a shallow stream ran at the bottom of the ravine and its frozen surface made a smooth and tolerably easy track for him to follow. It was well that it was so, for he became increasingly conscious of various bruises and a troublesome ankle as he walked.

A weary and pale-faced boy, limping painfully, reached the camp at four o'clock in the afternoon, but nothing could have exceeded the kindness of the rough, warm-hearted men when they heard his story. The praises they bestowed upon his "pluck" were even more soothing than the lotions they bound with awkward tenderness about the swollen ankle.

"Don't you fret about not being able to go back for the horse. Jim here'll find a way up and drive him back to town tonight," said the foreman. We'll have a shift of men up the first thing in the morning to work at the bridge. 'Tain't big, but it's mighty important."

David will never forget that night at the camp. Despite his aching foot and some anxious thoughts, it was a bright spot in his life, and he wished his mother and Ruth could know. Three days later the manager walked into the camp. David had not thought Mr. Hogarth could look so amiable; still there was a little apprehension in his voice as he said:

"I got 'em here; it was the best I could do, and you said you did'nt care how, if only I got here."

The manager's eyes rested on the bandaged foot, and his hand dropped on the boy's shoulder. One could almost have fancied that there was a little tremor in the voice if it had not been Mr. Hogarth's.

"People say more than they mean sometimes, youngster. I didn't want you to risk your neck. Still you didn't understand what risk you were running, so I will not blame you, and I like a man or a boy who thinks a contract undertaken is a contract to be carried out. You needn't fret about being laid up a few days, Jim and Tom will manage until you get around again; the place is yours. Any word you want to send to your friends?"

And so the good news went to Ruth.

ONLY FOOLING.

Mother darling, when I said today
I should watch my chance and run away,
Find a ship and go to sea, you know
I was only fooling. I won't go.

Then, I said you couldn't ever guess
The dreadful things I do but don't confess:
But I don't do any, mother dear.
I was only fooling. Do you hear?

What is it? You don't like make-believe,
Make-believe that really does deceive?
For you can't be sure when I speak true?
Think, perhaps I'm only fooling you?

Mother dear, I was a naughty lad—
Let me kiss you. There, don't look so sad.
I won't say such things, or if I do
I'll smile to show I'm only fooling you.

Laura G. Thompson.

THE FEAST TIME OF THE YEAR.

This is the feast-time of the year,
When plenty pours her wine of cheer,
And even humble boards may spare
To poorer poor a kindly share.
While bursting barns and granaries know
A richer, fuller overflow,
And they who dwell in golden ease
Bless without toil, yet toil to please.
This is the feast-time of the year,
The blessed advent draweth near;
Let rich and poor together break
The bread of love for Christ's sweet sake,
Again the time when rich and poor
Must ope for Him a common door
Who comes a guest, yet makes a feast,
And bids the greatest and the least.

Selected.

THE TREE THAT PREACHED.

BY MRS. J. H. WALWORTH.

You can see it for yourself at any time if you happen to be in the city of New York. The tree, I mean, by walking along the wall that bounds Central Park on the south, until you come to it, standing straight, firm, and resolute between the sundered sections of a great rock. A tree of iron wood, perhaps, if one may judge from its smooth black bark and its tremendous powers of resistance.

If you are inquisitive enough to stop and give it an examination you will find that it has forced its way upward toward the light of the sun, with all its life-giving properties, into the genial upper air from the cold, hard heart of a huge bowlder. When that tree—for tree it is now—started to reach the sunlight and the warmth of the upper world, something *had* to give way, and as its own aspirations were all fixed and strong, it was the stone, hard, cold, resistant, which had to give way.

But the sermon preached by a prosy writer with pen in hand is a poor substitute for the sermon that tree preached to Hank Manning on a wintry day some years ago.

Like a good many other boys of fifteen years of age, Hank Manning was of the impression that to get on in the world, in his own chosen way, was no harder a task than for young David to send that pebble flying straight out of his little sling at big Goliath with telling effect.

Adversity was the giant Hank proposed to slay with the little pebble of ambition he carried in his sling.

He had drawn the attention of this unpleasant giant upon himself in the most reckless manner by telling his father, a sturdy old Ohio farmer, that he could not make himself satisfied with the narrow restrictions of his home life any longer.

There were extenuating circumstances of two sorts attending that remark. He had been presented with a box of paints, and the cow he was milking just before making it, had kicked him rudely on his shoulder. The box of paints seemed to point to the lofty career of an artist, the kick to pain and ignominy.

So far, his artistic cravings had expended themselves in the painting of a very pink lady on a very bumpy sofa cushion. He intended it for a Christmas present to his mother. It was hidden between the mattresses in his garret bedroom on that bitterly cold morning when the heifer kicked him on the shoulder and reduced the milking stool to kindling wood. Perhaps the heifer, too, had aspirations for a freer life.

Knowing nothing at all about the wonderful pink lady of Hank's creation, Farmer Manning looked at him in contemptuous surprise and repeated the boy's silly phrase with mocking emphasis:

"'The narrer restrictions' of this cawntracted sphere. Well, Hank, what you goin' to do about it?"

Reflectively rubbing the shoulder the cow had kicked, Hank answered somewhat bumptiously: "I propose to make my own way in the world, father, on a higher plane than the cow pen."

"O, you do?"

"Yes, sir."

Farmer Manning, being a testy old man, not given to making allowances for youthful outbursts or smarting shoulders, lifted his gray head until his cold gray eyes bore directly on the boy's moody face.

"Well, then, Hank, good-by and good luck to you. You can go as soon as your clothes come in from the wash, and you can sink or swim on a plane higher than the cow pen. If it turns out to be 'swim,' I'll be the first to congratulate you; if it's sink, don't come whimpering back to me, for Jim'll have your place by tomorrow night, and this cawntracted sphere can't run but one chore boy."

Although those were not his father's final words they were the ones that haunted him at every bad turn in his affairs. They rang with the distinctness of a trumpet when he stepped from the cars at the Grand Central Depot and found himself in New York city, unknown, untried, bewildered. They haunted him through dismal months of effort and failure, when the Goliath of his troubles waxed bigger and lustier every day, and the hand that held his little sling felt more nerveless with every setback—"Sink or swim, don't come whimpering back to me."

They were buzzing in his ears with malicious insistence that bleak morning when the snow-whitened park stretched, a still, leafless ex-

panse, under the gray, unfriendly skies of midwinter. What should he try next? In his hours of deepest discouragement he never entertained the idea of "whimpering" back to the farm. So far fortune had not smiled upon him.

He had lost his first place as elevator boy in an uptown apartment house because he could not answer the annunciator on three separate floors at once, for which a rich old lady had him dismissed. He had lost his second—as driver of a butcher's delivery wagon—by reason of delivering pork sausage at a patrician door and taking the meat for a lady's pug dog to a sick woman's door. The pink lady herself added to his desolation by proving herself utterly without commercial value. He had read stories of art work bringing fabulous prices in New York, where everybody was presumed to have more money than they knew what to do with—so he had thought before leaving the farm—and he had always reflected that when the worst came to the worst, he could sell his precious work of art. But the pink lady was like a damp firecracker—she refused to go off. What should he try next?

It was entirely by accident that he found himself walking slowly along the southern boundary of the great white park that wintry day. Entirely by accident it was that his eyes fell upon the tree that had split the bowlder. His life upon the farm had made him observant of nature in all her manifestations. At first it was the odd physical fact of the sturdy young tree springing from the heart of stone that made him stop to stare. What dogged determination those first soft green shoots must have exerted to gain their first hold! Against what seemingly insurmountable obstacles had that tree asserted itself and its right to a share of this world's sunshine. As he stared Hank struck a defiant attitude, with his hands in his empty pockets.

"Say," he soliloquized, "can't I muster as much strength and determination as those tender little shoots had to exercise? What if I have struck a pretty solid bowlder of bad luck, I needn't let it flatten me out, or crush me into pulp. Can I or can I not little by little inch my way through the hard, cold facts of today to the warmth and the sunshine that is sure to beam on the successful? I ought to have as much pluck as a green sapling, I guess. I won't be downed. Thank you, little tree, for the good sermon you've preached today. I promise to lay it to heart."

He felt a fleeting inclination to whistle. He used always to whistle about his work on the farm. But the cold, hard facts of empty pockets and an insufficient breakfast silenced the tune on his lips. He walked past the preacher tree down the sunlit avenue where the plate-glass windows of handsome houses gleamed in the bright light, and long processions of carriages driven by red-faced coachmen clothed in costly furs made him feel the cold more keenly. He stood idly watching the moving tide of life, at a genuine loss what to try next.

A dingy old stagecoach lumbered up to the curbstone just across the street from him. From it stumbled a little old lady who, for pretti-

ness and daintiness, might have been one of those Dresden figures he had seen in so many of the high-priced shop windows. The stage lumbered on its way, leaving her the picture of distress. How was she to cross the grimy pavement and to reach her own door without dropping some of her many parcels or soiling her dainty skirts? How dreadfully unwise of her to have burdened herself down! Just then her eyes lighted on Hank.

"Little boy," she called.

It was a genuine cry of distress. Hank looked at her sympathetically, without at all relishing her style of address.

"Don't you want to earn a quarter?"

He certainly did, and came nearer with an alacrity that said as much.

"That stupid driver has put me out on the wrong side of the street. I will pay you for relieving me of these parcels. It is just across there" —she was loading him up as she spoke—"but I see you have a parcel there already. I don't want to stop you if you are delivering to somebody else."

"I'm not delivering for anybody, lady, and I will be glad to carry your parcels home. I need the money."

The parcel under his arm was the pink lady done up in a brown paper that smelled of sausage. He had begged it of a butcher's boy. He was making his tenth effort to find a purchaser for her.

He stepped out briskly in his new role of parcel-carrier and only wished he could find more old ladies slush bound. Once across the muddy avenue the old lady trotted briskly forward until she reached a house in the middle of the block. Tall houses on either side of it made a sunless spot of it, and the snow and ice lay undisturbed upon her doorsteps. She exclaimed aloud at it.

"This is the way worthless servants treat one if one leaves home for a single night. They did not expect me home today, so things are left, so that I am afraid to walk up my own steps. Give me your hand, little boy."

Hank helped her up the stone steps and rang the bell for her. It was opened tardily, then wider by a startled footman.

"You, ma'am. We wasn't looking for you until after New Year's Day."

The little lady looked as severe as a Dresden figure could possibly look. "Evidently you thought I was gone for a year. You can come for your wages as soon as I get my things off." Hank lingered. There was a good job of snow shoveling at hand for somebody, and if the unfaithful footman was about to receive his discharge, he, Hank, might as well secure the job. He asked for it.

"You are quite welcome to the work, but where are your broom and shovel?"

Hank flushed, but looked her squarely in the face with honest eyes: "I don't own tools, lady. I may as well own up. I am hard

up for a dinner and I want to earn one. I never cleaned snow away before, but I guess I can do it alright."

"It is to your credit that you did not go to the basement door and demand your dinner. That's the fashion now. I'll furnish the broom and shovel. How am I to know you won't walk off with them?"

"Walk off with your broom and shovel?"

They were standing in the steam-heated room now. He looked at her in momentary indignation, then smiled and extended the only parcel left after he had handed hers over. "You can keep this for security, lady," he said, I guess it's good for one broom and shovel. It's a picture I painted myself."

A white-capped maid was busy relieving the old lady of her wraps. To her the old lady addressed herself. "Give him a broom and shovel, Jenny. I was just trying you, little boy. You can leave your picture on the hatrack. Not as security for my things, but for its own safety, and when you are ready for your dinner Jenny will give it to you, and then you can come to the library to see me before you go."

Gratefully depositing the pink lady on the hatrack, Hank returned to the icy street to earn his dinner.

The snow and ice had lain in front of the closed house until passing feet had made a compact mass of it. Hank was inexperienced and the shovel was small. More than two hours of hard work were necessary for its removal. When he rang the basement bell to announce that his job was done Jenny answered it with a grave face. She had to inform him that the pink lady had been reduced to a thing of shreds and patches by the old lady's pug. Hank's white face exasperated her.

"Well, then, what for did you go and wrap a picture in paper smelling like a butcher's shop? The missis wants to see you in the library up stairs. Go straight up this-a-way."

The old lady sat with a very concerned look upon her sweet old face. She sat before a big table and with fingers like bits of old ivory she was laboring over the wreck of the pink lady. Hank's white face was not reassuring.

"My little dog did it. I am very sorry."

The boy's lips quivered as he answered, unsteadily: "It was all that stood between me and debt. I was bound to sell it."

"Sit right down," said the old lady, imperiously, "and tell me all about that picture and yourself. I know you've got a story to tell me. You don't look like a regular street urchin."

"Not much of a story, ma'am, but I'm not ashamed to tell you all there is to it."

Soon the old lady knew all there was to tell. Then she comforted the friendless boy mightily.

"I can make it all right about the picture, of course, and if you have real talent, you will find some way to show it sooner or later, but you can't live on air while you are finding out. Now, my boys are all plain business men, who have made their own way upward until

they are very nicely fixed. One is in hardware, the other in coffee. My coffee son is to pay me a week's visit. I have just been on a visit to my hardware son.

"You can wait down stairs with Jenny or you can come back here at eight o'clock to see my coffee son. I shall ask him to give you something to do. It may be very low down, perhaps sweeping out the office, moving of coffee sacks, or running errands, but it is a good thing to find your ladder."

"I will begin as low down on the ladder as he may choose to put me, lady. I've got to do my own climbing, of course. If you please, lady, my name is Henry Manning, and I will come back at eight o'clock."

The coffee man proved as kind-hearted as his sweet old mother, and after an exhaustive catechism by which he satisfied himself that Hank was telling him the truth, he took him into the big importing house and gave him work.

Hank, a full-fledged order clerk in the same concern now, has an old diary which he says he is saving to give to his first son when he is starting out to sink or swim.

"Began life at thirteen as a painter in oils. Was promoted to the position of sweeper in a coffee house at fourteen. Two dollars a week as sweep beats nothing a year as an artist. Moral: Find your ladder in this world and then do your own climbing. Don't fancy you are a painter just because somebody presents you with a paint box."

Impatient people water their miseries and hoe up their comforts; sorrows are visitors that come without invitation, but complaining minds send a wagon to bring their troubles home in. Many people are born crying, live complaining, and die disappointed; they chew the bitter pill which they would not even know to be bitter if they had the sense to swallow it whole in a cup of patience and water.—C. H. Spurgeon.

WHO'LL WIN?

The Baby's Page

Baby Lillie will try to skip, with her pretty flower-bud rope. Take care Baby, and do not trip, you will not fall, I hope! Out doors the leaves turn red and brown, and fall from bush and tree; but that is no cause for you to fall down, here safe in the house you see. It is good for Babies to hop and skip, and run and leap and jump; and it's good to take care that feet do not slip, or a head may get a bump.

November in the months we count eleven, Baby Lillie can pray to Father in Heaven.

L. LULA GREENE RICHARDS

JUST FOR FUN.

HIS JUST DESSERTS.

The man who complains of his victuals,
And all his wife's cooking belictuals,
  Should be starved till he's thin
  As a wooden tenpin
Like they used in the old game of skictuals.
  Alex. F.

The teacher lammed him on the head,
  Which was against the rule;
It made the children laugh and play
  To see a lam in school.
  —Selected.

"It's awful queer to me," said Jimmie as he thought it over. "I can't see why chickens that haven't any hair have combs, while dogs and horses that have hair don't have any combs."—Harper's Young People.

First Mother—What is your boy's favorite dish?

Second Mother—Well, I hardly know—but it certainly isn't the wash-dish.

"We had a sensational case of kidnaping in our house lately."
"You don't tell me! How did it happen?"
"The baby slept the whole night."

It was the first time Dorothy had seen a street sprinkler. Oh, mother," she exclaimed, with wide-open-eyes, "just see what that man's got on his wagon to keep the boys from riding on behind!"

'Georgie, I'm glad to see that you are polite and offer sister the oranges first." "Yes'm; 'cause then she has to be polite, an' take the little one."

Teacher: Johnny, what do you suppose will become of you if you don't learn to spell better?

Johnny: Dunno. I expect I'll take to writing dialect stories.

Small Tommy—"The teacher wanted to box my ears this morning."

Grandpa—"How do you know he did?"

Small Tommy—" 'Cause he wouldn't have boxed 'em if he hadn't wanted to."—Stray Stories.

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

NOTICE TO PRESIDENTS.

Announcement has been made by the Presiding Bishopric of the Church that the new addition to the Latter-day Saints Hospital will be completed about the first month in the new year. Until that time, nothing can be done by the General Board of Primary Associations toward the furnishing of the Primary Ward for children, and no patients can be received as beneficiaries of our association.

We trust all officers will bear this statement in mind.

STAKE AIDS.

As the Primary work has progressed, with a steady increase in the number of wards to be supervised and visited, it has been found necessary to call to the assistance of stake officers, other workers, termed aids.

They are to assist, under the direction of the presidency, in all matters pertaining to the welfare of the organization. A conscientious aid will attend every board meeting, or send a legitimate excuse for her absence. This is a courtesy due to the president.

Aids have an important voting power on the board, and should give intelligent consideration to every question placed before them. Honest opinions on a proposition should be expressed before the board as a whole, and, after careful deliberation, each member should do her utmost to put into effect the decision of the board on a majority vote.

Aids should be ready to assist at all times in any department where the need is most urgent. In the Primary Association much attention is paid to the art of lesson-giving; therefore, an aid can only do efficient work when she is thoroughly familiar with the department outlines in *The Children's Friend*. She should be a ready advisor and a wise counselor, exercising tactful care in her dealings with local officers, so that only good may result from any assistance she is called upon to render.

It is the privilege of a local officer to refer to a stake aid any question on Primary affairs that needs settlement. It is necessary, therefore, that each aid have some knowledge of the adopted policy in each department of the organization, that she may answer these questions wisely. In case of doubt, however, the question should be referred back to the Stake Board as a whole. No decision should be given haphazardly. Much confusion and misunderstanding will be avoided if this rule is conscientiously followed. An aid should know the policy of

the board, and should say or do nothing to lessen the influence or undermine the work of another. She should keep in mind always, that the aid comes to the local association, not as a critic, but as a co-laborer, desiring to assist, whenever and wherever opportunity is presented or counsel is sought, for the upbuilding of the association. Criticism should never be given before a class. Suggestions to a teacher should be made privately.

Aids should also familiarize themselves with the forms of reports in use by the association, and assist, under the direction of the stake secretary, in securing prompt attention to this important detail of our work.

THE LIBRARIAN—STAKE AND LOCAL.

Since the establishment of libraries in the Primary Association, the members of the General Board placed in charge of this department, have given much thought and consideration to the subject of books. The desire is to place only the best literature in the hands of our boys and girls and teachers. Advice and assistance in the establishment of a library and the selection of books is available at all times upon application to the General Board.

The librarian receives and distributes the books of the association, and must therefore be specially qualified for the position and thoroughly trustworthy. As far as possible, she should become well acquainted with the contents of the books placed under her care, and should aid in their selection. She should be careful to select books containing stories that are wholesome and true to life, true to fact, true to truth. The characters should be such as we would choose as companions for our children, those respectful to authority and seeking truth rather than error. Books that describe pranks and practical jokes leading to the discomfiture of elders as though they were funny, are not wholesome, and should be kept out of our homes. Stories that lay unnecessary stress on treachery or deception among young people are also undesirable.

She should aim to keep the library in a growing condition, and herself informed regarding the best literature for teachers and children. The Librarian should be orderly and painstaking, willing to lead out, under the direction of her presiding officers, in soliciting books or means by which to purchase them. She should encourage the reading habit among her associates, and endeavor to stimulate interest by urging widespread use of the books upon the library shelves. Before distributing the volumes, all should be catalogued by name and number, the number, with any other item of record, to be entered upon the flyleaf of the volume itself.

Books, if they are read as widely as it is desired they should be, receive much handling, and should be covered with a stout paper. The title of the book and the name of its author should be plainly printed on the back of the cover. The back of a new book is often broken by careless handling when the volume is first examined. It

should be opened with covers lying flat upon the table. Hold the bulk of the leaves in a vertical position. Alternate from front to back and press gently down a few leaves at a time. See that all leaves are cut.

Every teacher should know and be prepared to tell some of the things that mark the difference between a good and a bad story for children. These are some of the things to bear in mind:

A JACK-O'-LANTERN PARTY.

A Suggestion for an Inexpensive and Merry Thanksgiving Festivity.

BY JEANNETTE L. PORTER.

(The Jack-o'-lantern Party is given as a suggestion for the Primary officers to use as a means to make some money for necessary expenses, such as subscriptions, books, materials for busy hour, etc. The program and decorations may be changed to fit circumstances and environment. A charge may be made for admission, refreshments and "Her Pumpkin Plentiful" privileges sold.)

Any birthday or anniversary that falls in the autumn may be celebrated by a Jack-o'-lantern party, for this feast is a movable one, and any time after the fall corn is ripe Merry Jack is alert for a frolic.

The invitations to such a party should read:

The Jack-o'-lanterns
at home, November 24th, after eight o'clock.
Please bring a Jack-o'-lantern with you, and name it.

The time must necessarily be very limited, for, after all, Jack himself is a short-lived "immortal," and frolics in his honor must crowd a great deal into the brief space of his queer little lifetime.

Plenty of orange and green bunting or cheese-cloth, festooned and tied with stalks of ripe wheat and corn, should be generously draped from the windows and doors and on the veranda wherever it is practicable. The light should be soft and subdued, with as much firelight as possible, so that the general effect may be mysterious, with deep shadows and dark corners.

Harvesting implements, and baskets should stand suggestively about, and Jack-o'-lanterns must appear everywhere indiscriminately.

The invitations should have some queer little sketch of him drawn in the upper left-hand corner, and he must peep from the bushes and trees, from doorways and arbors, and hang mysteriously from posts, like gibbets arranged for him.

When the Jack-o'-lanterns begin to assemble it is pretty certain to be noticed that no two Jacks are alike. Indeed, their individuality will be such that you will soon realize that you would quite as readily think of confusing Peter Piper with Old King Cole, or Jack Horner with

the Queen of Hearts, as to call one pumpkin by another pumpkin's name. Introductions and imaginery conversations between the Jack-o'-lanterns should make the first moments very jolly.

All maner of merry games must follow, such as "hide-and-seek," "shepherd-and-sheep" and "blindman's-buff." A charming lawn game for the little people may be arranged by hammering small pegs of wood into the earth, four or five inches apart, in a circle six feet in diameter; orange and white calico may be torn into strips and passed once around each peg, until the circle is outlined with the bright colors. A smaller circle must be similarly made in the center of the large one, and the children must try to roll oranges into it. Every orange that rolls into the center circle and stays there counts ten, and thirty points win an orange.

After the games outdoors everybody will be hungry for supper. A table spread with white, and decorated with yellow and green, may be charmingly arranged either on the veranda or indoors. The centerpiece should be a horn of plenty, securely suspended over the table, and filled with ripe grain and fruits and flowers.

Tiny Jack-o'-lanterns made of oranges hollowed out and set on candlesticks should be at each plate. The name-cards should be decorated with queer little faces on pumpkin and melon seeds perched on knives and forks and spoons.

The courses may all be suggestive of the seasons. Nuts should play a conspicuous part. For favors nothing is more satisfactory than gingerbread dolls.

After supper everybody must find their way to "Old Lady Bountiful with Her Pumpkin Plentiful," which should be arranged beforehand, and kept a profound secret until after supper.

"Old Lady Bountiful" is very simply made. A huge pumpkin is cut out like a false-face, and suspended by two wires from the ceiling. Some very jolly person must dress up in an old-fashioned costume of orange and green calico, and stand behind the pumpkin mask. Then a large sunbonnet must be placed over the entire head. The effect is wonderfully amusing if arranged in a dark corner, where a side-light shines on the face.

"Her Pumpkin Plentiful" is a great deal after the order of an old-fashioned grab-bag made to look like a pumpkin. Take four barrel-hoops; cross three of them inside each other, and tie them together at the top and bottom, so that each rests at an equal distance from the other, like the meridians on a globe. Tie the forth hoop around the other three, like the equator on a globe. Cover this frame with pumpkin-colored calico, remembering to leave a good-sized hole. Then fill it with fresh sawdust, and hide in it a variety of little surprises—small china lucky-dogs, thimbles, rings, bits of old coin, needle-cases, and all manner of charms—so that everybody may rummage and find their future fate in "Her Pumpkin Plentiful." The omens of the articles

drawn are the usual ones: A thimble for an old maid, a coin for riches, a ring for an engagement, and so on.

For the next feature of the evening the hostess scatters handfuls of pumpkin-seeds over the floor, and hands each guest a needle threaded with strong thread; then there is a merry race to see who can make the longest chain of pumpkin-seeds in ten, fifteen or twenty minutes, or any given time.

A merry Virginia reel usually ends the festivities, though the bravest of the guests linger for a ghost-story, and a big romp with the Jack-o'-lanterns out of doors is sure to happen when everybody starts for home.

For ghost-stories may be told Kipling's "Morrowbie Jukes," Poe's "Fall of the House of Usher" and Irving's "Headless Horseman."

Suggestive names for the Jack-o'-lanters may be Danny Deever, Peter Piper, Simple Simon, Dooly, Jim Crow, Queen of Hearts, and the like.

Parents and teachers who have tried any or all of the above suggestions in entertaining the young folks have pronounced them delightfully novel and jolly.

POP CORN SONG AND RECITATION.

(For three or more little girls.)

(Three or four children enter carrying ears of pop corn, and poppers and pans. They are decorated with strings of popped corn. They merrily seat themselves on the floor (or they may carry in with them little stools), and shell the corn into the pans, singing.)

(Air—"With a rig-a-jig-jig, and away we go.")

We shell the corn for a pop-corn ball,
The kernels rattle as they fall.
It's fun for us and fun for all;
We merrily shell the corn.
The kernels grow in a little row,
It's time for them to come off, you know,
So into the pan they clattering go,
We merrily shell the corn.

(*They pour the corn from the pans into the poppers.*)

The firelight flickers through the room,
It lights the fleeting spots of gloom,
The pop-corn bursts in snowy bloom,
As we merrily pop the corn.

(*They shake the poppers in time to the singing*)

Pop, pop! The red coals make them pop!
The little ones under, the big on top;
Against the lid of the pan they hop:
We merrily pop the corn.

(*They repeat the last stanza, as they rise and dance out carrying their poppers and pans with them.*)—*Sel.*

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Subject for the Month: Discipline of Experience.

THE LESSON HOUR.

LESSON FORTY-FIVE.

SUGGESTIONS FOR ALL THE TEACHERS.

The last chapter in Character, by Smiles, is, perhaps, the best in the book. Each teacher is urged to read it for herself and absorb as much as possible of its beauty and worth. If the subject could be discussed in the monthly meeting and in the local preparation meeting, the time given to such discussion would be of great value to the workers and should result in the most interesting lessons for the children.

The story of the birth of our Savior, with a brief review of His life should be told in each lesson hour. The children should be helped to realize and appreciate the wonderful experience of the great Teacher, to be stimulated to follow in His footsteps and always be ready, as He was, to put their faith in God.

As these lessons are given during the Christmas month, many opportunities may be made for the teachers to give practical assistance to the children in learning lessons of loving and serving; teach that it is better to give than to receive and show them useful and happy ways in which they may make this the most beautiful Christmas they have ever experienced. During the lessons for this month use pictures and Christmas decorations and cultivate the spirit of the season as much as possible.

FIRST GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text: Character, by Smiles, chapter 12.
Bible: Life of Christ.

Other Materials.

Memory Gem.
Games.
Songs.
Pictures.
Rest Exercises.

Aim.

The right kind of experience teaches wisdom and reliance on our Father in Heaven.

Illustration.

"Santa Bobby Claus." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 10. page 594.

Suggestions for the Teacher: Talk about Christmas, let the children tell what they can remember about the last one. If any of them received books as gifts, find out what care they took of them, this will help to review the last lesson and serve to introduce the new one. Tell enough about the birth and life of the Savior to impress the thought of trying one's best to be kind and helpful. Talk about something to make for Christmas presents and make such arrangements as you desire to make ready for the Busy Hour.

Memory Gem.

All that's great and good is done just by patient trying.—Phoebe Cary.

Poem. Little Builders.

Little Builders, day by day.
Building with the words we say;
Building from our hearts within,
Thoughts of good, or thoughts of sin.
Building with the deeds we do,
Actions ill, or pure and true,
Oh, how careful we must be
Building for eternity.
Building, building every day,
Help us, Lord, to watch and pray.

—Selected.

SECOND GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text: Character, by Smiles, chapter 12.
Bible: Life of Christ.

Other Materials.

Memory Gem.
Games.
Songs.
Pictures.
Rest Exercises.

Aim.

The right kind of experience teaches wisdom and reliance on our Father in Heaven.

Illustration.

"The Will-Muscle." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 10, page 95.

Suggestions for the Teacher: If you can find some picture or

story book which has been in use for a long time, use it in the class to help in the review. Talk about the value of taking care of books, and other things which children enjoy using; emphasize consideration for friends. Use the thought of Christmas to suggest kind things to do and make. The memory gem will help the children to understand how constant trying to do right things helps the one who tries. Illustrate by telling briefly the story of the life of Christ. The supplementtary story and poem will emphasize the value of the discipline of experience. Talk about the Christmas gifts you are going to help your class to make. Make such arrangements about materials as are necessary.

Memory Gem.

"Try, and try and try again; For those who keep on trying make the world's best men and women."

Poem. Little By Little.

Little by little the bird builds her nest;
Little by little the sun sinks to rest:
Little by little the waves, in their glee,
Smooth the rough rocks by the shore of the sea.

Drop after drop falls the soft summer shower;
Leaf upon leaf grows the cool forest bower;
Grain heaped on grain forms the mountain so high
That its cloud-capped summit is lost to the eye.

Little by little the bee to her cell
Brings the sweet honey, and garners it well;
Little by little the ant layeth by,
From the summer's abundance, the winter's supply.

Minute by minute, so passes the day;
Hour after hour years are gliding away.
The moments improve until life be past,
And, little by little, grow wise to the last.

—Selected.

THIRD GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text: Character, by Smiles, chapter 12.
Bible: The Life of Christ.

Other Materials.

Memory Gem.
Poem.
Songs.
Pictures.

Aim.

The right kind of experience teaches wisdom and reliance on our Father in Heaven.

"Which Did You Win." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 10. page 103.

Suggestions for the Teacher: Find out if any of the children have tried to care for their books. If they know how to make covers to protect them, etc. This will give opportunity to review the last lesson and to introduce the new by discussing how especially this month, we may be careful of our friends and prove we mean to try to be good friends ourselves. Discuss the giving of Christmas gifts and tell the children how you intend to help them, making such arrangements as are necessary for materials. Let the children tell why we celebrate Christmas. Emphasize the value in giving rather than in receiving. Encourage them to do their best in the making of gifts, to be careful to have their gifts represent good earnest effort. The supplementary material will help to make clear the aim of the lesson.

Memory Gem.

"The boys and girls who do their best,
Their best will better grow;
But those who slight their daily task,
They let the better go."

Poem.

My friend, have you heard of the town of Yawn,
On the banks of the river Slow,
Where blossoms the Waitawhile flowers fair,
Where the Sometimeorother scents the air,
And the soft Goeasys grow?
It lies in the valley of Whatstheuse,
In the province of Letitslide,
That tired feeling is native there—
It's the name of the listless, Idontcare,
Where the Putitoffs abide."

—The Playbox.

FOURTH GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text: Character, by Smiles, chapter 12.
Bible: The Life of Christ.

Other Materials.

Memory Gem.
Poem.

Aim.

The right kind of experience teaches wisdom and reliance on our Father in Heaven.

Illustration.

"Honest Andy." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 10, page 384.

Suggestions for the Teacher: For the review discuss the value of books as friends and the influence they have in the foundation of character. Give as much as you think wise of what Smiles says about the discipline of experience and illustrate by the life of Christ.

All the Supplementary material will help to impress the value of the aim of the lesson. Keep the spirit of Christmas as prominently as possible before the class all through the month. Discuss the preparation of gifts, explain the help you intend to give and make arrangements with the boys and girls for materials, etc., for the busy hour. The questions and quotations are left out to give time for the discussion of gift work.

Memory Gem.

Heaven is not gained at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round and round.
—Holland.

Poem. Struggle On.

BY WILLIAM EBEN SCHULTZ.

If you want to win success,
Struggle on;
You must always do your best—
Struggle on;
For you'll surely have to hustle
In the big world's broil and bustle;
If you'd win out in the tussle,
Struggle on;
If you want to gain your end,
Struggle on;
Never let your purpose bend—
Struggle on;
If you make a fatal blunder
That may drive your hopes asunder,
Never let it push you under—
Struggle on.

FIFTH GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Text: Character, by Smiles, chapter 12.
Bible: The Life of Christ.

Other Materials.

Memory Gem.
Poem.

Aim.

The right kind of experience teaches wisdom and reliance on our Father in Heaven.

Illustration.

"Luck." THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 10, page 431.

Suggestions for the Teacher: Review the last lesson and introduce the new one through the memory gem and poem from the last lesson. Give some of the best points from chapter twelve in Character, and review the Life of Christ to make clear the value of experience. Use memory gem and poem to emphasize the aim. Take advantage of the Christmas time to help the boys and girls to feel the spirit of loving service and be prepared to discuss with them ways and means of doing things to make this the most beautiful of seasons. Explain your plan for the busy hour, so that each one will come prepared for the work you have decided to do.

The doing of some definite thing will give the children the discipline of experience and you may teach this valuable lesson very successfully without saying very much about it.

Memory Gem.

"We rise by the things that are 'neath our feet,
By what we have mastered of greed or gain;
By a pride deposed or a passion slain;
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet."

Poem. Success and Luck.

Success was an earnest boy,
With dinner pail and spade;
While Luck hung about the town
Where foolish games were played!

Success was at work each day
From daylight until dark!
But luck with one eye alert
Lolled 'round the city park!

Ah me! this was long ago;
A score of years or more—
Success? Oh, he's working yet!
And luck? Hard luck! He's sore!

Author Unknown.

LESSON FORTY-SIX.

THE BUSY HOUR.

Suggestions for the Teacher: Before beginning the work, have a little informal talk about the Christmas time. Let the children tell what the birth of Christ means to the world. Bear your testimony, in simple words, to the restoration of the Gospel through the Prophet Joseph Smith. Help the children to understand how much happiness comes to those who are willing to live the Gospel and that loving service given for others is part of the Gospel plan.

Recite in concert one of the following or some of the memory gems or poems given in the lesson hour.

Merry Christmas.

"A Merry, Merry, Christmas,
The little people say;
We wish you all a happy time
Upon this Christmas day.
We'll try to help each other.
Do all we can for mother;
Then Christmas will be merry
And our hearts be light and gay."

—Selected.

The Poor at Christmas.

Unless we remember the lowly,
Whose pleasures are few and small,
We deserve not to be included
In the Christmas joy, at all.
For it was they whom the Christ-Child
Most lovingly sought to aid;
And he'll have the brightest Christmas,
Who has some sacrifice made!

Selected.

If the gifts you plan to make need more time than this hour, arrange to give a little extra at some other time or place. Perhaps groups could meet at some of the homes after school or on Saturdays.

For this busy hour the teachers are asked to decide what to make. A suggested list is given from which a choice may be made of forms suitable to the grade. For Christmas gifts, colors and materials should be bright and pretty.

Chains for decorations or Christmas trees.
Paper Flowers.
Iron Holders.

Simple boxes made of cardboard.

Spool work as suggested in the August number of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

Stocking bags.

Handkerchief bags.

Waste paper baskets as suggested in the February number of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

Balls and Bean bags as suggested in the July number of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

Quilt Blocks.

Pin cushions.

Book covers.

Scrap Books.

Dolls Clothes.

Picture Frames.

Foot Stools.

Rag Rugs.

Candy.

Pop Corn.

LESSON FORTY-SEVEN.

THE STORY HOUR.

Suggestions for the Teacher: If desired, part of this time may be taken for the completion of Christmas work. Be sure to review the thought for the month and recite poems and memory gems. At least one of the stories used for this hour should be about Christmas. A number of Christmas stories will be printed in the next issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND from which selections may be made.

FIRST GRADE.

Stories.

The Night Before Christmas, by Moore; or series of pictures illustrating life of Christ or Christmas activities; or Preparations for Winter in this issue of THE CHILDERN'S FRIEND.

SECOND GRADE.

Stories.

Why The Chimes Rang, by Alden; or;

The Night Before Christmas, by Moore; and

Several Inches, in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

THIRD GRADE.

Stories.

The Bird's Christmas Carol, by Wiggins; or;

Why the Chimes Rang, by Alden; and

A Real Story, in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

FOURTH GRADE.

Stories.

The Spirit of Christmas, by Henry Van Dyke; or;

The First Christmas, from Ben Hur; and

How David Brought The Supplies, in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

FIFTH GRADE.

Stories.

The Other Wise Man, by Henry Van Dyke; or;

A Christmas Carol, by Dickens; and

The Tree That Preached, in this issue of THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

LESSON FORTY-EIGHT.

THE SOCIAL HOUR.

Suggestions for the Teacher: The subject for the month is the discipline of experience. The results of the work done in social hours during the year should be manifested in these exercises which end the work of the Primary associations for this year. The spirit of love and happiness should be combined with order and respect for persons and place. Consideration and courtesy should be expressed in every action while fun and joy abounds in every play, game and dance. Give the children a happy time but be sure it is the true spirit of play which does not permit any roughness, incivility or irreverence.

Preliminary Music.

Prayer.

Games. "Christmas Time," Swedish Singing Games, by Bolin; or;

"Christmas Wreath" Old and New Singing Games.

"Good Morning" (change to "Merry Christmas.") Games for the Playground by Bancroft, or;

"Spooning," from same book.

"I See You," or;

"Carrousel" (around Christmas Tree) Swedish Song Plays by Bolin.

"Follow Leader" (terminating in some Christmas deed.) Games for the Playground by Bancroft.

Dances.

"Varsouvienne" (as taught in Primary Teachers' Class.)

Review favorite dances already learned. Christmas songs, stories, and gems.

Singing.

Benediction.

WINNE-LACKEE SNATCHED THE LITTLE PRINCESS IN HER ARMS.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND

Vol. XII. DECEMBER, 1913. No. 12.

LITTLE PRINCESS WISLA.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

CHAPTER XII.—THE FALL FROM THE ICE BOAT.

What should they do? Aunt Celia didn't know herself! She felt, as she had done in Canada, that she could not have the Indians arrested because she could not bring any positive charge against them.

The child herself said that she was little Princess Wisla!

But her face at the state-room window had looked more than ever like Peggy Piper's! It had even looked lighter in color than an Indian child's face might be expected to look.

The secret of that was that the pokeberry stain had begun to wear off a little, although Winne-Lackee had felt sure that it never would.

And she could not be stained over again without knowing it!

Aunt Celia said she didn't see anything that they could do; but when Dr. Brooks came he might think of something.

But although they told him all about it and he walked the floor, just as Aunt Celia had done, Dr. Brooks could not think what to do. He said it was not at all probable that the old squaw had made Peggy Piper over into little Princess Wisla! If she had done such a thing she would not dare to take her about so openly. He thought that no child could be made to keep such a secret. And Betty confessed that the little princess seemed to be fond of her grandmother.

It certainly was not probable that the old squaw could change Peggy Piper into Princess Wisla; but, being a wise man and a doctor, he knew that improbable things sometimes happen. And although, like Aunt Celia, he feared to have the Indians arrested because he could not make any positive charge against them, he said that as soon as they returned to their island he meant to go up there and see little Princess Wisla for himself.

When, a few days later, Dr. Brooks saw by a New York paper that old Winne-Lackee with her granddaughter and Dr. Sockabesin and his daughter Minnehaha had sailed for Europe, he felt at first an impulse to cable to Mr. Piper to meet the steamer at Liverpool and see what he thought of little Princess Wisla!

But they had just heard that the disappointment caused by finding

that it was not Peggy but another little girl, who had been picked up at sea by the Norwegian vessel had made Peggy's mother very ill. And Dr. Brooks dreaded the effect on both father and mother of another disappointment.

Besides, as the days went by, he began to feel that he was, as Betty said, like Patty Plummer who believed in witches, to think that the old squaw possibly could turn Peggy into Princess Wisla!

So, as soon as Phi was able they went sadly home to Pollywhoppet and found Grandpapa Piper sitting every pleasant day, on the deck of the *Margaret Piper,* waiting for Peggy to come so the vessel could be launched! He expected her every day, for old people are as hopeful as the children are and as everyone ought to be, since things are all sure to come right in God's good time.

The measles having come to an end there had been a Pollywhoppet picnic at the Indian island.

But no one up there knew anything about Peggy Piper, and Stumpy seemed quite like an Indian dog, although some of the boys declared that he trembled and whined at the touch of Pollywhoppet hands.

As for Phi and Sidney they had now no desire to go to the Indian island. Phi was trying to believe that it was because he had been run over and was weak from the shock that he had thought the little Indian princess so strangely like Peggy. He said but little about it—a boy doesn't like to be told that he is like Patty Plummer and believes in witches!

After his father and mother came home no one was allowed to mention Peggy's name because Mama could not bear it—no one except Grandpapa Piper, who would speak of the time when Peggy would come home and they could have the launching.

Dr. Brooks had inquired of the Indians when Winne-Lackee was coming back to the island and they had said they were afraid she would never come back. She seemed to fear that the climate did not agree with her little granddaughter.

Dr. Brooks was almost convinced, by this time, that little Princess Wisla was Winne-Lackee's granddaughter, and that Peggy Piper had been drowned in the river.

Time went on as it does go on whether people are sorry or glad, and the wide blue river was changed by Jack Frost, who certainly can do almost as wonderful things as a story-book witch, into a beautiful ice-field, where, after the January thaw had come and gone, there was no snow and the skating was perfect. Snow shoes and toboggans were out of fashion for the time and all Pollywhoppet was on skates or in ice-boats.

The Indians had a way of rigging ice-boats so they would go like the wind, and on a beautiful sunny Saturday morning the Pollywhoppet boys and girls gazed with wide-open eyes at one that was almost as slender as a canoe, with sails set wing-and-wing. They gazed still more when they discovered little Princess Wisla, seated upon a heap of skins

and wrapped in ermine so that she looked like a little queen upon her throne!

Jo Mattawan and Tom Molasses were managing the ice-boat. When Phi and Sidney made their way, as fast as skates could carry them to the boat, the Indian boys were shaking their heads and looking doubtfully at the sky. The wind was very strong. Old Winne-Lackee had bidden them to go no farther than the Bend, but the sport had been so fine that they had recklessly allowed the wind to carry them on and on.

Now Jo Mattawan declared that they must lower the sail and draw the boat all the way to the island; but Tom Molasses, who was lazy, thought that by "tacking" they might manage, even with the wind against them, to sail a part of the way back.

There was a quarrel about the taking down of the sail in the course of which it was allowed to swing around smartly. And that happened at just the moment when Princess Wisla caught sight of Betty Brooks and leaned over the side of the boat, holding out both hands to her.

Princess Wisla was knocked out of the boat and fell face downwards upon a skated foot that a boy was holding with uplifted toe while he ground the heel into the ice.

It was a sharp blow, and the little princess was unconscious when they picked her up and carried her to the nearest house—which was only across the ship yard and over the orchard slope to Peggy Piper's own dear old home!

Phi led the way. They laid the little Indian princess on Peggy's own bed, and when she came to herself there was a dear mother-face bending over her and a voice cried out, "Oh, what does it mean that the little Indian girl looks so much like my own little Peggy."

The little princess raised her head from the pillow. "I—I want Joe Mattawan and Tom Molasses!" she said slowly. "Did I fall off the ice-boat? Will you take me home to my grandmother? She is Winne-Lackee, and I am Princess Wisla."

Dr. Brooks looked carefully at a scar on the princess' head, drawing the soft dark hair away from it. Then he went to the other side of the room and talked softly to Papa Piper whom Mama Piper had sent for to see the little Indian girl.

Dr. Brooks said the little Indian girl had been hurt sometime upon the head in such a way that it might have caused a loss of memory. There might be a bone pressing upon a certain part of her brain. A surgeon ought to be sent for.

They tried to take Mama Piper away from the bedside because she was growing so excited. Her hot tears had fallen upon the little dark face and in the same place where they had used warm water and a soothing wash to take the blood from the cut. And there was a light streak showing through the pokeberry stain.

"Oh, I believe she *is* my own little Peggy, although she doesn't know me!" cried poor Mama Piper.

Just at that moment old Winne-Lackee rushed into the room. No one had been able to keep her out. She had been anxious, because the boys kept Princess Wisla out so long, and so had come flying down the river on another ice-boat which she managed all by herself.

She was wrapped in a great sealskin blanket and wore a sealskin cap, beneath which her long gray hair blew wildly.

She snatched the little princess in her arms, and her fierce Indian face broke into a smile.

"She is not much hurt—Winne-Lackee's little Medwisla!" she said tenderly. She looked around the room and they could see her strong frame tremble.

"Winne-Lackee thanks you all for care you take of little Princess Wisla!" she said. She spoke with great dignity, but she could not keep her voice from shaking.

"Where did you get the child?" demanded Dr. Brooks.

Papa Piper stepped past Winne-Lackee and out at the door. He meant to prevent her from leaving the house with the child!

"Winne-Lackee's husband's son's child—born far out on Western prairies," she answered quickly. "Her father and grandfather both great chiefs—"

Then the old squaw seemed to think all at once what might happen. She rushed out of the room, passed Papa Piper on the stairs, and was out at the door before he could stop her.

Dr. Brooks held Peggy's father back when he would have rushed out after her.

"It is a matter for the law," he said, "and we may have a hard fight to get possession of the child! We must set a watch upon the Indian woman and not allow her to leave the island with the child again."

They talked possibilities over hastily, trying at the same time to comfort Peggy's mother who held the child's wraps that had been left behind and would not let them go out of her hands.

Phi and Sidney Brooks were running after old Winne-Lackee.

Suddenly, before she had been gone half an hour, old Winne-Lackee rushed into the Piper house again, and set little Princess Wisla down in Mama Piper's lap.

"Winne-Lackee not bring the princess back because she fear!" she said, with her head held high. "Old squaw fear nothing!—except to dream always of the white mother's face! Now she has seen the face she give back the child! Old squaw save her from the river. The child hurt her head when she went down and she never remember! But the child want to be little white girl, and she never love Winne-Lackee! When you want to send Winne-Lackee to prison you find her on the island!"

"A child-stealer deserves anything—everything!" cried Dr. Brooks almost fiercely, and both he and Papa Piper would have kept the old squaw to be sentenced to prison.

But Mama Piper begged them to let her go. "She saved Peggy's

life and she brought her back to me!" she said. "And she loved her!"

After an opiate had softly stolen Peggy's sense of pain away a surgeon removed the bit of broken bone that had made her forget.

When she came back to herself, after all was over, the very first thing Peggy said was this:

"It was my hair ribbon that I tried to reach with the oar. The water was so cold—and I went down, down! Who took me out? Oh, it must be tomorrow, now, and isn't it time for the launching?"

She was Peggy Piper again! And when it was time for the launching, on a beautiful May day, she was as strong and well and as *white* as ever.

I only wish there were space to tell you what a day that day was for all Pollywhoppet, especially for Grandpa in the fulfilment of his child-like hope; for true-hearted Phi, for Betty Brooks, whose bounding heart had quite forgotten its "Peggy ache," for Papa Piper who had grown suddenly young, for Mama Piper—but what Mama Piper felt is too great a thing to tell. Even old Winne-Lackee had understood that mother-love is the greatest thing in the world.

And Stumpy—who had been brought home to Peggy by Tom Molasses, seemed to come so near to wagging his tail off that Betty Brooks said she was really anxious about him!

Peggy had forgotten every bit about being little Princess Wisla, as once she had forgotten about being Peggy Piper.

Winne-Lackee disappeared from her island. No one knew where she went. But now and then beautiful presents come to Peggy with no sign to show where they come from or who sends them except, on the inside wrapping, the direction:

"To little Princess Wisla."

"It is so queer," says Peggy Piper, with a puzzled look in her eyes —"so awfully queer that little Princess Wisla means *me!*"

ON THE MAIN LINE.

The city's streets were thronged. Crowds of Christmas shoppers hurried to and fro. Electric lights from the big stores shone on their rosy and happy faces, and the younger ones laughingly shook the snow from their hair and capes. Charlie Wemper noted all this as, with his hand on the controller, he held the big suburban car in check. It was crowded to the doors as it started on its trip into the country with its human freight. The passengers were in a merry mood. They had remained until the last car and were going to their homes on the line, with their arms full of bundles and their hearts filled with good cheer.

All this swept through the brain of the tired motorman, and there was no answering smile as gay laughter reached him through the closed doors of the vestibule. Here it was Christmas eve. He had had fairly steady runs up to the time the summer business began to slack off, when

the time-table changed and he went on the board as first extra. A wife and two little ones at home had to be fed and clothed, and his twenty cents an hour, with an average of six hours a day, had not placed him in a position of affluence, nor enabled him to look forward to the glad Christmas time with any degree of joy. He thought of the scant supply of coal in the shed, the almost depleted larder, an empty purse, with pay day still more than a week off, and sighed to himself.

"Eight dollars and a half coming to me," he said, as he almost savagely swung around to six points. The car felt the current and sprang forward along the shining ribbons of steel which showed up in the glow of the headlight in the endless stretch of the white ahead.

The city had been left behind and the farm houses quickly slid back into the shadows as the car sped by. The shining rails no longer showed up ahead. It was all a dead level of white. The swiftly-falling snow had covered with its mantle the rails of the line, but the wheels still sunk through it and clutching the rail drank in the electric fluid. Thoroughly acquainted with the road, and with the car under perfect control, Wemper, one of the most careful, but also one of the newest men on the road, had no misgivings as he sped along the snow-covered way.

Suddenly ahead there was a bluish light which seemed to dance in the air. "What's this?" he exclaimed, as he sprang from his seat white as the driven snow which surrounded the car. He shut off the current and put on the air with such force as to bring the car almost to a standstill, and throw the passengers from their seats. Quickly the controller swung around and the car slowly started to move backward. To the man in the vestibule it seemed an age before the wheels began to revolve backward. The car was on a long but abrupt curve. Wemper knew what the bluish light meant. It was an inbound car coming toward him at full speed.

What caused the mixup Wemper did not know, but he did know that to be caught on that curve meant certain death to himself and the sixty odd passengers on the car. The headlight of the approaching car now loomed into view. It was coming at breakneck speed, but Wemper's car with its load of human beings was now also speeding backwards. There had been no order at the last telephone booth and the out-bound car was supposed to have a clear track. Whatever the error, it was a palpable fact that the coming car was upon him. There seemed to be no effort on the part of the man in the other vestibule to attempt to check the speed and the most Wemper could hope to do was to lessen the force of the collision. On came the opposite car until less than 100 feet off. It was one of the newest and most powerful on the road and Wemper's heart dropped as he realized the fact. The passengers by this time had ascertained they were speeding backward, and the conductor had his hands full striving to check the panic.

Looking now right into the vestibule of the opposing car, Wemper saw a livid face with glaring eyes. One strong, bony hand clutched the

controller, trying to force it still further around to get more speed. There was a terrible smile on the white face. The man was mad.

A cold sweat broke out on the forehead of Wemper. A cottage within which sat a woman smoothing the hair of a little boy while her body swayed gently to and fro as she lulled the baby to sleep, came before his vision. Who would fill the empty larder now? Who replenish the dwindling coal pile? A groan burst from him as they, pursuer and pursued, sped by the power station and back over the switch. There was no danger from behind and they dashed on back into darkness, leaving the sub-station keeper rooted to the spot with astonishment. The fatal race was drawing to a close. Not ten feet now intervened between the headlights of the two cars when suddenly there was pitch darkness. The speed of the cars slackened and the wild in-bound gently came upon the special. There was a crashing of glass as the two headlights, now dull and dark, came together, a slight jar and the danger was passed. The sub-station tender with a heaven-born gleam of common sense had stopped the machinery and turned off the power.

Springing from the vestibule as soon as he realized what had happened Wemper climbed into the vestibule of the other car, livid with rage at the danger into which the other motorman had placed him. There was no need for his anger, for it was a dead hand that held the controller, and the stare was one of combined madness and death. Not a living soul was on the in-bound car. Turning off the current, Wemper took the controller from the stiffening fingers and ran back to the sub-station, about a quarter of a mile, and the power was once more turned on.

During his absence the truth was discovered and when he came back to the well-lighted and comparatively uninjured car, a cheer went up. The men passengers grabbed him by the hand, while the women shed tears of gratitude. His own eyes moistened and a lump came in his throat as he thought of the cottage and its occupants.

Coupling the two cars the journey was resumed and the passengers began to get off. As they did so every one dropped something in a hat at the door. When the end of the run was reached, a man came forward. In his hand he held a hat which was stuffed full of bills and silver. Taking a slip of paper from his pocket the passenger folded it and turned it, with the other contents of the hat, into the cap of the astonished Wemper.

"Take this with a Merry Christmas and a God bless you from the passengers you saved from death," he said, and then left the car.

His eyes glistening, Wemper counted the treasure. There was over a hundred dollars in money. The slip of paper was the check of a prominent banker of the town at the end of the line for $100.

"A Christmas for the wee ones, after all," exclaimed Wemper, his face lighting up. "Here, Bill," he shouted to the conductor. "We go whacks on the cash."

Bill was loth to accept, but finally consented, and there were two merry Christmases on the Main Line.—Selected.

"Come here, Johnny—now stand perfectly still!"

JOHNNY'S CHRISTMAS TROUSERS.

(The True Story of a Famous Poet's First Pair.)

BY MINNIE A. MITCHELL.

PART I.

"Johnny—Johnny Lee!"

Now Mrs. Sharp, Johnny's mother, did not call him "Johnny Lee," in reality; but she shall here, and so will we though his name was *not* "Johnny Lee" by any means.

In from the woodshed dashed all three of Mrs. Sharp's children, falling over each other in their haste to reach her side, for they knew their mother's call meant that Johnny's trousers were done—his first pair, of which they had lived in eager anticipation ever since early fall—and now Christmas was nearly due!

Johnny's dresses had been simply hateful to him for the last year, and the title of "Sissy," given him by the boys on the street, seemed likely to fasten on him for life, in company with a sullen disposition, all on account of these same gingham and flannel dresses. The change to boys' clothes had been delayed for several reasons, the chief one being that Father's coat could not be spared to cut up until after the corn was husked. Another reason was that Johnny's mother had dreaded to begin on a job so complicated as the making of a pair of trousers—work of which she hadn't the slightest knowledge; for Johnny Lee was the only boy in the family.

The three children eagerly examined the wonderful garment. "Are they all done, Mammy?" Hannah asked.

"Goodness knows I hope so!" said Mrs. Sharp, as she unfastened Johnny's flannel dress. "But I guess," she added, as she buttoned on the little trousers, "they won't ever be taken for store pants! Walk over to the window, Johnny—there, stop right there. Hannah, don't you think the left leg seems a little the longest? Come here, Johnny—now stand perfectly still—don't twist about! There, that's better—don't you think so, Hannah?" she asked, as she pinned a small pleat near the waistband. "I had to cut this leg almost on the bias to get it out at all—Father had worn two holes through right close up to the sleeve, so I couldn't lay the pattern on straight—but I guess they'll do."

The little coat was next tried on. It was none the less precious because it was, in one sense, "ready-made," having already served Mamie as a jacket for two winters; now the white ruffles had been ripped from the sleeves, and the buttons had been changed for those on Father's old coat, so that it looked quite mannish.

Up and down the kitchen little Johnny patiently walked, wherever he was bidden, followed about by Hannah and Mamie until their mother suddenly remembered that the night-chores hadn't been done, whereupon both the girls disappeared into the woodshed.

Thus set at liberty, his mother having gone into the pantry, Johnny stopped short in his march, and his little hands went down to his sides. A blank look overspread his face. It was as he had feared—there were no pockets in his trousers.

"I'll be out in just a second to unbutton you," called his mother.

With a sick feeling at his little heart, Johnny stood where he was for a moment, then went into the woodshed. He met his sisters at the door, each with an armful of wood. It was his part of the night-chores to split the kindlings and fill the chip basket.

But Johnny didn't begin on the kindlings right off. He sat down on the splitting log. "What d' I care for pants without no pockets in 'em!" the little fellow groaned, his childish forehead cold and wet with the sweat of his trouble.

At his feet lay the new splitting ax his father had bought the day before. His eyes were fastened on it without seeming to see it. But all at once Johnny got up. A grim expression had come on his little face. He stepped cautiously to the door which led into the kitchen and made sure it was closed. The air was freezing cold, but this did not daunt him. He tugged and twisted at the buttons till he got the new trousers off, then folded them and smoothed them out on the splitting log.

Standing there with his little legs bare he seized the new ax, his blue eyes glittering black with his determination, raised it above his head, and taking aim brought it down with a thud.

Then, flinging it down, Johnny lifted his trousers and unfolded them—and, lo, there were some beautiful pocket holes!

The lamp was lighted and the tea-table set, when Johnny went back into the kitchen. He placed his basket of kindlings behind the

kitchen stove, and sat down himself on the end of the wood-box.

"Do your pants feel all right, Johnny-boy?" his mother asked lovingly, as she slipped the biscuits into the oven.

"Yes, Mother." Johnny replied.

"You can keep them on," said Mrs. Sharp, "if you'll be careful, till Father comes, so that—"

"He's coming now!" called out Mamie, at the window. "Stand up, Johnny, quick!"

Poor Johnny only clung tighter to the wood-box, but his sisters had him on his feet by the time his father entered; and then, before an admiring word could be spoken, Mamie gave a scream that struck through poor Johnny's soul.

"Why, Johnny Lee Sharp!" she cried. "What *have* you done to your new trousers! Mother! Mother!"

Instinctively poor little Johnny Lee Sharp sought to cover himself with his open palms—but it was the rear of his trousers that was attracting the family attention, for Hannah had seized him and turned him around—and there gaped two glaring holes! The next instant his hands were torn away, revealing two corresponding holes in front.

It was all over now with Johnny; anything could happen from a whipping to being sent up to bed. But something more terrible than either happened, for without a word his mother took off his trousers and holding them up removed the pins which roughly held two empty salt bags in place with their contents of strings and marbles! And then poor Johnny was once more clothed in the familiar flannel dress.

Through it all he had not shed a tear or uttered a word. The little fellow was too outraged for that! But now, suddenly he cried out, scowling from behind the stove on the whole family circle.

"There isn't a boy in the whole world," shouted he, "wivout a pocket in his pants!" And then, also suddenly, he remembered that since it was so near Christmas Santa Claus might be listening around, and he cried out again, determined on being as wicked as he could, "I don't care for your old Santa Claus!" And then he went on to revile Santa Claus. "He isn't such a much; he doesn't bring nuffin but ol' apples, and ol' rag dolls, an' dry old doughnuts—I don't want a doll—I isn't a girl!"

And here Johnny looked down on his flannel dress, his wrath increasing toward the monarch of Christmas.

"I don't believe there *is* a Santa!" he shouted. "Tommy Moore told me there isn't. Tommy Moore's got three pockets in his pants! Mammy makes the doughnuts her own self!" And then, catching Mamie's eye, Johnny's childish features drew into a dreadful grimace, and at this wicked sight of their dear little Johnny, Mamie began to cry, whereupon the little fellow in the flannel dress stamped away up stairs making all the noise he could.

By and by when his sisters came up, Johnny found it was his night to sleep in the middle, between Hannah and Mamie, and he declared

he was being crowded, and poked his feet out from under the covers to cool them, until at last, hoplessly, his sisters turned over, leaving him to be as wicked as he liked; and for some time Johnny lay with both his little feet out of bed, every now and then raising the coverlets to let in the cold air upon his sisters—the unhappiest little boy in the world!

PART II.

Johnny was beginning to feel sleepy, when the door into the next room opened softly and two little men dressed in furs from head to foot jumped up on the bed and beckoned to him.

"What you want?" asked Johnny savagely.

"We wish you to come up to the North Pole," they answered politely. "Mr. Santa has sent for you."

Johnny at once raised up in bed, and before he knew it was standing out on the floor. "Now I'll just see if there *is* a Santa Claus," said he to himself.

"You will please get into these fur overalls," said one of the little men, while the other little man tied a peaked hood under Johnny's chubby chin.

Then they whisked him through the door, out into the street, and tucked him into a tiny sleigh which stood there in waiting, hitched to four reindeer. The next moment Johnny was racing through space alongside the moon.

Suddenly the sleigh stopped beside a long building, and the driver pointed Johnny to an open door. "Go in," said he, "Santa is waiting."

Johnny went in; and there, wearing enormous overalls stood Santa Claus himself—frying doughnuts in an iron kettle such as his mother used in making soap. All around him were stacks of the finished cakes—the sight and smell of which made the little boy hungry.

"Gee, what a lot!" he exclaimed in such a joyful voice that Santa turned and eyed him.

"Well, Johnny Lee Sharp, it's you, is it?" said he. "You came in a hurry, didn't you? I'm much obliged. I need a pocket cutter in my trousers factory right off; when I saw the fine ones you cut in your own trousers I sent for you at once; but I'm sorry you made faces at your sister and have lost faith in me! Yet I agree with you, Johnny, that evey boy should have pockets in his clothes.

Laying down his fork Santa took Johnny by the hand and led him through room after room where Christmas work was going on, all very interesting; but when the trousers factory was reached the little fellow in the fur overalls thrilled with wonder, for never in his life had he seen such an array of little trousers.

"There's a pair for every little boy in the world, isn't there!" he whispered, almost bursting with delight.

"There was," Santa replied, placing his hand lovingly on the head of his little visitor.

Santa didn't explain, but led him up to a smooth block, and placed a bright new ax in his hand. Johnny took off his hood at once and began chopping holes for pockets; and what a lot there were! Dozens of little men carried the trousers away in piles to have the pockets set in as fast as Johnny had them ready.

"Can't I rest a little?" he asked, after he had chopped a long time.

"If you do," said the superintendent, "we won't get several trousers done for Christmas. Be a little more careful if you can—you've cut the pockets in the knees of the last three pair!"

Just as it began to grow dark the last pair of trousers were chopped, and Johnny dropped his ax and wiped his forehead.

At that moment Santa came in with a gay yellow dress and laid it down on the chopping block.

"Who is that for?" cried Johnny frantically, but no one answered, for all were attending to Santa Claus' packing orders

"Your sack," said Santa, addressing a man near him, "goes to Mr. Brown's children in Raysville; give each child two apples and two doughnuts, a rag doll for the girl, and trousers all around for the boys."

Johnny's eyes and ears were opened. Johnny lived in Raysville. Mr. Brown was their next-door neighbor.

Then his father's name was called. "Give each of the Sharp children," said Santa, "apples and doughnuts; put in also china dolls for the girls, for they are very good children. I'm sorry to not send the trousers we made for the boy, but he has been naughty of late—therefore I must send him that yellow dress instead. I'm sorry, for—"

Santa's speech was left unfinished for Johnny sprang forward and was crying out, "Don't put in the yellow dress. Santa! please don't!" when some one shook him by the shoulder, very gently. "Wake up, children—breakfast is ready," said Mrs. Sharp.

Johnny felt queer to find himself at home as usual, but he hurried down into the warm kitchen, in his shirt, his little flannel dress on his arm.

"Johnny," said his mother, taking the dress from his hands, "I mended your pants last night, and you can put them right on and wear them. You will never wear dresses again, my Johnny-boy!" She held up the trousers with four rough scars where the holes had been. "I'll sew some pockets in tonight—I clean forgot them!" she added.

This might have comforted Johnny somewhat—he did love his mother for it—if he had not know that Santa Claus was going to bring him that yellow dress!

Many schemes came into Johnny's mind, and finally he resolved to get Willy Smith to write a letter for him to Santa Claus.

Johnny went over to Willy's after breakfast, and told him the whole story out in the back yard.

Willy looked thoughtful. "Of course I'll do it," said he. "I reckon you didn't dream it, did you?"

Johnny declared it was no dream.

So Willy wrote as moving a letter as he could.

"Dear Santa Claus," it ran, "ever since Johnny Lee Sharp was up to your house he has been worried. He told me he cried three times since breakfast 'bout that yeller dress. He said if you don't bring it he'd let you have all his marbles to give to poor children. If you knowd how a fellow'd feel in a dress you wouldn't ask him to. He's sorry he ever said you wasn't a Santy Claus, cause now he knows you are for sure. He's so worrit, he says he wish they wasn't no crismus this year 'cause then you couldn't bring that dress!

Yours truly, William Alexander Smith."

Nothing was heard from Santa however, and Johnny grew gloomy. He told Willy that Santa Claus was a very nice man, but if he'd made up his mind to bring that yellow dress, he'd bring it!

At last Christmas Eve arrived. The Sharp children hung up their stockings and retired early.

Toward morning something wakened Johnny and he raised his little red head and looked about. The stairway door into the kitchen was open, and the lamp shone in. Johnny was seized with a desire to see if Santa had been there yet, and finally he crept down into the kitchen and up to the row of stockings where he found a little dress hanging beside them. He took the dress down and carried it to the light and looked at it closely.

"Yes, sir, it's the one—it's yellow!" he muttered, and his face flushed angrily. "I didn't think he'd be so mean! But I won't wear it—I won't!"

Johnny sat down and drew on his stockings, pinned his mother's shawl on his head and taking the dress he stole out into the woodshed. Over by the splitting-log, lay crouched a dragon with forty heads and forty eyes all winking at once. Johnny had intended to stuff the dress under the log, but he threw it into the ash barrel and reached the kitchen door again just in time to shut it against the dragon now close at his heels.

Christmas morning the Sharp household was early astir, all save Johnny Lee who staid in bed, seized with a fear that Santa's eyes might have been upon him, and that he might have restored the yellow dress to its nail.

A sudden cry from Hannah brought him bounding down into the warm kitchen. "Oh, Johnny Lee! see the lovely pants Santa has brought you; a new pair with three nice pockets!"

"An' they isn't a yellow dress there, Hannah?"

Johnny's own eyes assured him there wasn't. "Santa was just a-fooling!" he shouted joyfully, taking the new trousers.

But Johnny's pleasure vanished the very next minute. Little Mamie had broken out into sobs.

"Mother! Santa hasn't brought me a thing! Everything's for Hannah and Johnny!"

Mrs. Sharp hurried out from the pantry. "Oh, yes he has, Mamie!" she said, searching among the scattered every-day garments, for the children were running about only half dressed, as yet. Mr. Sharp, too, joined in the search; but nothing was found for Mamie—and astonishment grew on their faces.

Mrs. Sharp took the weeping little girl into her arms. "Santa certainly brought you a new dress, Mamie," she said. "I saw it hanging right here with my own eyes! Don't cry so—we'll find it directly!"

"A new dress?" Johnny repeated. "Santa brought Mamie a new dress?"

Slowly the truth was dawning on the little fellow. He had taken his sisters dress to be the one for himself which Santa had threatened to bring—but now he felt certain it must be Mamie's new Christmas dress that he had hidden out in the woodshed!

Poor Johnny! with his beautiful warm trousers hanging over his arm he crept into his place of refuge behind the stove.

"I dasn't tell, or they'll take my pants away," he thought.

But Mamie's grief touched him sorely. Pretty soon he laid his trousers down and went out. It was beginning to grow red in the east, and the roosters were crowing. Going into the woodshed, he found the dress where he had thrown it in the night. Picking it up and giving it a shake, he opened the kitchen door a crack and called Mamie.

"I guess this is your dress Santa brought!" he said, thrusting the dusty little robe into the arms of the bewildered child; and then he ran with all his might back into the shed.

Presently Mr. Sharp found Johnny.

"Come and eat your breakfast, sonny—you needn't be afraid," he said, as he saw Johnny shrink away from him. "You can tell us all about it tomorrow if you want to—but to day is Christmas day, and we're all going to be happy."

Feeling very guilty, Johnny Lee entered the kitchen behind his father and retired back of the stove; but his mother smiled upon him brightly, and Hannah warmed his wash-water, and both the girls helped him with his new suit. Catching Mamie's eye he whispered, "Say, what is the color of your new dress?"

"Why, it's red—don't you know red?" said Mamie.

Johnny shook his head. "I wish I'd a knowd it—I wish I'd a knowd that yellow dress was red!" he said.

However, in spite of Johnny's troubles, the Sharp family was happy all day, as Mr. Sharp said they would be—Johnny's beautiful new Christmas trousers alone would have made them joyful.

And ever afterward Johnny Sharp maintained that there was a Santa. "There is," said he, "and I've seen him, an' he'd split hisself but what he'd give every little fellow like us the things they want—he'd jus' split hisself but he'd do it!"

THE WONDERFUL NIGHT.

"Father, am I old enough to go back with you to the fields tomorrow?"

The speaker, a stout lad in shepherd's garb as nearly like his father's as the difference in size would make, threw back his shoulders and made much of himself.

"Why, yes," replied the father, his eyes measuring the boy's height right proudly, "I should think you might if the mother is willing. We will soon have to fold the sheep anyway."

The mother being willing, father and son trudged along together. The father was refreshed by his brief visit home, even though procured by sickness, and cheered by the company of his full-lifed young son. Moreover, there was comfort for the physical man in the wallet, filled with good fresh bread of his wife's baking, cheese from his own cow and oil from the tree under which his children had crawled and played.

But the shepherd was anxious about his sheep. He had left them with an hireling, and as he thought of this his steps involuntarily quickened until the lad Joseph's busy tongue needed to stop its wagging and save breath to keep pace with him. It was nearing noon when the father's observant eyes began to rove back and forth over the wide stretches of green through which they were passing. At length, catching a glimpse of sheep in the distance, he began to call—a low, loving, prolonged call embodying the names of those sheep who were accustomed to follow at his heels as he led the way to better pasture or to the well for water.

As he uttered the sound one white head after another lifted and a questioning chorus of distant "Baa-ba-a-ba-a-s" responded. Then the whole flock ran toward him, and in their mute gladness, crept close for the touch of his hand.

Young Joseph could scarcely contain his delight at this manifestation of their intelligent affection. But the shepherd's anxious eye was still scanning the flock, calling:

"Leah, Leah, my good old ewe!"

No joyous "ba-a" answered this call and the others seemed even to grow silent a moment that he might know for certain Leah was not there.

When convinced of the fact he hastened on to where the drowsy hireling was starting up from a nap and demanded sternly: "Where is my Leah, my best old ewe?"

"I know not," the young man replied shamefacedly. "She has been two days missing and I can't find her."

"Have you looked faithfully—" the old shepherd began in some heat, an indignant wrath Joseph had never seen his father show before. But it quickly passed and he added softly:

"If the sheep were your own you would understand why I care so much. Rest here, lad, I will find her, if she be yet alive."

He soon returned, carrying Leah in his arms, for she had fallen in a ravine and broken her leg. The hireling was permitted to remain and assist in dressing the wounded limb, then he was dismissed with the gentle reproof:

"Be more faithful next time with that which is another's and you will sooner have that which is your own."

When the shades of night had fallen father and son sat down on the grassy sward facing each other and drew their cloaks about them, for, although the days were warm, the nights began to hint of approaching winter. The white fleeces crowded near, wounded Leah lying close beside the shepherd. The stars gleamed in eastern brilliance in the darkening sky and not a sound broke the deep, restful stillness. Anon Joseph said:

"Father tell me again of the 'Wonderful Night.' I can understand better now with the sheep and the stars and the darkness."

The sober outlines of the shepherd's face relaxed into a sweet, solemn joy, as it always did when he thought of it, and he gladly rehearsed once again the wonderful story which never lost its freshness or its interest for father or son.

"Twelve years ago tonight," he began, "and just such a night as this, a moonless darkness in which the stars grew brighter and brighter every moment. I had just been my rounds to assure myself all was well, and lay stretched upon the ground full length to rest and watch. I had been thinking of the Messiah who had been promised so long, repeating some of the prophecies concerning him, and my heart went up to Jehovah in the cry, 'How long, O Lord, how long?'

"Something seemed to touch me, and I saw standing over me a bright being such as appeared unto Abraham and Jacob and Gideon. A brightness greater than of the noonday sun seemed to make all the world visible. I was terribly afraid. But a voice said gently: 'Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.'

"As the angel ceased speaking suddenly it appeared as if each star had turned to an angel. The whole heavens and the air all about were full of them singing and praising God."

As the father paused a moment the boy crept closer in his eagerness and questioned: "And what did they sing?"

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.' "

" 'Peace, good will toward men!' " he repeated thoughtfully.. "That was why you were kind to the hireling who suffered Leah to be in pain and distress so long?"

"Yes."

For a few seconds both looked silently up at the stars. Then the boy leaned down on his elbow and waited for the remainder of the story.

"As the last angel disappeared into the heavens and their song died sweetly away in the distance I arose and girded my garments about me.

"While thus engaged another shepherd came up, and another and another. Each had seen the wonderful vision. And we said one to another: 'Let us go to Bethlehem and see what it meaneth, this that the Lord hath made known to us. For verily the Messiah hath come?"

"Straightway we went to Bethlehem. We sought Him not in the fine houses, for the sign was—a babe in the manger. Therefore we betook us to the stables of the inns, all crowded as they were with the horses, camels and oxen of those who had come to their ancestral city to be taxed according to the command of the emperor.

"At last we found Him—the Babe in the manger.

"A week before a messenger had come to bring me tidings of the birth of another babe, and I had hastened home to bless my little Joseph."

For a moment the father turned his eyes tenderly on his only son.

"The Babe in the manger was no prettier than my boy—yet—there lingered about Him a strange, marvelous brightness and His eyes seemed to pierce the secrets of my soul. With one accord we fell on our knees and worshiped Him."

"And that is all?" wistfully. 'You have never seen Him since?"

"No . The next time I came nigh to Bethlehem with the sheep I went in to inquire of Him and learned of the terrible massacre of the babes at the command of Herod."

"Do you think the babe in the manger could have been killed?" the lad asked, as eager and anxious as if he had never heard the story before.

"I cannot think so," the father replied.

"Do you believe we will ever see Him again?"

"I do not believe God sent us the good tidings that wonderful night only to disappoint and grieve us. Of this much I am sure. If we live up to the revelation He has given us, He will give us the more."

"As you did," the boy's eyes glistened.

"As I try to do."

"If I could but see Him once—our little King!' 'the boy breathed wistfully.

Joseph's first lesson as a shepherd was short, for in a few weeks the weather was colder and the sheep were taken to the home fold. But now another era of his life approaches. In the coming month of Nisan he is to attend his first Passover.

A Jewish boy's first Passover was the time of his life. From then

he was accounted a "son of the law" and expected to take part in religious duties of his own accord.

Through all the inspiring preparations for the feast Joseph could not forget the babe in the manger. There were so many things to wonder about. He, a shepherd's child, had been born in his own home; the little Messiah in a stable. He dreamed over at night the horror of all those little dead babies. Why had God let it be? and was the little Messiah one of them? His father did not think so. Perhaps God let Him be born in the stable to keep the cruel men from finding Him, or, maybe He had been hidden from them in some other way as little Moses was. Even if the Babe had been killed could not Jehovah make it be born again?—or—send another? But no—it did not seem as if there could be another.

At every thought of their trip to Jerusalem a vague hope stirred the boy's heart that in going out of their quiet world, duty-led, they might hear something of the Babe in the manger, and the great yearning desire to see the little Savior, over whose birth His father had heard the angels singing, grew and grew.

Familiar as was the account of the Passover in Egypt, it became a new story to Joseph, as it always must when depicted in the impressive, symbolic ceremonies of the great feast.

When all was over Joseph begged to remain yet a little longer, though the hope of his heart was growing dim. Among all the devout worshipers in Jerusalem, none spoke, or, as far as he could tell, concerned themselves about the Babe in the manger.

In one of the porches of the temple they came one day upon a group of rabbis.

"They may be talking about Him now, for surely they know, these wise men of our nation!" he thought, and pressed eagerly forward.

As he drew near he saw in their midst a boy no older than himself. Every eye was turned toward Him, every ear listening and intent, for He seemed to answer wisely all the questions asked of Him until even the elders marveled greatly.

Joseph's heart thrilled. Could not this lad who knew so much tell them what had become of the Babe in the manger?

But while Joseph waited respectfully a fitting oportunity to speak, a distressed mother appeared on the scene exclaiming:

"Son why hast Thou thus dealt with us? Behold, Thy father and I have sought Thee sorrowing!"

The strange little lad turned to her, nothing lacking of the reverent mien a Jewish boy owes his mother, yet His face ashine with the consciousness of a mission to which even His mother must yield, and, lifting His eyes significantly toward heaven said tenderly:

"Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

At this the shepherd whispered in his son's ear:

"It is He—the Babe of whom the angels sang!"

Involuntarily Joseph glanced around for the manger—until now

it had not occurred to him the Babe, if alive, would have out-grown its cradle—then back at the beautiful face of the boy.

THE BOY JESUS AND THE DOCTORS.

In that moment his soul was knit to Him in a life-long allegiance. He longed to cast himself at His feet and worship as his father had done. But while he hesitated the young stranger walked quietly off with His mother.

When and how should they see Him again? The thoughts of the shepherd's son went out after the other with an insatiable longing. And yet, as they turned their faces homeward young Joseph's heart was full of holy joy, for had not his first Passover been crowned with a sight of the Messiah—the Babe of whom the angels sang on that wonderful night?—Selected.

Sing a song of Christmas,
  When hearts are at their best:
Sing a song of Christmas,
  When selfishness doth rest.
When the child within us
  Opens wide our heart
That, in each man's pleasure,
  All may feel a part.

—Selected.

KEESA DOAHBY'S CHRISTMAS SONG.

BY RUTH EVERETT BECK.

KEESA SINGING HER BEST.

Keesa Doahby lived in a little two-roomed government house on the Kiowa Indian reservation before it was opened to settlement. She played out of doors with her baby brother almost all day long and never a care had crossed her path till one day her father came in with the news that in a few days more Keesa must start to school.

Now the school was a fine place to visit, especially at Christmas time; but Keesa did not like the idea of going there to stay and sleeping away from home, of having a round of duties and of being allowed to play during certain hours only; so she sulked a little and said she did not want to go.

But her father said she must go because the Agent had spoken of it, and if she were not started in school soon a policeman would be sent to take her there.

Therefore, about a week later, Keesa was carefully dressed in her cunning little buckskin suit trimmed with over five hundred priceless elk teeth and many beads, and fringed at the bottom of the skirt and at the ends of the sleeves. Her hair, which had been undergoing a week of most rigorous treatment in order that the matron would not cut it when she got to school, was neatly braided and tied with a pink ribbon. She looked very pretty as her father lifted her up into the wagon beside her chest of trinkets, her mother and her baby brother.

They drove over many miles of the Oklahoma prairie, but at last they came to the trader's store, and there a few rods farther on was the boarding school, with the laundry, the blacksmith's shop and its many other buildings around it.

This little school village was not new to Keesa nor to her parents. They often visited their cousins there, but the Indian father looked at it this time with new thoughts for he was going to leave his little girl for the first time. Probably Keesa's mother felt bad, too, but when the father speaks the Indian mother knows it is not her place to object. Besides father and mother both had been to the Carlisle Indian school so they knew that it was for Keesa's own good that she should be left there.

The little girl was welcomed as were all the others; the matron took her in charge, brought out a pretty red flannel dress and other articles of clothing that some girl of last year had outgrown, took Keesa's cherished elk-tooth embroidery and leggins and packed them in with her trinkets, then dressed her as a white girl. Keesa looked into the mirror then turned to the matron with a smile.

"I al-ready can speak some Englis'," she said, with the queer little soft accent all Indian children have.

That of course made it much easier for Keesa, and as she knew all the Indian songs and the songs the dear little missionaries had taught the Kiowas, she was soon put forward to sing in an entertainment.

Oh, but her heart beat like a tom-tom, when out came the Agent and several other people, the night of the entertainment.

The more Keesa thought about it, the more Keesa feared to stand up to sing before all those people and the rest of the school.

"I will not do it," she finally decided; but she did not tell her teacher of her decision.

"One more rehearsal at five o'clock," she heard the principal teacher say. And at five o'clock all those who sang or recited filed into the chapel to practice. Every one else went through his or her part rapidly till it came to Keesa Doahby.

"Now Keesa, let us hear 'Little John Bottle John'," said the teacher.

Keesa did not move from her seat.

"Come Keesa," persuasively said the teacher.

The little Kiowa's eyes seemed glued to the wall in front of her.

In astonishment the teacher said, "Keesa? You? Why I thought you would never fail us!" But Keesa still appeared to be both deaf and dumb.

The teacher in charge was so exasperated that she was obliged to step into the hall to calm her temper; for this habit of obstinacy is the worst of all in dealing with Indian children, the hardest to conquer. But in a moment the teacher returned with a smile and asked for a song by the school.

Keesa didn't quite enjoy this. She really did not want to sing, but she had hoped to be asked to do so, asked a great many times, too! But nobody said a word about it again. The rehearsal was over soon and the children passed out.

By the time supper was over, Keesa was nearly wild for fear she would not have a chance to sing, and at the last moment as the girls, all dressed in their best blue dresses, filed into the chapel, Keesa whispered as she passed her teacher, "I will sing it, the song, tonight if you ask me."

The teacher smilingly said, "No, I shall not call on you, Keesa."

Keesa winked back her tears and took her seat. She was hardly conscious of what was going on about her, until she heard her name called by the music teacher. Then she noticed that it was not her own teacher who was reading the program.

"Now, Keesa Doahby will sing to us about 'Little John Bottle John'," she heard announced.

Would she? Keesa Doahby braced herself obstinately in her seat. She glanced in the direction of the place in which her teacher usually stood only to find that she was not in the room—at least not where the little girl could see her.

Maybe she wouldn't ask her again! As this sickening idea came over her, Keesa stood up and in a moment more she was facing the school and the guests, and singing her best.

As she saw how pleased every one seemed, the little Kiowa's face grew crimson for she well knew how naughty she had been. When the evening was over, she made her way hastily to her own teacher and whispered, "Please escuse me!" then flew back to her place in line and marched up to the dormitory.

That night all the teachers met to talk with the Agent. He was loud in his praise of little Keesa Doahby's song.

"And the beauty of the whole thing was the unhesitating way in which the timid little thing came forward," he said.

And when he had heard the story of her behavior and of the apology, he said, "Bless her little heart! I shall remember that!"

When Christmas came Santa Claus sent many boxes to the boarding-school, and the Agent sent another. The Agent's box contained a little doll for each girl and a toy for each boy.

When the beautiful tree was all trimmed, and the eyes that had been trying to peep in at the curtained windows of the chapel all day had feasted themselves on the scene, every little pupil girl drew a breath of ecstasy as she looked up at the top of the tree; for there, high above all the others, was a large and most beautiful doll from Paris.

"Whose can it be? I know it is not for me," said every little girl, with hope in her heart in spite of her words.

And because everyone was so curious, of course that tree was stripped of every other thing, of even every sack of candy, before that wonderful doll was touched!

Then the teacher got a tall boy to take it down, after which she read from the card attached: "To my little Songstress Keesa Doahby, for conquering herself."

Then followed the name of one of the best friends the Kiowas ever had, that of the acting Indian Agent then, now a famous brigadier general.

As Keesa put her much-admired doll along with her buckskin suit in the chest, she said, "'For conquering herself?' What mean that? I thought for 'Little John Bottle John.'"

PANSY'S MOTHER'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY ALICE MAY DOUGLASS.

PANSY.

Pansy's real name was Lettie, but her mother called her Pansy because she was bright-faced like the pansy flower.

Pansy and Rhoda—Rhoda was Pansy's most intimate friend and lived across the street—were talking of Christmas over by Rhoda's gate, and Rhoda said, "My mother says that on Christmas, if we can, we must give people what they want the most of anything."

"But how can we tell what they want the most of anything?" asked Pansy, and then, after a moment, suddenly looked guilty.

"Oh, we most always know about our own folks anyway," said Rhoda. "We hear them talking."

"Yes," said Pansy, frankly, "we do. I know one thing my Mama wants, for I've heard her say it a hundred times—oh, such a lot of times! But *you* can't guess what it is!"

"What's the use of trying then?" laughed Rhoda.

"I'll be shamed to tell," said Pansy, "but it's just this. You know how I like to have my own way?"

"Sure," said Rhoda, mischievously.

Pansy laughed too, but in a moment she was serious again. "I do believe what my mother wants most of anything in the world is to have me *give in!*" she said.

"I shouldn't be surprised," said Rhoda.

"Yes, of course you've seen me and know how I act," said Pansy, the color of a very deep-red pansy flower. Then she went on bravely, "When I want to have my own way, and get into one of my tantrums, Mama says, 'Lettie, can't you give in? I'd rather have you just give in than to have anything else in the world!'"

"And *can't* you give in?" asked Rhoda, curiously.

"It's likely I can, if I want to," she said. "I'm not so horrid that I *can't* be good, Miss Rhoda Green! I don't like you very much, Rhoda Green!"

And then the saucy little Rhoda Green began to cry, and turned away, and Pansy began to cry too, and she started to run across to her side of the street, and Rhoda started to go into her own house. When Pansy saw that, she stopped. "You haven't heard it all," she called.

"I intend to give in on Christmas day. That will be my present to Mama, and what she wants the most of anything, just as your mother said."

"But you may not have a tantrum on Christmas!" called back Rhoda, with a naughty little laugh. And then the little girls separated and went home.

The next morning, Christmas morning, after they had wished each other "Merry Christmas!" Pansy put her arms around her mother, where she stood by the stove frying slices of chicken breast to a golden brown. "I *can* 'give in,' Mama! Of course I can, and I am going to!" she said. "That's my Christmas present to you, Mama!"

The morning after, when Pansy was reading in a new Christmas book, her mother hurriedly asked her to run over to the bakery and bring some fresh rolls, and little Pansy laid her book down and went at once, though to stop in the middle of a story was nearly sure to bring on a tantrum!

Rhoda waylaid her at the gate, across the street. "Did you give your Christmas present?" she called. "*Could* you?"

Pansy answered with a little toss of her head. "Why, of course I could," said she, "and I just 'joyed to give it!"

For when Pansy gave a thing she gave it for good and all.

It has been nearly a year now, and Pansy has not had a tantrum since Christmas last.

KEEPING CHRISTMAS.

It is a good thing to observe Christmas Day. The mere marking of times and seasons when men agree to stop work and make merry together is a wise and wholesome custom. It helps one to feel the supremacy of the common life over the individual life. It reminds a man to set his own little watch, now and then, by the great clock of humanity.

But there is a better thing than the observance of Christmas Day, and that is, *keeping Christmas.*

Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people and remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background and your duties in the middle distance and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellow men are just as real as you are, and to try to look behind their faces to their hearts, hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness—are you willing to do these things even for a day? *Then you can keep Christmas.* * * *

And if you keep it for a day, why not always?

But you can never keep it alone.—Henry Van Dyke.

WATCHING FOR SANTA.

The babies have hung up their stockings all right—
And, if only they can keep awake through the night,
I'm sure they will see a wonderful sight!

THE SNOW MAN.

BY H. S. KELLER.

"The snow is just right for a fort or a snow-man," said Tommy Tucker, as the boys halted at his gate Saturday afternoon. As he spoke he made a ball and aimed at a post across the street, hitting it with nicety.

Should it be a fort or a snow-man? The question was settled that it should be a snow-man, and the place to build him was agreed upon. They presently started toward the vacant lot some distance away, when Tommy halted and said:

"Boys, there's a little fellow who lives in that big house down the street. I've seen him sitting by a window often. He looks sick and thin. Let's go and build the snow-man so he can have fun up in his window watching us."

As Tommy was usually the prime mover, the rest of the lads joined in, retraced their steps down the street and halted before the wide gate.

"I'm going to ask if we can't build a snow-man in their front yard," said Tommy. "You wait here." Tommy was a plucky fellow, and running up the steps, rang the bell and said to the maid who answered it:

"I would like to see the little boy's mother."

"For what? She is very—"

"I know what you mean, but please tell her that Tommy Tucker wants to see her."

"And who is Tommy Tucker?" asked a gentle, low voice as a sweet-faced woman came from a cheery room off the hall. The maid stepped aside, and for a moment the boy was a little confused.

"I am just Tommy Tucker," he said. "The boys out there at the gate and I want to build a big snow-man in your yard. We want the sick boy in the window to have some fun. So we'd like to build it where he can see us do it. We won't spoil a single bush nor do any harm."

The mother's face grew soft and tender as the rosy-cheeked boy spoke. They wanted to do something to please and amuse the little sick boy up-stairs. They wanted the poor "kept-in" to have fun in a window. Her eyes grew moist as she said:

"You may build forty snow-men in the yard if you do it to please my little boy. Have your fun out there, and I shall see that the little boy has his fun in the window."

Tommy thanked her and ran down to the gate and told his comrades of his success.

The boys waved their hands to the pale-faced boy, who was presently wheeled to the window and leaned upon the sill. He waved his hand back, and gave them a smile so sweet that they redoubled their sport just to please him.

Such an affair had never taken place before in that yard. A half-dozen fellows rolling up big snowballs, building snow-men and working like beavers! The little boy in the window clapped his thin hands and shouted; his eyes sparkled, and a rosy glow came upon his cheeks as he watched the lads below.

They fashioned two big snow-men in the attitude of boxers. They made a soldier with a broomstick at present arms. And when they made a giant policeman with a boy under his arm, he covered his face with his hands and laughed as he had not done in a long time. Then they built close to the walk a funny old woman.

"This beats having our fun all alone," said Tommy Tucker, as he worked at the figure briskly. Just then a young man came out of a store, ran to the gate and handed one of the boys a big, old-fashioned sunbonnet and said: "Put that on the head, boys. You're having a lot of fun."

When this was put on the old woman's head, and she stood there in all her glory, the boy in the window drew himself up close by the pane and clapped his hands and shouted. The mother was close by his side, with one arm about him, joining in with his fun.

The yard was full of snow-men; indeed, there was not enough snow left to make a tiny little one two feet high. The boys waved their hands to the little fellow above and turned to leave, when the big front door opened and the maid came out and said:

"You are all to come in and have lunch."

"But our feet are quite wet!"

"You are all to come in, just the same," was the response. She led the boys down the beautiful hall, and they were invited up-stairs to the little boy's room, where he and his mother entertained them with books, pictures and other things. Then the little boy shook hands with each of the lads, and thanked them all for remembering him.

"Boys," said Tommy Tucker, as he led the way to the street, "I've had more fun today than I ever had." And they all agreed that they had never enjoyed anything so much.—From the Youth's Companion.

TWO WAYS OF TRAVEL.

(A True Story.)

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

The long train drew into the "Dinner Station" and hungry people began to bestir themselves. Families and couples and single persons stepped briskly down the aisle and across the broad platform toward the Dinner. Frances and Bruce and Willie Wisp were hungry people but they did not bestir themselves. Their dinner was in the basket in mother's seat and did not begin with a capital D— only splendid ones eaten at round tables, in great rooms with waiters flying about, began with capitals.

"Oh dear," softly sighed Frances, "I wish we were rich!"

"So do I," sighed Bruce, but not softly. "Then we'd go 'cross there too, and eat our dinner out of plates and knives and forks."

"And we'd step down out of our parlor-car,—not this common-car,—and when the conductor said, 'All aboard!' we'd fold up our napkins like everything and run back to the parlor-car and sit in big, soft seats.

Frances' eyes were wistful, she was thinking especially of Loubelle Weir. Loubelle was in the parlor-car or else across there in the great clattery, chattery, station restaurant. They had seen her get on the train, stepping daintily in her beautiful white clothes. Her mother and a maid had walked behind her. Then the parlor-car had hidden her, and they themselves had stepped up onto this common-car, with mother and the big basket behind.

"Dinner's ready!" mother called from her seat. She had a white towel spread on the seat beside her, and grandmother's biscuits and cookies and little round tarts laid out on it. She was smiling gayly.

The three children crossed the aisle and sat down facing mother. They were hungry and grandmother's things tasted good, but there was a little bitter flavor to them all, just as if grandmother had made a mistake and flavored them with extract of envy instead of vanilla. While they sat and soberly munched, they were thinking of Loubelle Weir and her dinner with a capital D, and of the parlor-car.

"I wish we would travel 'ristocratic'ly!" burst out Bruce at length, unable to restrain himself. "I wish we were in parlor-car. I don't like traveling in common cars."

"I don't either," Frances agreed, a little less tumultuously. "I'd rather have a white dress on and sit in a lovely cushioned chair with plenty of room."

"I'd ravver, too—so'd I ravver," chimed in Willie Wisp, eager to join the majority. "I wanter travel in a cushion chair."

"Then we'd be with the nicest kind of folks," Frances took it up again, "not with all kinds like this. It would be lovely to be with the nicest kind."

"I know," Bruce cried, "we'd go on a flyer then and just fly! Wouldn't we go on a flyer, mother, if we were rich? We wouldn't go creeping along this way, would we? No, sir!"

"How would you like to travel at the rate of two miles an hour—in a cupboard—with the pigs?"

The children turned like one child. The voice was deep and pleasant and came from directly behind. A kind old face, framed in white hair and beard, was nodding at them over the seat-back.

"Well, how would you like that?" repeated the deep voice. "Because I know of three children that traveled that way. They were relatives of mine."

The people from the resturant were drifting back into the car, but the children did not see them. They only saw the kind old man who said such remarkable things. His relatives—in a cupboard—with pigs!

And he was such a nice-looking old man and did not look poor at all. It did not seem possible that his relatives—

"If you are through with your dinner and your mother is willing, come into my seat and I will tell you how it happened," the deep voice went on pleasantly.

As they went they had a glimpse through the window of Loubelle Weir crossing the station platform daintily behind.

"It was quite a little while ago—about a hundred and fifty years," the old gentleman, began, his eyes twinkling down at them. "My great-grandmother was about as old as you, I should say," nodding at Frances, "and she had two brothers younger still. Her father and mother moved from one little town to another. There were no railroads, and they must go in carts drawn by gentle, plodding oxen —all the family and all the furniture too.

"And the children—the story has come down very straight—did not go in the parlor 'cart.' There was a huge old cupboard with a door above and a door below, with a partition between the divisions. It is in existence now. I have seen it many a time. Well, the children's father laid this great cupboard down on its back in the ox-cart and proceeded to pack the three children in one of its compartments, and the pigs"—the old gentleman paused dramatically—"the pigs in the other!

"And that was the way they traveled all the way to the new home—jog-jog, jog-jog, jog-jog. They must have bumped about and the pigs must have squealed. How would you have liked that? Not a very luxurious way to travel, was it? But, do you know, I rather expect those three little shavers thought it was great fun. Thought they were traveling in style, most likely! And the pigs—it must have been a great day for the pigs!"

Frances and Bruce and little Willie Wisp went back soberly to their own seats. They had forgotten Loubelle and the maid and the dinner with a capital D. Back and forth across their minds jogged a great ox-car with a huge cupboard inside, on its back, and in one end were three children and in the other end were pigs. They could hold their breaths and almost hear the children laugh and the pigs squeal. It was an interesting story that the deep-voiced, kind-faced, twinkly-eyed old man had told.

"What a comfortable car this is!" Frances said, by and by.

"How fast we go—most fly!" said Bruce.

"And there are such nice folks in the car."

"And nobody in the other end is squealing.

THE STORY OF SPARKLE.

A WATER BABY.

BY ALICE M. HASKELL.

Sparkle was a tiny fellow, with a silvery, shining coat, trimmed with the daintiest, filmy, lacey things—fins of course—and he had two bright eyes that looked like little jewels. Perhaps his family name was Trout, or it might have been Minnow, or even Bass—he was so tiny it was hard to tell, and he hadn't the strong resemblance to his parents that some children have, but he was a sprightly, active water baby, and almost as soon as he was born he began to take an interest in things, and look for himself. For you must know that little fishes have to shift for themselves from the very first. There is no loving mother to care for them, and get them nice things to eat, and watch and protect them from danger, for there are so many children in the Fish families that the mothers do not know their own babies from any others.

Many of the little fishes are devoured by the larger ones, but Sparkle was quick and watchful. He kept out of the way of the big fishes, and when any danger threatened him he dodged around a pebble, or hid himself in some shadow, or kept so quiet that the enemy passed and didn't see him.

Now, Sparkle had a better chance for life than many fishes, for he was hatched in Croton Reservoir. If he had stayed there he might have lived a long life among his brothers and sisters and cousins, and you wouldn't have heard of him at all. There were not many large fish in the reservoir, and not many dangers. I think upon the whole he must have had some very good times, but he was ambitious, and perhaps he was braver than his mates. Anyway, he was very independent, and that was how it happened that he started out to see the world, for though he was so tiny, he was brimful of curiosity, and, like some boys and girls, he wanted to see it all.

At the lower part of the reservoir there is an opening into a big water main that carries water to the houses in various parts of the city of New York. Sparkle had been careful to keep away from this place, as the other fishes did, but one day his curiosity got the best of him. Nobody could tell where it led to—all the more reason why he must find out, so one day he quietly slipped away from his playfellows and dropped into the strong current that rushed into the big main.

Dear me! What a terrible jerk! And how dark it was! and how frightfully fast poor Sparkle was whirled along! He had never been afraid of the dark before, but now he didn't want to see where the main led to after all.

Pitiful little struggles he made to turn back, and his lacey fins were torn by the effort, but the swirling water was too strong for him.

He couldn't go back and could only go on, and on, and on, hour after hour, through the darkness and cold, up and down and always on, bruised and beaten and bleeding.

Perhaps he thought of the sunlit waves of the reservoir and the happy days of play with his bright little comrades, and maybe he wished he had heeded good advice and keep away from the main pipe.

Ah, curiosity! It is such fun to find out things, but sometimes it leads to awful trouble, as it did in Sparkle's case. And have you ever noticed that when a boy or girl are going the wrong way how very, very hard it is to get back? When they are in the power of some bad habit it seems to carry them right along, and only the strong and loving One can save them and put them on the right way again.

What became of Sparkle? Well, when at last he had been swept through the big pipe into a smaller one, and then into a very small one, he was suddenly shot out into a bathtub. Not a great ocean—only a bathtub. He was quite dead, and though a good man picked him out of the tub, laid him carefully on a piece of white paper, and brought him to national headquarters, to be passed around and admired, it was all over for Sparkle.

He wanted to see for himself; he wouldn't take advice; and once he was started on the wrong road he couldn't turn back.—Young Soldier.

HE USED HIS OPPORTUNITY.

"More than two hundred years ago a little dark-eyed Moorish boy rapped at the door of a stately house in Seville, Spain, and asked if the master was within.

The attendant ushered him into a large room where a grave, sad-looking man was talking to a group of young artists. They were all listening attentively, for the man was the greatest painter of his time—Bartolome Esteban Murillo.

"Well, my boy, what can I do for you?" inquired Murillo.

"I heard you wanted a boy to sweep your rooms, grind paints, and wait upon you. I have come for the position."

"Well, you can have it, you little monkey. And you can go right to work."

In this way little Sebastian Gomez was introduced into the studio of the great Murillo. He remained there until he was fifteen years old, doing all the odd jobs for the painter and his pupils, and taken very little notice of by any of them.

There were a dozen or more of these young painters studying under Murillo—gay, showy fellows, and disposed to be somewhat careless in their work. Often the great Murillo was obliged to lecture them sharply for their shortcomings.

One morning, when they had been worse than usual, he scolded them unmercifully. "You can never expect to become painters," he said, "if you do not put more care and labor into your work. Why, Sebastian yonder, who knows nothing of colors might do better work than some of you."

Murillo intended it for a sharp rebuke, and the young painters so accepted it. Their faces flushed with wounded pride, and they promised to do more efficient work. No one paid any heed to the poor Moorish lad who had heard the words and who was blushing as furiously as some of Murillo's pupils.

The next morning, when the pupils assembled, several of them noticed that their pictures were not as they had left them the previous night.

"Hello! who has been here?" cried curly-headed Vincenzo, one of the brightest of Murillo's pupils. Someone has put a child's head on my canvas that is none of my work."

"And here is a Virgin's face on mine," said Jose Pareda, the laziest of the school. "Who could have done it?"

Others were exclaiming meanwhile, for every canvas had received a touch of some kind, and it was all admirable.

While they were discussing the matter the door opened and Murillo entered.

"Let me congratulate you; you are improving," said the master. "Why, Pareda, that is very good for you."

"But it is not my work, master," said Jose, falteringly.

"Not yours; whose is it, then?"

"That's the puzzle," answered Vincenzo.

And a puzzle it continued to be for several mornings, for the most wonderful things were done by the invisible painter.

"Well, gentleman, I think this has gone far enough," said the master. "Tomorrow morning we will come an hour earlier than usual and see if we cannot catch this unknown artist at his work."

Surprised enough were they the next morning to see, seated at one of the pictures, the little "monkey," Sebastian Gomez.

"Who taught you how to paint, boy?" asked the artist.

"You, master."

"But I never gave you a lesson."

"I listened to what you told those gentlemen, and I remembered it."

"Bravo, Sebastian!" cried the school. "You have beaten us all."

"And I have made a painter," said Murillo.—Youth's World.

HAROLD'S PROMISE.

"What excuse have you this time, Harold?" asked the teacher, wearily. She was a slender young lady in black, with a tired look on her pale face, and she looked up at the boy standing before her as if ready to burst into tears.

"Didn't get up in time," said the boy, not impertiently, but carelessly. "A fellow can't be thinking of school all the time."

"Harold, the boys all pattern after you, and if you would only take more pains with your studies the whole school would improve. You are tardy, you stay away for no reason whatever, and your grades are getting lower and lower every day. When do you intend to improve?"

"Some day," said the boy, with a smile that easily made him the leader of his mates. "You can't have fun when you're old and gray-headed. You've got to take it when you're young."

"I wonder if you know that you are to make me lose my place in the schools this year, Harold?" asked the teacher. "Yes it is a fact," as the boy gave a start, and looked surprised. "It will be your fault when my name is dropped from the roll."

"They won't drop you, Miss Davis," said Harold, thinking his teacher wanted to scare him into being good. "Why would it be my fault if they did such a thing?"

"Because you have more influence with the boys than I. They copy you in all things, and the Board of Education will discharge me because half of my scholars will fail at the end of the term.

"I don't ask the boys to do as I do," said Harold, impatiently. "If they get poor grades it isn't my fault. I don't see why you put all the blame on me."

"Then will you stay away from school altogether until the end of the term?" went on Miss Davis. "Your mother is willing to take you along to the city when she goes, and I can bring up the rest of the boys and girls in their work if you are out of town. That will surely be easy to promise, for a trip to the city would delight any boy."

"Indeed I can promise that," said Harold. "Mother has said all along that she intended to have me with Aunt Ida. I only hope the boys will do better, and that you will keep your place, though I don't think my going will have that much effect."

"I am glad for that much," said Miss Davis, with a smile, "though I think it would be more manly to apply yourself to your work, and not waste time. It is a responsible thing to be a leader, Harold."

So to the city Harold went, rejoicing that his poor grades and general inattention to work won him the vacation. His indulgent mother was always easily persuaded to allow him his own way, thinking her only child should not be made to work unless he cared to.

"I am glad to have you for a visit, Mary," said Mrs. Grant, when

her sister came with Harold, "but I am very sorry you brought Harold. Mr. Grant has a young man with him just now—the son of a very dear friend—and I am afraid his influence will not be the best with younger boys. I would not have him in the house at all if Mr. Grant did not hope to have some influence with him for good. His mother is almost distracted over his dissipated habits."

Harold was in the back parlor and heard his mother say, carelessly, "Oh, I don't think there is any danger. Miss Davis was always predicting doleful things because Harold was not first in his class; but boys will be boys."

"There is one thing," said Harold's aunt, "Fred Hoskins keeps such late hours that Harold is not likely to meet him often. He is a weak, silly boy, but he thinks he knows everything."

The very next day, when both ladies were busy, Fred Hoskins offered to show Harold the sights of the city, and without waiting for permission, the two set out. "Have a cigarette?" said the young man the instant they were on the sidewalk.

Harold reached out his hand for the ill-smelling thing, though he had never smoked in his life. Got a match?" he inquired, in a very matter-of-fact tone as if smoking was his daily occupation. "Where are we going?"

"Down to the theatre,' said the young man, swaggering along with an air Harold tried to imitate. "Good show this afternoon."

They were scarcely in their seats when the lights began to swim and dazzle before Harold's eyes, and he vaguely wondered what could make his head feel so queer. The play was one in which there was supposed to be a great deal of shooting in the midst of a terrific thunderstorm, and the boy thought he had never seen anything so terrible in his life. His brain was in a whirl, and before the end of the second act, he abruptly told his companion he must go home.

"My head feels queer," he said, stumbling along, and young Hoskins burst into a loud laugh.

"It was the cigarette," he said, when they reached the open air. "Why didn't you say you never had smoked? I'm not going to miss the show for your foolishness. Take the car with the green letters, if you can tell red from green in your condition, and change at Third street. You can't miss it."

He left Harold standing forlornly at the entrance until a policeman told him to move on. At last he picked up courage to move slowly down the street until he came to a policeman with a kindly face, and to him he told his troubles.

"You'll have more sense some day, son," said the big man. "I'll see that you get home all right. I've got silly boys of my own, who think they must copy some big overgrown young ruffian instead of listening to their parents. Come on."

Never in his life was Harold so glad to drop into bed and sleep off the effects of the poison. "It was all my fault," he said over and

over to his weeping mother. "He didn't ask me to make a goose of myself."

"Want another coffin nail?" asked Mr. Hoskins, cheerfully, when Harold appeared, pale and languid, next morning. "Sorry you couldn't stay to see the play out. It was great."

"No, I don't want any more coffin nails," said Harold, "now or ever."

"You'll get over your good resolution," said Fred, cheerfully. "There was a time when I thought the same thing, but I find it agreeable to have a good time. You'll have plenty of time to buckle down to work after while, is my theory. My folks think I'm studying law, but what's the use when your folks have enough dough to support you in style?"

That night Mr. Grant said, "Your father has concluded to stop your allowance, Fred. He says to come home at once. He will find good work in his factory if you have not enough education for a clerical position."

"Isn't that a little hard on him, uncle?" asked Harold, when Fred had left the room. "He told me his mother never made him do anything."

"Perhaps it does seem hard, but when a boy is as old as Fred, he should have some sense." Mr. Grant was thoroughly roused, for he had tried in every way to help the youth, only to be laughed at for his pains.

"Mother, I want to go home to-morrow, to make up my work in school and keep up with my class," said Harold, abruptly, that night. "I promised Miss Davis to stay away until school is out, but she will release me when she finds I mean business. I'll stay with Aunt Ida and go to school every day if you'll only let me go home."

Harold had his way, and his aunt and uncle thoroughly approved the plan. With his books he presented himself early at the desk of his teacher just four days after he had promised not to come back. "I'm here to work," he said briefly, and was surprised to see her burst into tears.

"You don't know how the boys are bringing up their work, and yet I have felt so selfish in asking you to stay away," she said. "Harold, you can help me more than you know if you work resolutely."

"The highest grades in the class," said Mrs. Gray, proudly, when the end of the term came. "Harold, I can see that I was doing you an injury when I encouraged you to shirk. I thought I was a good mother, but when I saw Fred Hoskins and heard how his mother brought him up, it opened my eyes. I am proud to think you found out for yourself the danger you were in."

"And the best of all is that Miss Davis is to have her place next year at a higher salary. Her scholars all passed, and she is very happy. She gives me credit for most of it, but I don't deserve it. She says the promise I made and didn't keep has brought her success and good times, so I ought to be thankful."

THE BABY'S PAGE

Baby Bill looks brave and bold, dressed to go out in the cold. Great coat, cap and leggings warm, Billy does not fear the storm. His papa and mama have gone away on the "toot toot" to sing with the choir today, and Billy tries to tell it out, with half a smile and half a pout. Billy is a Christmas boy, born on that glad day of joy, and since his birth two years have passed. December is the twelfth and last of all the months that make the year, and with it comes sweet Christmas dear.

Father in Heaven, please keep us blest, Baby Bill and all the rest.

—L. LULA GREENE RICHARDS

JUST FOR FUN.

NOTES FROM A SCHOOL BOY'S DIARY.

Some people do right in a way that makes me want to do wrong.

I was late this morning, but it wasn't Ma's fault. She called me, and I turned over for another snooze. Think I'll join the "Do-it-now" club.

Teacher said the kind of a house you build yourself to-day is the kind you'll live in to-morrow. Wonder what she means? She wasn't talking about brick houses.

Billy Hopkins drew a beautiful house on his slate during study hour this morning. My! Billy can draw fine!

P. S. Forgot to say that Billy got zero in his geography this afternoon.

When I was splitting wood to-night I thought about that house-building teacher talked about. Wonder if splitting the wood regular without being told'll help me build my house? My! I hate to split wood.—Little Chronicle.

"What is a baby?' he asked, and then some one gave the following complicated definition: "The prince of wails, a dweller in lapland, the morning caller, noon-day crawler, midnight brawler; the only possession that never excites envy; a key that opens the hearts of all classes, the rich and poor alike, in all countries; a stranger with unspeakable cheek that enters the house without a stitch to his back, and is received with open arms."

While visiting in New York City, a lady asked the little son of her friend, "Johnny, do you like going to school?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the truthful urchin, " and I like coming home, too; but I don't like staying there between times."

"Now how do you suppose Noah spent the time in the ark during the flood?" the Sunday school teacher asked.

"Prayin' " suggested Willie.

"Fishin' ," ventured Dick.

"Humph!" grunted Willie, contemptuously.

"'Twould be fine fishin' wid only two worms, wouldn't it?"

OFFICERS' DEPARTMENT

PRIMARY ASSOCIATION WORK FOR THE YEAR 1914.

In presenting the plans and outlines for the conduct of this important association for the coming year we wish to state that the General Board is impressed with the fact that there is a great and steady development in the work throughout the Church. Enrollment, average attendance and interest are on the increase and time is bearing witness to the value of good work accomplished.

Each worker should seek first the Spirit of the Lord and add thereto her very best efforts to preserve and perfect the children of Zion. It is no small task that is given to the Primary Officers but there is One ready to help and encourage and what better labor could be desired than to follow where the great Teacher led who delighted to bless the children.

The present arrangement of work in the Primary Association has been in operation for almost a year and it is now time to decide whether it will be advisable to continue along the same lines. As far as was possible the General Board has observed results and after careful consideration has decided that the present plan with a few modifications be used during the year 1914. The thought for the year will be the building of good character, each of the four periods in the month to be equally important in arousing good impulses and giving plenty of opportunity to put such impulses into action.

In the lesson hour great characters from the Old and New Testament, the Book of Mormon, and Church History will be used as models to inspire the children to imitate their virtues and follow their examples. The book Character, by Smiles will be recommended for the teachers use, that they may read, and study it and have a good clear understanding of the principles which they desire to teach. Supplementary materials will be given as before to illustrate the meaning of the subject. Memory gems, poems and quotations give inspiration and comfort when one is discouraged or downcast, and children should be well supplied with such helps and they are easily taught and remembered during the time they are in the Primary Association. Be sure to have the memory work well done. The story hour will be used to illustrate again the subject of the month and is for the same purpose as the illustration to a lesson. The memory work should be repeated during the hour, the teacher using discretion as to the best place in which to introduce it and out of her own reading and experience should keep the subject of the month very definitely in the minds of the chil-

dren. Refer to some incident used in the lesson hour and be prepared with one that will be new to the class.

The busy hour and the social hour are given for the express purpose of permitting each child to make a practical application of the truth in the lessons which are being taught. When the hands are busy be sure the mind is busy too with the right kind of thoughts. Use your memory work, sing songs which emphasize the truth and when circumstances permit have simple discussions of the principle involved.

The social is especially important in teaching the children lessons in manners and deportment and the teachers should never consider this hour as a time for pleasure only; the children must not know that they are being disciplined but the discipline *must* be there or the hour will be a failure.

PREPARATION FOR THE LESSONS.

STAKE BOARDS.

Each Stake Board is expected to qualify itself to give help to local associations in the general conduct of the four periods in each month. THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND publishes the material one month before the lessons are to be presented and does this that Stake workers may be able to prepare and meet with the local officers in plenty of time to go over the work and give any needed assistance. It is advised that the Board be divided into committees, each committee to do special work, for instance, one committee may have charge of the lesson hour and one of the story hour, etc. The Board should visit and supervise the work as it is done in the wards, by so doing will be able to judge of the results with the children and to give personal assistance to individual teachers. Where it is impossible for Stake Boards to meet with Local Officers on week days, there will need to be some modifications of the practice work; the busy hour and social hour may be discussed on a Sunday but *never* under any circumstances should Primary Officers forget to honor the Sabbath Day. The Primary Associations have endeavored to teach reverence and it is very much better if all can enforce it by example. In most of the Stakes arrangements can be made for a week day in which to prepare the busy work and practice games and dances. Where it is *absolutely impossible* to meet on week days this part of the work *must* be left to the local preparation meeting.

THE NECESSARY BOOKS.

Each Stake Board must be supplied with the books that are recommended for the development of the lessons. The best results will be obtained when the best efforts and materials are used. Most of the books needed for 1914 have been in use in many of the associations

for some time, but where the supply is not sufficient arangements should be made so that each Primary is receiving all the help possible. As suggested before the work should be divided among the members of the Stake Board and each division should have its own materials with which to do its part successfully.

In the outlines of the year's work most, if not all, books will be named. With outlines given for the whole year and all necessary materials at hand, Stake Boards will be able to arrange sustematic plans for the giving of such assistance to local workers, as will produce better results than ever in the conduct of the Primary Associations.

WARD PREPARATION MEETINGS.

Preparation must be the watch word if success is to be attained, and the conduct of the Primary meeting should be the result of a preparation meeting. All the officers of an association should attend regularly the meetings appointed by the Stake Board and get all the help possible from that source. Arrangements should be made for a representative to be present in each department at the Stake meeting. Before going to this meeting the work for the month should be carefully read and considered so that each one will be prepared to intelligently discuss the lessons, be able to offer suggestions and ask for advice. In the local preparation meeting the material given in THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND with the suggestions received from the Stake Board should be reviewed and made to fit the conditions in the ward. Every detail of the next meeting should be arranged for; from the preparation of the rooms to seeing the last departing child safely started homeward. Do not permit any hesitation or delay. Be ready. Begin promptly, proceed through the program promptly and end promptly. Keep your program within the hour limit and send the children home with the desire for more Primary.

Preparation meetings may be held on any day during the week, except Sunday, whenever and wherever it is most convenient for the majority of the workers. All the officers are urged to observe the sacredness of the Sabbath day, to teach by example as well as precept *No handwork, games, or dancing on Sunday.*

OUTLINES FOR BUSY HOUR FOR THE YEAR 1914.

The work given for the Busy Hour will be developed in THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND one month at a time. The outlines are given that the teachers may have a preview of the work for the year and give time for the collection of necessary materials. The suggestion is offered that the work done by the children be taken care of so that, if desirable, they may be used in fairs or exhibits for the benefit of the association.

The Summer Picnic was so successful last year that it has been decided to repeat the program, with some modifications, for July and August. All grades will participate.

FIRST GRADE.

Text Book: The Little Folks Handy Book.
January. Paper Flowers, page 130.
February. Kindling-wood House, page 73.
March. Toy Furniture Made of Empty Spools, page 28.
April. Clothespin Chickens, page 55.
May. More Spool Toys, page 28.
June. Playing Indians, page 98.
July and August. Preparations for Summer Picnic.
September. Jocko, the Monkey, page 113.
October. Scrap Book, page 64.
November. Gift Book, page 64.
December. Christmas Decorations, page 106.

SECOND GRADE.

Text Book: When Mother Lets Us Sew.

January. Needle Book; instructions given in THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

February. Finishing Needle Book.

March. Making of Work-bag or box; instructions given in THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

April. Finishing of bag or box.

May. A Bean Bag; When Mother Lets Us Sew, page 16.

June. Filling and Finishing Bean Bags.

July and August. Preparation for Summer Picnic.

September. Iron Holder, page 13.

October. Dusting Cloth, page 26.

November. Knotted Quilt; instructions given in THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

December. Finishing Quilt.

THIRD GRADE.

Text Books: For girls, When Mother Lets Us Sew; for boys, The Little Folks Handy Book.

The program is planned for the boys to make a doll's house and the girls to dress a doll. It will require the year to complete the work, and if care is used there should be some very beautiful and useful results.

January.

Girls. Making bag or box to hold sewing materials, page 23.

Boys. Papering the House; instructions in THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

February.

Girls. Making Bib, page 29.

Boys. Making Carpets; instructions in THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

March.
Girls. The Petticoat, page 33.
Boys. Windows; instructions in THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.
April.
Girls. The Underbody, page 45.
Boys. Curtains; instructions in THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.
May.
Girls. Drawers, page 51.
Boys. The Bed; The Little Folks Handy Book, page 32.
June.
Girls. Nightgown, page 55.
Boys. Tables, pages 32 and 35.
July and August.
The Summer Picnic.
September.
Girls. Dress, page 60.
Boys. Chairs, page 35.
October.
Girls. Cloak, page 66.
Boys. Stove, page 33.
November.
Girls. Sacque, page 71.
Boys. Kitchen Cupboard, page 34.
December.
Girls. Hood; instructions in THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.
Boys. Pictures; instructions in THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

FOURTH GRADE.

In giving the lessons on housekeeping, the making of a number of useful articles will be included, for which instructions will be given in THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND. The work done by boys and girls should be taken care of and a display made at the end of the year. Some of the things to be suggested for the girls are: Dish cloths, raffia napkin rings, dusters, iron-holders, clothespins bags, dusting caps, aprons, work baskets or boxes.

Text Books.
Girls. The Child Housekeeper, price one dollar, mailed ten cents extra.
Boys. Occupations for Little Fingers, price one dollar, mailed ten cents extra.
January.
Girls. Fire Building, page 15.
Boys. Whistle Chain, page 9.
February.
Girls. Setting the Table, page 33.
Boys. Horse Reins, page 10.

March.
Girls. Washing Dishes, page 51.
Boys. A Whip, page 13.
April.
Girls. Bed Making, page 69.
Boys. A Hammock, page 13.
May.
Girls. Sweeping and Dusting, page 87.
Boys. Sailor's Knot Bag, page 17.
June.
Girls. Dust Caps; instructions in THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.
Boys. Raffia Picture Frame, page 19.
July and August.
Summer Picnic.
September.
Girls. Cleaning, page 117.
Boys. Raffia Broom Holder, page 18.
October.
Girls. The Laundry, page 133.
Boys. Shopping Bag, page 31.
November.
Girls. Mending, page 159.
Boys. Santa Claus; The Little Folks Handy Book, page 124.
December.
Girls. Care of the Baby, page 173.
Boys. Santa Claus.

FIFTH GRADE.

Text Books.
Girls. How to Make Baskets; Occupations for Little Fingers.
Boys. Box Furniture.

Realizing that there is some difficulty in giving the boys and girls of this grade work that is interesting and instructive more than one suggestion will be given for each period, so that teachers may choose that which will give the best results. For the boys' work, it is suggested, that some good man or older boy be called in to assist. If the box furniture is desirable a carpenter will be necessary. Last year one ward reported that the services of a carpenter was secured by the boys themselves who each paid a small sum to defray the cost of teacher and materials. If desired a box form may be selected by teacher and class which will need a number of Busy Hours in which to complete it.
January.
Girls. Knotted Bag for Twine; How to Make Baskets, page 15; or
A Bead Chain, Occupations for Little Fingers, page 86.
Boys. Plant Box, Box Furniture, page 13; or
Wood Chopping; instructions in THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.
February.
Girls. Raffia Mat, How to Make Baskets, page 21; or

Paper Dolls, Occupations for Little Hands, pages 46 and 50.
Boys. Scrap Box, Box Furniture, page 32; or
A Door Mat; instructions in THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

March.
Girls. Whisk-broom holder, How to Make Baskets, page 23; or
A Daisy Chain, Occupations for Little Fingers, page 89.
Boys. Kitchen Stool, Box Furniture, page 33; or
Spring Cleaning; instructions in THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

April.
Girls. Finish Whisk-broom holder; or
A Pin-wheel, Occupations for Little Fingers, page 49.
Boys. Finish Kitchen Stool; or
Spring Gardens; instructions in THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

May.
Girls. Simple Basket, How to Make Baskets, page 27; or
Cover for Pillow, Occupations for Little Fingers, page 111.
Boys. Coal or Paper Box, Box Furniture, page 45; or
A Teeter Board; instructions in THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

June.
Girls. Finish Simple Basket; or
Finish Cover for Pillow.
Boys. Finish Coal or Paper Box; or
A Teeter Board.

July and August.
The Summer Picnic.

September.
Girls. Work Basket, How to Make Baskets, page 65; or
A Baby's Sacque, Occupations for Little Fingers, page 118.
Boys. Small Wall Rack, Box Furniture, page 59; or
A Basket, Occupations for Little Fingers, page 150.

October.
Girls. Continue Basket; or
Finish Baby's Sacque.
Boys. Continue Wall Rack; or
Finish the Basket.

November.
Girls. Continue Basket; or
Begin Baby's Hood, Occupations for Little Fingers, page 122.
Boys. Continue Wall Rack; or
Begin Holder for Brushes; instructions in THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

December.
Girls and Boys. Finish all work on hand.

TABLEAU FOR A CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT.

Nothing is more generally attractive, both to children and to adults, than tableaux, or living pictures, as they are frequently called, and with the limitless possibilities of crepe paper it is now very easy, with comparatively little expense or trouble, to arrange effective costumes. Scenery may be more or less elaborate, but it can even be dispensed with entirely, substituting portieres of any rich dark color for a background. If these cannot be had, paste paper or cambric, preferably dark red, over clothes-horses. If possible, have in front of the pictures a large wooden frame, across which tarletan is stretched, or mosquito netting without the plaid will answer. Give the wood a coat of gold paint. If that cannot be had use yellow. The frame should, of course, be large enough to enclose the largest of the tableaux. Place it from four to six feet in front of them.

Choose from the Scriptures scenes in which one or more children appear, as many as the time allotted for the tableaux will permit. For instance, Hagar departing with Ishmael from Abraham's home. The tent can be made of two clothes-horses covered with gray or white blankets, or sheets, or white coverlets may be stretched over it. At the opening appears Sarah's figure in a loose white robe. Hagar, holding in one hand a brown jug and leading Ishmael by the other, stands with her head turned slightly back toward Sarah, while Ishmael, as if reluctant to leave the tent, drags behind, pulling at her hand. Hagar and Ishmael both wear lead-colored costumes and sandals.

The daughter of Jepthah, coming out with her maidens to meet her father, all the young girls dressed in white robes with garlands of flowers, and holding aloft musical instruments while standing in the attitude of dancing, would be an admirable group.

The Egyptian princess and her maidens watching the cradle of Moses is a very effective tableau. Green crepe paper can be used to represent the bank of the river, and a large shallow basket, in which is a doll nearly covered by its long white robe, should be placed at the back of this picture, the princess and one or more attendants standing in front nearest to the audience.

Joseph about to be thrown into the pit by his brothers can also be given, the boy in his "coat of many colors," which may be represented by a white robe striped with crepe paper in different colors and girdled at the waist by a long sash which may be of cheese-cloth if silk is not at hand. Or the upper part of the robe may be white and the bottom trimmed with four or five bands, each a different color. The brothers—of course much older—wear plain gray or brown costumes.

David in a white robe posed with his sling, in which he is just fitting a pebble to hurl at Goliath, is excellent for a picture containing a single figure. He may also appear a second time seated with his

harp outside the tent in which Saul is supposed to be. But it would be far more effective to represent the interior of the tent, which can be made of white sheets. A rug on the floor piled with cushions, on which sits Saul in an Eastern costume that can be made of gay-hued shawls or Bagdad couch-covers or portieres. He wears a gilt paper crown and leans his head on his hand, the elbow resting on his knee. David should be in white, standing with his harp before the king.

The figure of the infant Samuel at prayer can easily be represented—the little white robe made of white cheese-cloth. Have a fair-haired child, if possible. If the hair can be powdered perfectly white to give this tableau the appearance of a statue it will introduce variety.

The closing tableau, if the entertainment is given near the Christmas season, might be copied from any of the paintings representing the manger, or the adoration of the Magi; or, if this is desired, let it end with a group of shepherds, one or two of them mere boys, in robes of brown or gray—the boys may be in white to render the tableau more effective—all with the shepherd's crooks, their eyes lifted and turned in the same direction. Call this tableau the "Star of Bethlehem," especially if the star cannot be represented; but in buildings lighted by elecricity this can be done without difficulty.

A PROUD MOTHER AND HER SEVEN DAUGHTERS.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Subject for the Month: Influence of Character.

Aim.

To follow in the steps of the great and good will help to mark the path to Heaven.

SUGGESTIONS FOR ALL THE TEACHERS.

Find out as much as possible of the person or persons used as models to illustrate the influence of character. Read carefully what Smiles says and in presenting the subject to the children use in your own words some of his arguments to show how the model influences the world for good; notice what Smiles describes as the qualifications of a good character and how many of them were or are the characteristics of the model used; for instance: Smiles says that being kind and loving in the home is an attribute of a good character; does the model used have that disposition? If so, what does such a lesson teach? Take other qualifications and use in same way, being careful to make them fit in the lives and circumstances of the children.

For the Lesson Hour emphasis should be given to the consideration of the principle to be taught. This hour is the opportunity to arouse right motives and give clear ideas of right doing. Each teacher should try to represent in her own character the truth of the lesson and be prepared to give the theory of it with respect and reverence. It is an important undertaking to teach great principles, and when one assumes the responsibility the personal attitude has much to do with the results to be desired. Supplementary materials will be given to emphasize the truth to be taught, but there will be no moral stories given for the Lesson Hour. When it seems necessary to add something more to complete the lesson the teacher should use her discretion by using questions or an incident to enforce the truth of the lesson. Personal experiences and testimonies will be of the greatest value when such a finish is necessary to a lesson.

The memory gems and poems are to be used at each session, the teachers should memorize them and repeat at any opportune time; the children should be encouraged to repeat them with the teacher, in concert and alone.

LESSON ONE.

THE LESSON HOUR.

FIRST GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Bible Story: The Birth of Christ. Matthew 1:18-25; Luke 2:17. Life of Christ, by Weed, chapters 2 and 3.

Teachers Reading: Character, by Smiles, chapter 1.
Memory Gem.
Songs.
Pictures.
Finger Play.
Poem.

Suggestions for the Teacher. The connection between the story of the birth of Jesus and Dr. Smiles ideals of the influence of character, will be found in a study of the humble surroundings of the birth place; in the characters of Joseph and Mary; the shepherds and the wise men and the love which the Baby Jesus brought unto His little home at Nazareth, and which, later, was to spread over the whole world. Notice the influence, for good, which these people and places bear; consider them all and know how and why they represent the ideals which are described in Character.

Wherever there are homes with little children the knowledge of the great Baby should come and the desire aroused to be like Him to make home a place of peace and joy. Pictures of the Baby Jesus and of other babies should be used during the talk and the children encouraged to tell how they will try to be good children.

It is suggested that the "Rest Exercise and Prayer" be used for every session during the year.

It is recommended that the teachers in this grade be supplied with the set of colored pictures, representing incidents from the life of Christ, which may be purchased from the general office for ten cents per set. As they are used they should be mounted on cardboard and hung on the wall where the children can see them and where they may be used for review work.

Rest Exercise and Prayer. The motions are suggested by the words.

"Two hands now let us show;
Two hands bring down just so;
Right hand right things must do,
Left hand must keep it too,
Help others on their way,
Keep busy all the day.

Now fold them as we pray;
And think of what we say.
Close all the eyes just so,
With heads all bended low;
Repeating word by word,
This prayer to our dear Lord."

Repeat reverently. "Our Father, which art in Heaven," etc.

Song. "Jesus Once was A Little Child," Primary Song Book, No. 16.

Memory Gem.

The world is full of beauty,
Like the world above,
And if we do our duty,
It will be full of love.

—Adapted.

Finger Play. "The Little Men," Poulsson's Finger Plays.

Poem.

"How can a little child be merry
In snowy, blowy January?
By each day, doing what is best,
By thinking, working for the rest.
So can a little child be merry
In snowy, blowy January."

Song. "The Little New Year," The Primary Song Book, No 41.

SECOND GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Bible: Story of David. First and Second Books of Samuel; or The Shepherd Boy, Children of the Bible Series No. 7.

Teachers Reading: Character, by Smiles, chapter 1.

Memory Gem.

Songs.

Pictures.

Poem.

Suggestions for the Teacher. In the life of David will be found a number of incidents which illustrate the ideals of good character as described by Smiles. The story of the Shepherd Boy is always attractive to children and is an excellent model. After a careful reading of the chapter in Character, find out in how many ways David represents the characteristics of a great character, then select such of them as may be understood by the children and which they can put into practice, for instance: If the book "The Shepherd Boy" is used, show

the pictures of David caring for the sheep and, in your own words, use the paragraph on page 14 of Character beginning "Commonplace though it may appear." or; if the Bible is used study the incident as told in I Samuel and 16 chapter. The point of connection with the children being the obedience to parents and willingness to do hard, rough work. The incident of singing for the King, I Samuel 16:21-23, may be used to show how children may contribute to the pleasure of parents and older people. Notice what Smiles says about Thomas Sackville, page 14. Be sure to tell how David reverenced the priesthood, I Samuel 26th chapter. Character, page 26.

If possible, use other pictures which show children and adults doing the things which have been emphasized in the lesson.

Memory Gem.

"Here's a New Year wish for all:
May we keep growing, you and I,
Learing sweet truths in sweetest way,
Living in sunshine every day."

Songs. "The Little New Year," Primary Song Book, "I'm Not Too Young For God to See." Primary Song Book.

Pictures. Selected from Old Testament Pictures or use those in the book "The Shepherd Boy."

Poem. A New-Year Song.

When the year is new, my dear
When the Year is new,
Let us make a promise here,
Little I and you.
Not to fall a-quarreling
Over every tiny thing,
But sing and smile, smile and sing
All the glad year through.

As the year goes by, my dear,
As the year goes by,
Let us keep our sky swept clear,
Little you and I.
Sweep up every cloudy scowl,
Every little thunder growl,
And live and laugh, laugh and live,
'Neath a cloudless sky.

When the year is old, my dear,
When the year is old,
Let me never doubt or fear,
Though the days grow cold,

Loving thoughts are always warm,
Merry hearts ne'er know a storm;
Come ice and snow, so love's dear glow
Turns all our gray to gold.

—Laura E. Richards.

THIRD GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Bible Story: Genesis, chapters 6 to 9.
Character, by Smiles, chapter 1.
Memory Gem.
Poem.
Pictures.

Suggestions for the Teacher. If it is possible to get them use pictures telling story of Noah and some which show other people illustrating by their actions or history, the same characteristics.

Begin by giving in your own words a description of the wickedness of the people. Genesis 6:1-8; Notice what Smiles say on page 41. Explain in simple words, necessity at this time of some great man to do the will of our Father in Heaven. Show picture of Noah and describe his character, Genesis 7:1; notice his humble work, obedience, patience and meekness, see Character, page 19 beginning with "In the affairs of life." and on page 20 down to "really deserve." Help the children to understand the difficulties which Noah had to meet and overcome. Study what Smiles says about the cultivation of a good character, page 21 and 22, and let the children help to outline the daily duties which, when well performed will cultivate good character. From your study of Character, help the children to feel the debt which all owe to great people, who like Noah, left to us examples of worthy life which all should remember and try to imitate. Pictures of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and the Prophet Joseph Smith, may be shown and the children encouraged to tell why they were great and why they are good examples.

Memory Gem.

"The very flowers that bend and meet,
In sweetening others grow more sweet."

Poem.

We are going to think little about number one;
We are going to help someone else to have fun;
We are not going to speak of the faults of a friend,
Until we are ready our own to amend.
We are going to laugh with, and not at, other folk,
And never hurt anyone, "just for a joke;"
We are going to hide trouble and show only cheer—
Then surely we'll help make a Happy New Year!

—Adapted.

FOURTH GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Book of Mormon Story. Leaving Jerusalem and How Nephi Obtained the Book. I Nephi chapters 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5; or Mother Stories from the Book of Mormon by W. A. Morton. pages 1 to 11. Character, by Smiles, chapter 1.

Memory Gem.

Poem.

Pictures.

Suggestions for the Teacher. After a careful reading of the first chapter in Character make a list of the qualifications which are spoken of as belonging to a good character. Then take the lives of Lehi and Nephi and see how many of these virtues they possessed, and how they used them. Consider carefully the story from the Book of Mormon, and the principles described by Smiles, then in your own words tell simply and briefly the wonderful way in which the Book of Mormon comes to us, the influence for good it exerts now, so many, many years after it was written and buried in the Hill Cumorah. (Use picture of Hill Cumorah). Explain the faithfulness and courage of Lehi and his family in giving obedience to the divine commandments. The relation of the story to the lives of the children will be found by proving, with the help of Smiles, that the little everyday duties are the important things to remember and do.

Memory Gem.

Remember that if the opportunities for great deeds should never come, the opportunity for good deeds is renewed for you day by day. The thing for us to long for is the goodness, not the glory.—F. W. Farrar, D. D.

Pictures. In Mother Stories from the Book of Mormon and The Birth of Mormonism in Picture.

Poem. A GENTLE HINT.

All over the country on New Year's Day
Good resolutions are given away.
There are more than enough for every one;
You can have a good measure, a peck or a ton.
Take a dozen my laddie and lass
But handle them gently, they're as brittle as glass.
If you care for them daily it will not be long
Before they'll be growing quite hardy and strong;
And when they are older they'll take care of you,
For then they'll be habits, and good habits, too.

—Anna M. Pratt.

FIFTH GRADE.

Materials for the Lesson.

Great Leaders in the History of the Church: The Prophet Joseph Smith. See any good Church History.

Character, by Smiles, chapter 1.

Memory Gem.

Pictures.

Poem.

Readings.

Suggestions for the Teacher. Smiles tells us of the virtues which go towards the making of a good character and illustrates his argument by describing the attributes of a number of famous people who have done much to influence the world for good. The Prophet Joseph Smith is the greatest man since the days of the Savior and the children should be helped to understand and appreciate his splendid characteristics.

Notice what Smiles says about genius and character, page 13. Relate this statement to the life of the Prophet by describing his humble birth, surroundings and opportunities. Read on page 14 what is said about commonplace duties, tell how the young boy Joseph worked to help in the maintenance of the home, use in your own words Smiles argument in which he gives honor to every-day duties. On page 15 of Character a number of virtues are described, all of which were part of the Prophet's nature. Describe as many of these virtues as you have time for, giving illustrations from the Prophet's life, and add to them the beautiful words of praise given by Smiles to goodness of character.

Memory Gem. "The real character of a person is that which goes through the crucible and comes out pure gold."

Pictures. The Birth of Mormonism told in Picture; or, From Plowboy to Prophet, by Wm. A. Morton.

Poem. EXAMPLE.

"Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise
To higher levels rise.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their wondrous overflow
Raise us from what is low."

—Selected.

Reading.

"Boys and girls, don't wait until you're grown up to decide what you will be, or what you will do to help on the world's work. Instead of building castles in the air, and imagining yourselves heroes and heroines of impossible situations, in an impossible world, be every-day heroes and heroines in a real, every-day world. The boys and girls of today will be the men and women of tomorrow. Begin, then, today, to build the foundations of your castle, not on the air, but on solid ground; and when the morrow comes, it will find you ready. Resolve early in life what you will be, and your usefulness to the world will be doubled. Don't imagine you are too young. Thomas A. Edison, the great electrician, was making experiments in chemistry at twelve years of age. Francis E. Willard, the great temperance leader, with the help of her brother Oliver, started a paper at fourteen, and the boy and girl talked frequently of what they would be and do when they were grown up. The great MacMahon was told, when a poor boy, that he could be anything he wanted to be, if he only kept working and thinking about it. 'Then I'll be a marshal of France,' said the boy, and he became not only a marshal of France, but President also. Lucy Stone, the great champion of higher education and equality for women, made up her mind, when but a tiny bit of a girl, that she would go to college and graduate, and she did. She picked berries and nuts and sold them to buy books, and eventually was graduated at Oberlin, the only college then open to women."—Selected.

Reading.

"Decide now what you will be, what you will do. Don't dream. Think and work.

"Don't think you can fret and chafe under your present conditions, your work and surroundings for years, and that some day work and environments will suddenly be changed just to suit your tastes and you will be happy for ever after. Begin inside with the happiness problem. If you do not have what you like altogether, find something, if only a small part of your daily routine, that is worth liking, and work away at improving the other parts. Be very happy over something for the sake of the habit. Make yourself useful, agreeable, kind, even at the cost of a struggle with your own temperament. Give, give: give more than you get or can expect to get. Find out your favorite pastime, your favorite accomplishment, your favorite work, and enter into all of them with energy. Fill your life full of regular occupation, some work, some play, and you will find that you needn't worry about having everything to your liking."—Selected.

LESSON TWO.

THE STORY HOUR.

Suggestions for all the Teachers. The Story Hour is for the purpose of making clear and giving emphasis to the truth which is to be taught. The time should be used as in the Lesson Hour, for instance:

The teacher should review briefly the main points which have been developed in the Lesson Hour; questions should be asked and incidents, (preferably of personal experience) added. After all the memory work has been repeated, the stories should be read or related to complete the thought.

Stories will be selected to fit as nearly as possible the subjects but each teacher is invited to change or add to the selections, given in THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, or if better stories are found, to substitute

At least one story will be given for each grade each month in THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND; references will be given from back numbers of the magazine and books that have been recommended in the past. For those who would prefer to use a good long story, one that can be divided into sections, to be either read or related, a number will be given in each grade from which a choice can be made. In the first and second grades books with pictures should be used as it will be better for the children to have variety rather than a story to occupy all the time. The teacher should know the story very well and adapt it to the lesson to be taught and to the age and understanding of the class. It will help if the teachers practice the reading, to know where and how to skip dry places, to leave out or change hard words, to know how much can be read in the time allowed for the story, and to make the changes needed so that the story will fit the subject taught and be within the understanding of the class.

FIRST GRADE.

Rest Exercise and Prayer.
Songs.
Memory Gem.
Review Lesson Hour with use of pictures.
Finger Play.
Poem.

Story Books.

Baby Finger Plays.
The Riddle A. B. C.
The Cosy Corner Book.

Any one of these three books may be chosen and used for the year. They are well illustrated and will be found instructive and interesting. If either of the first two named are chosen they will be found useful

for repetition work. The children will delight to repeat, with the teachers, the words as they are shown the pictures.

Short Stories. In this issue, "The Snow Man."
"Pippa," from Child Stories from the Masters.
"Jimmie at Home," THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 5, page 5.

SECOND GRADE.

Usual opening exercises.

Review Lesson Hour with the assistance of pictures. Use personal experiences and testimonies wherever suitable.

Repeat in concert and alone the memory gem and poem.

Story Books.

Sheaves of Gold.
The Little Lame Prince.
Among the Giants.
The Children of The Bible Series.

A choice may be made of one of the four, above named, and used for the year. The story or stories should be divided and a portion read or related during the Story Hour.

Short Stories.
In this issue, "Two Ways to Travel."
From Boston Collection of Kindergarten Stories:
"Naughty Little Gold Fingers," page 10.
"The Three Gold Fishes," page 32.
From THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 5:
"Baby Connor's Sled," page 10.
"How Johnnie Was Punished," page 44.

THIRD GRADE.

Usual opening exercises.

Review of truth as developed in the Lesson Hour. Use pictures and let children, with the help of questions, do as much as possible of the review. Repeat as recitation and in concert the memory gem and poem and have story or stories prepared to continue thought on the truth of the lesson.

Story Books.

Little Lord Fauntleroy.
Monarch, the Big Bear.
The Children's Dickens.

One of the above may be chosen and used for the year as a continued story.

Short Stories. In this issue, "The Story of Sparkle."
"Winning the Big Initial," THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 8, page 656.

FOURTH GRADE.

Usual opening exercises.

Review of the truth as developed in the Lesson Hour. Use pictures and questions and encourage the children to do the reviewing. Give opportunities to members to bear testimony to the help they have received from people of good character; the teacher may find it helpful to add some of her own experiences. Repeat as recitation or in concert the memory gem and poem. Be sure the story or stories are arranged to impress the truth in the lesson.

Story Books.

The Widow O'Callaghan's Boys.
Heidi.
Grandfather's Chair.
Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.

If a long story is desired make a choice from the above list and use as a continued story.

Short Stories.

In this issue, "He Used His Opportunity."
From THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 11:
"How the Boy Without a Reference Found One," page 661.
"A Polishing Process," page 660.

FIFTH GRADE.

Usual opening exercises.

Review of the truth as developed in the Lesson Hour. Use questions and pictures. Add personal experiences and testimonies to the truth in the lesson and encourage the class to do the same. As you read or relate the story or stories watch for opportunities to emphasize the lesson to be taught.

Story Books.

Little Men.
Little Women.
Helen Over the Wall.
Rick Dale.
Timothy's Quest.
Swiss Family Robinson.
Uncle Nick Among the Shoshones.

If a long story is desired one of the above may be chosen; they are all of good quality as well as very interesting.

Short Stories.

In this issue, "Harold's Promise."
From THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, vol. 11:
"How Harry Won Blackbird," page 20.
"When Greek Meets Greek," page 119.

LESSON THREE.

THE BUSY HOUR.

Suggestions for All the Teachers.

Each grade to begin with the usual opening exercises. The memory gem and poem should be repeated, and a few questions asked by the teachers to revive and impress the truth as developed in the Lesson Hour. All materials should be on hand, in convenient places, and every preparation so completed that there will be no waste of time.

THE FIRST GRADE.

PAPER FLOWERS.

Text Book—The Little Folks' Handy Book, page 130.

Suggestions: In this grade the children must not be expected to do very much, the work should be so prepared that their share will be helping to finish what the teacher has begun. Be careful that they take care of their flowers, take them home and tell their parents that they have *helped* to make them.

For preparation, practice making the flowers, choose the simplest form, and have tissue paper cut ready for use, and all other supplies necessary. Each child should have a little bunch of flowers, and the thought of the lesson may be carried out by telling them that they can help to make father and mother happy by working hard to make pretty things to take home.

SECOND GRADE.

NEEDLE BOOK.

Materials: Pieces of pretty cloth, soft in texture, 5½ inches long by 4½ inches wide.

Pieces of white flannel 4½ inches long by 3½ inches wide.

One half yard for each needle book, of narrow ribbon of pretty contrasting color.

A skein of zephyr yarn same color as ribbon.

Short darning needles, one for each child.

Pieces of cardboard 5 by 4 inches.

Directions for Making Needle Book: The cardboard may be rounded or otherwise trimmed to give a dainty shape to the needle book. The cardboard is to be covered with the cloth, one side may be figured and one plain, the edges are turned in and basted by the teacher, the children to overhand, two pieces each, with the yarn. The teacher should explain the use of the needle book, and that the pieces of flannel are to be put inside the covered cardboard pieces and tied up with ribbon at the next Busy Hour. The covered cardboards must be taken care of by the teacher. They should be wrapped in paper with name

of child on the outside. Directions for completing the work will be given next month.

Suggestions for the Lesson: Be particular about doing good work, use the thought in the lesson about the influence of character. Help the children to feel that the kind of work they do will tell the kind of children they are. Suggest that when they have learned how, they may make a needle book for mother or some other dear one.

THIRD GRADE.

SEWING BAG OR BOX AND DOLL HOUSE.

GIRLS.

Text Book: When Mother Lets Us Sew, pages 3 and 23.

Materials:

Soft material for bag; or,

Cardboard to make box; or,

A good shoe box with good cover.

Suggestions for Making. If it is decided to make a holder for the sewing supplies make arrangements for pattern, and materials enough for each child. Make the form chosen and put in a complete set of sewing supplies to show the children. If you plan to use the shoe box it will give a little more time for other things. But whichever you decide to do have the names of the children marked plainly on each bag or box so that there need be no confusion about ownership.

The pattern for bag should be the simplest form and for box use square box as described in THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND, volume 12, page 116, (February number).

If the shoe box is used arrange to begin Bib or make a needle book, see First Grade, to put in it and have the children bring needle, etc., see page 23.

Suggestions for the Lesson. Read the "Introductory" on page 3 and adapt to the class. Keep in mind the lesson thought and help the children to understand that good work brings good results; notice what Smiles says about the best sort of character, page 22. The thought of the growth of character is founded on the kind of work we do as well as in the doing of kindly deeds.

BOYS.

Materials.

Four strong cardboard boxes, glue and paint; or, three wooden boxes, hammer, nails, saw, paint and paper.

Suggestions for Making. It will, perhaps, be advisable for the teacher to have the materials for one house; let the children help in the planning and doing and then make a similar one at home. This plan is suggested for the reason that there may be difficulty in getting enough material for all the boys at the time of meeting.

For the cardboard boxes select four of equal size, as strong as obtainable, and of a kind that all the boys can get without much difficulty. See that insides are clean and smooth. Spread a thick paste of glue over the outside surface of one end of a box, fit end of second box to the glued surface and set to one side. Repeat same with other two boxes. Cover upper outside surface of first two boxes with thick coat of glue and set second pair on top of first. Now there should be four divisions or two rooms upstairs and two rooms downstairs. Oil paints, such as come already mixed, may be used to paint exterior of house. Let the children choose color for their own house. Remnants of wall paper may be used for walls and ceilings.

For the wooden house soap boxes are very useful and usually easy to obtain. Place one upon the other and you have the upper and lower floor. Partitions may be made of cardboard. The third box is for the roof. It should be placed on top of upper floor, using two sides, so that the sides slant. Make it fit by sawing off all that needs to be removed. When fitted, nail strongly in place. The exterior may be painted and interior walls covered with remnants of wall paper as suggested for cardboard house.

Suggestions for Lesson. Before beginning work outline plan for the year and announce that all the houses are to be placed on exhibition when completed. Have in mind what Smiles says about the value of good work in the making of good character and that every house will represent the character of the maker.

FOURTH GRADE.

FIRE BUILDING AND A WHISTLE CHAIN.

Text Books: The Child Housekeeper, and Occupations for Little Fingers.

GIRLS.

The instructions for the lesson are so complete in the text book it will not be necessary to add anything only to suggest that the teacher adapt the lesson to the class and the conditions in the ward. Make the match-scratcher as suggested on page 18.

BOYS.

Read the preface and introductory note and talk about materials in Occupations for Little Fingers. Have the materials all ready and each boy should go home with a nice chain. If the boys do not have whistles the chain may be used for knife or some other useful thing which boys usually own.

Suggestions for the Lesson. As the work progresses make opportunity to tell why good work helps to make good character. Use some of Smiles arguments in your own words.

FIFTH GRADE.

TWINE BAG. BEAD CHAIN. PLANT BOX. WOOD CHOPPING.

Text Books: How to Make Baskets, or Occupations for Little Hands. Box Furniture.

GIRLS.

The directions for making bag will be found in How to Make Baskets, page 15; for making chain, in Occupations for Little Fingers, page 86. These directions are so complete it will not be necessary to enlarge upon them only to urge the preparation of the teachers and that all necessary supplies be ready before the beginning of the Hour.

BOYS.

The directions for making of a plant box are fully given in Box Furniture, page 13.

If it is preferred to have the wood-chopping the following directions should be observed:

Obtain, if possible, assistance through the Bishopric of a good man who will help to gather wood to be chopped and tools with which to do the work. The boys should be assigned to different tasks, such as measuring, sawing, chopping and piling. All work should be done in order and when completed all litter cleaned up thoroughly. The Bishopric should be consulted as to the best way in which to dispose of chopped wood.

Suggestions for Lesson. Whichever work is agreed upon the teachers should remember that the spirit in which the work is done is the important thing. The work is to be well done, so that it will reflect credit upon the boys and girls. Then they must be doing for some one other than themselves. Read again what Smiles says about the humble duties, and whenever it is opportune impress the good thoughts with the work.

LESSON FOUR.

THE SOCIAL HOUR.

Suggestions for the Teacher. This period should include the memory work and some suggestions of the subject for the month. The social is planned to accomplish results and is of equal importance with the other periods in giving opportunity for character development. For the benefit of some associations where it is impossible to have games and dancing an alternate program will be suggested.

Remember that order, courtesy and respect for persons and places must be observed. If the place of meeting needs to be prepared for the Social Hour make arrangements for the older children to help to get ready, and for all the grades at the end of the exercises to leave the house, if possible, in better condition than it was in the beginning.

Make a special point of personal interest. Every child who helps t beautify and preserve the ward houses will have increased his respe for such places.

The teachers should know the dances and have played the gam which are to be used and know where the opportunity comes to in press the value of the lesson to be taught.

The dances and games may be given in groups or by the who association.

Preliminary Music.

Prayer.

Games. "Fox and Goose Chase," "Black and White," and "Cent Ball," as taught in Primary Teachers' Course.

"Follow the Leader" and "London Bridge" from Games for t Playground, pages 89 and 278.

The simpler games should be given to the younger children.

Dances. "Dainty Step" and "Swedish Folk Dance" as taught Primary Teachers' Class.

"Social Game," from Old and New Singing Games.

The songs, memory gems and poems which have been used durir the month should be given between games and dances.

Games and dances may be reviewed, or if the teachers are famili with some not recommended they may be given in place of the on named.

Singing.

Benediction.

For alternate program in place of games and dances the followi is suggested, in addition to songs and memory work:

For older children:

Paper by boy, "The Man I Most Admire."

Paper by girl, "The Woman I Most Admire."

For younger children:

Dramatization of one of the stories used during the month.

For all: Singing practice.

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

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